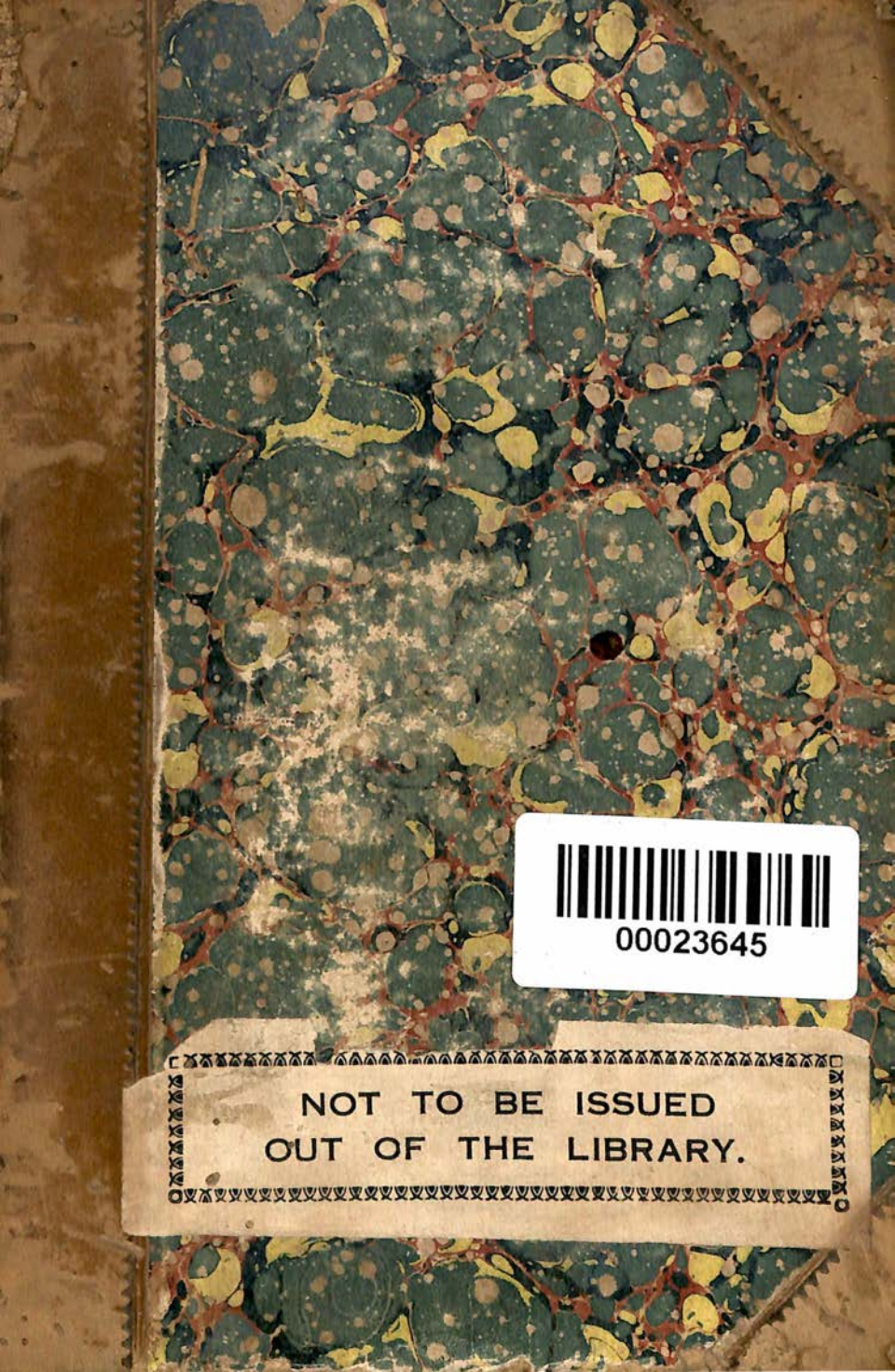
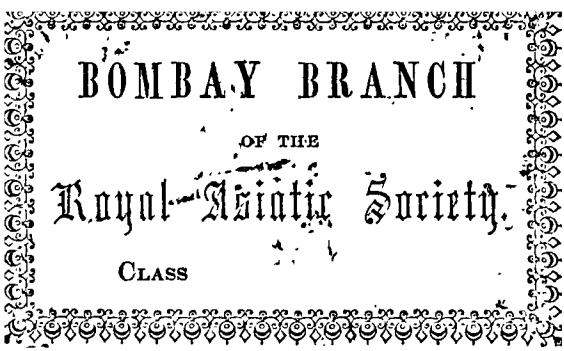

00023645

NOT TO BE ISSUED
OUT OF THE LIBRARY.



Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018

ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE

AND HIS

LITERARY CORRESPONDENTS.

Edinburgh: Printed by Thomas and Archibald Constable,

FOR

EDMONSTON AND DOUGLAS.

LONDON . . . . . HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND CO.
CAMBRIDGE . . . . . MACMILLAN AND CO.
GLASGOW . . . . . JAMES MACLEHOSE.

ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE

AND HIS

LITERARY CORRESPONDENTS

A Memorial

BY HIS SON THOMAS CONSTABLE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

EDINBURGH
EDMONSTON AND DOUGLAS
1873.

[*All rights reserved.*]

00023645

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN SINCLAIR, BARONET . . . 1

CHAPTER II.

ANNA SEWARD AND LYDIA WHITE 10

CHAPTER III.

DUGALD STEWART 31

CHAPTER IV.

WILLIAM GODWIN 47

CHAPTER V.

DAVID CONSTABLE 99

CHAPTER VI.

BARTHOLD GEORGE NIEBUHR—THOMAS THOMSON—LORD GLENBERVIE—MALCOLM LAING . . . 159

CHAPTER VII.

PAGE
LORD WOODHOUSELEE—PATRICK FRASER TYTLER—WILLIAM TENNANT—THE REV. DR. GEORGE COOK 202

CHAPTER VIII.

LORD JEFFREY—LORD MURRAY—LORD BROUGHAM—FRANCIS HORNER 214

CHAPTER IX.

JAMES GRAHAME—HECTOR MACNEILL—GEORGE DYER—ALEXANDER CAMPBELL—BERNARD BARTON . 229

CHAPTER X.

JAMES MONTGOMERY—SIR RICHARD PHILLIPS 248

CHAPTER XI.

AMELIA OPIE—THE HON. MRS. STEWART-MACKENZIE—MARIA GRAHAM—MADAME DE STAEL—LADY MORGAN 269

CHAPTER XII.

MR. ROBERT CATHCART—THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA—MR. MACVEY NAPIER 292

CHAPTER XIII.

JOHN HOME—HENRY MACKENZIE—CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE—JAMES HOGG, THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD 334

CHAPTER XIV.

PAGE

CHARLES MACLAREN—JOHN RAMSAY M'CULLOCH—JAMES MILL—SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH 364

CHAPTER XV.

THE EDINBURGH GAZETTEER—SIR JOHN LESLIE—THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA FOR MECHANICS—PROFESSOR PLAYFAIR—PROFESSOR WALLACE 381

CHAPTER XVI.

MARIA EDGEWORTH 404

CHAPTER XVII.

R. H. CROMEK—WILLIAM ROSCOE—WASHINGTON IRVING—SIR THOMAS DICK LAUDER—JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES—DR. KITCHINER 419

CHAPTER XVIII.

REV. DR. MOREHEAD—DR. ROBERT CHAMBERS . . 448

CHAPTER XIX.

CAPTAIN BASIL HALL 471

CHAPTER XX.

LITERARY CORRESPONDENTS AND PERSONAL FRIENDS—ALEXANDER COWAN 500

APPENDIX 521

CHAPTER I.

The Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair, Baronet.

THE earliest record I possess of my father's connexion with this admirable and distinguished personage is dated in 1799. Sir John remained his constant friend and patron to the last. If ever a man was entitled to assume as a motto, "*Nil humani a me alienum puto,*" that man was Sir John Sinclair. His mind may truly be said to have been cyclopædic, for there is scarcely a science,—mental, moral, physical, or spiritual,—where traces of his foot may not be found. He was in fact a modern Quixote, but, unlike his Spanish prototype, he had always rational ends in view; he had besides the advantage of him in possessing stalwart proportions, both of mind and body; instead of a feeble lance he wielded a powerful pen; no starved Rosinante could have carried him, but he had a perfect stud of sturdy hobbies, which he mounted gallantly by turns, and which, under his guidance, became powerful chargers, that bore down every obstacle, and seldom failed to reach the winning-post, however distant and difficult of attainment it might seem to be at starting.

Sir John was eminently a man of progress. Before he had been two years in Parliament he published a tract

on the Improved Representation of the People; in the same year a pamphlet on the Naval Strength of the British Empire, and another on Militias and Standing Armies. The famine of 1782, which was especially severe in the north of Scotland, aroused sympathy for his suffering countrymen, and in consequence of his appeal in the House of Commons national aid was afforded, which supplied present want and did much to arrest the diseases consequent on the scourge. Shortly after this Sir John published Hints on the State of our Finances, and an essay on the Public Revenues of the British Empire. In very early life he had turned his attention to the improvement of the cultivation of his 100,000 acres in the county of Caithness, and of the condition of his numerous tenantry. He established fisheries on the coast, and caused good roads to be laid down throughout the district, where only horse-tracks had hitherto existed. He improved the breed of sheep, and the weight and quality of their wool.

No branch of agriculture was omitted from the anxious consideration of Sir John Sinclair; compared with the agricultural interest, our commerce scarcely attracted his attention; and in 1793 he laid before Parliament a plan for the establishment of an Agricultural Board, which should take cognisance of all connected with the improvement of live stock, soil, and cultivation. He had contrived to interest Mr. Pitt in his scheme, and in spite of much opposition the "Agricultural Society" received its charter, and Sir John Sinclair was elected as its President. In the year 1790 he had already conceived his valuable

enterprise of a Statistical Account of Scotland, the first volume of which was published in 1791. With the profits of this work he desired to aid a Society which had just been formed for the "Benefit of the Sons of the Clergy," for which he also obtained a Royal grant of £2000. It was, so far as I know, in the publication of the Statistical Account, which eventually extended to 21 volumes 8vo, that my father first became connected with Sir John; but he subsequently took an active share in promoting the Farmer's Magazine and other works issued by Constable and Co. which tended to the moral or material elevation of the people.

In 1794, when fear of invasion was at its height, Sir John raised, and took the command of, 600 stalwart men of Caithness, chiefly from his own estates, many of whom were six feet high, while their colonel stood at least five inches higher. Nothing, surely, could be conceived more likely to repel an invader than effective grouping on the threatened coast of such a force, especially if aided by the children of the house of Sinclair, fifteen in number, and all of magnificent proportions. In the spring of the following year we are told that he succeeded in raising another regiment, of 1000 men.

The Hints on Longevity, published in 1803, was succeeded in 1807 by a work in four volumes 8vo, entitled a Code of Health and Longevity, received, I believe, with less favour by the medical profession than by the rest of the community; but so thoroughly persuaded was the author of the advantage of what he called "the Codean or Pyramidical System of Knowledge," that he gave himself no

rest until he had initiated a "Society for Collecting, Condensing, and Diffusing Useful Information," of which I have a list before me, numbering nearly two hundred members. Besides Health and Longevity, his plan included a Code of Agriculture, a Code of Political Economy, a Code of Finance, and a Code of Religion. The Code of Agriculture appeared in 1819, has passed through several editions, and been translated into German, French, and Danish. The reputation of Sir John Sinclair as a practical farmer had long stood high, and I cannot resist quoting here a letter dated 26th January 1811, from Mr. Dempster of Dunnichen, a brother laird and agriculturist:—

"MY DEAR SIR JOHN,—A thousand thanks for the Husbandry of Scotland, Part iii. The first and second I have never received, but should be thankful for them. I am going to forfeit my title, however, to this favour, by disobeying your injunction to return the third. Ask me for my best team, my finest cow, my firstling lambs—for anything,—your request would be more readily complied with. Of all your publications, this is in my mind the most valuable. Pray send a copy of it to James Guthrie of Craigie, by Dundee, our crack farmer. I have refused him even a reading of my copy. I carry it up to my grieve, with orders to get it by heart. I call it the *Pandects* of farming, or *Sententiæ Sapientum.* It is the Gospel and Epistles, and certainly the Revelation of us farmers. It cannot be prized too highly. *Pergite Pierides.*

"You have not forgotten in what severe and serious terms—amounting almost to reproach—I reprobated this undertaking. My recantation is to the full as sincere,

and I have the honour to remain, with respect and affection, your faithful and obliged

GEORGE DEMPSTER." [1]

Complimentary effusions flowed in from all quarters, including Charles John, Crown Prince of Sweden, who concludes his letter with the following graceful and doubtless gratifying application:—"The virtuous man who faithfully fulfils his duties to the country of his birth, has a right to the gratitude of that country; the philosopher who desires that his knowledge and acquirements should benefit the whole human race, has a claim to the rights of a citizen among all nations." Sir John turned no deaf ear to such encomiums.

The interest he took in all that concerned his friends was warm and constant. His letters to my father, on hearing of his failing health, are full of kindness, and his medical prescriptions minute and judicious. His estimate of my father's professional position was very high, and in one of his letters he says, "No man has hitherto

[1] Mr. Dempster was an eminently humane person. He writes as follows to the Editor of the Farmer's Magazine:—"I was pleased with your recommending married farm-servants. I don't value mine a rush till they marry the lass they like. On my farm of 120 acres I can show such a crop of thriving human stock as delights me. From five to seven years of age, they gather my potatoes at 1d., 2d., and 3d. a day, and the sight of such a joyous busy field of industrious happy creatures revives my old age. Our dairy fattens them like pigs; our cupboard is their apothecary's shop; and the old casten clothes of the family, by the industry of their mothers, look like birthday suits. Some of them attend the groom to water his horses, some the carpenter's shop; and all go to the parish school in the winter-time, whenever they can crawl the length."

distinguished himself more in the line which you have adopted; and if you are enabled to return to business with renewed health and strength, I have no doubt of your *reaching the very summit of your profession.*"

The following extract with reference to the Edinburgh Review reminds one of the suggestion of the performance of Hamlet with the principal character omitted:—"What a pity it is that the Edinburgh Review had not abstained from politics, and displayed less violence and malignity; there would have been, in that case, no Quarterly rivals, and Scotland would have been placed at the head of the critical literature of Europe. It still has its share, but it is not so *paramount* as it might have been."

Sir John was deeply interested in the success of Constable's Miscellany, and expressed deep regret on hearing of the fatal check which that and all my father's literary undertakings received in the crisis of 1825. His suggestions for the extrication of the firm and of Sir Walter Scott from their commercial difficulties were among the boldest and most Quixotic of his conceptions, but unhappily lacked the feasibility required, corroborating the truth of the proverb, *ne sutor ultra crepidam*, wide as Sir John's *crepida* must be admitted to have been. On the 20th January 1826 he wrote as follows:—

"DEAR SIR,—I regret much to find that the pressure of the times has compelled you and the house in London with which you are connected to suspend payments, and that Sir Walter Scott is involved in the calamity. But I have the pleasure to inform you that I can point out

the means which will enable you completely to relieve yourself and him from all your difficulties.

"I understand that Messrs. Hurst and Co. have an immense quantity of valuable prints, which, if brought to the hammer, would not perhaps sell for £10,000, though they might intrinsically be worth £100,000.

"My plan therefore is, to procure for Messrs. Hurst and Co. a private lottery, for the disposal of their prints, similar to what Alderman Boydell had, which is a case in point, and grounded on the same idea, of giving encouragement to the Arts.

"I would recommend the following modes for carrying the plan into effect:—

"I think Sir James Mackintosh would be the fittest person to bring it forward.

"I would recommend his procuring either a copy of Alderman Boydell's Bill (which perhaps may be had at the King's Printers), or at least a copy of the preamble.

"After being thoroughly master of the subject, I would recommend that Sir James should first wait on the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Robinson) upon the subject, then Mr. Canning, and if possible to prevail upon them to go with him to Lord Liverpool, for he will be the most difficult to deal with, *but I am sure that he cannot resist their authority.*

"I would recommend your employing Mr. Dorington to carry the Bill through the House, for he knows how to manage those things better than anybody. He would show you, or any of your friends, Boydell's Act, or inquire at the Journal Office for it.

"I would recommend the petition to be presented on *the last day* for presenting petitions, when it would not attract particular notice; and I have no doubt that it may be so managed as pass quietly through both Houses. I hope that one hundred thousand pounds, with the other property of yourself and partners, will suffice for your relief. If not, let it be raised to two hundred thousand pounds, that it may be done *completely*.

"I am sure that every one will contribute with pleasure to relieve such a mind as Sir Walter Scott's from the vexation of pecuniary difficulties.

"Please let me know whether Sir James Mackintosh and you approve of this plan, and I remain, dear Sir, very faithfully yours, JOHN SINCLAIR."

Finding that the plan above proposed could not be realized, the ingenious and kind old gentleman proposed another, which, alas! was equally impracticable:—

"EDINBURGH, *9th Feby.* 1826.

"DEAR SIR,—I am convinced that *at least* fifty thousand pounds might be made from a quarto edition of the Waverley Novels, provided there is prefixed to it the history and progress of those Novels, and an explanation of the circumstances which induced the author to decline making his name known to the public. I would have this in the author's handwriting, and *printed lithographically*.

"The success of the plan must greatly depend on the work being commenced *instanter*, before the public feelings are deadened; and I would recommend having

committees appointed, both here and in London, to superintend the execution of the new edition, and who might immediately proceed to ascertain the number of copies that would be required.

"I would have the price of the copies to vary from £10 to £100, and a few copies splendidly ornamented to be £500.

"There should be a Glossary, an Index, and Notes.

"I shall call about three o'clock, when we can talk over this matter, about which I feel the greatest anxiety.

"I have the pleasure of adding, that I heard from the Duke of Northumberland yesterday, who, I am sure, would take a five hundred pound copy, and I think I could name twenty others, which would at once raise ten thousand pounds.—I remain, in haste, faithfully yours,

"JOHN SINCLAIR."

His last communication is dated 18th July 1827, twelve days before my father's death, and is as follows:—

"DEAR SIR,—I wish much to know what you are doing as to the Code of Health, which I think will not be the least valuable of the publications in your Miscellany.

"I hope the plan is thriving as it deserves, and the restoration of an abundant (monetary) circulation I have no doubt will create a demand for literature.—I remain, dear Sir, very faithfully yours, JOHN SINCLAIR."

Sir John Sinclair was a grand old man: he served his generation well, and died on the 15th December 1835, in the eighty-second year of his age.

CHAPTER II.

Anna Seward and Lydia White.

ALL men are ready to make generous allowance for the ungraceful motions of one who has lost a limb—it may be in the service of his country—for in such a case the artificial member is a substitute, and not a voluntary addition; but to walk by preference on stilts, from the cradle to the grave, however easy the process may become, cannot be so comfortable for the elevated pilgrim as a more natural mode of progression, nor will he long command the wondering admiration of spectators, however dexterous and surprising his performance. Walter Scott records in 1810, the year after her death, that "Anna Seward has for many years held a high rank in the annals of British literature,"[1] while Mr. Lockhart tells us[2] that "Scott felt as acutely as any malevolent critic the pedantic affectations of Miss Seward's epistolary style," and that "in her case sound sense as well as vigorous ability had unfortunately condescended to an absurd disguise." "When she wrote upon subjects in which her feelings were deeply

[1] See Biographic Sketch prefixed to edition of her Poetical Works, 1810. Miss Seward was born in 1747, and died on the 25th of March 1809.

[2] See Life of Scott, vol. i. p. 347.

interested, she forgot the 'tiara and glittering zone' of the priestess of Apollo in the more natural effusions of real passion. The song which begins—

'From thy waves, stormy Lannow, I fly,'

seems to have been composed under such influence."[1] Well had it been for herself and others had she been always under it.

Judging by the specimens of Miss Seward's earlier prose writing given by Sir Walter Scott in the extracts from her correspondence prefixed to his edition of her Poems, her style appears to have been less artificial in youth than it afterwards became. In her later years she seldom condescended to use the language of ordinary life; instead of

[1] Biographic Sketch by Walter Scott, p. 27, and vol. i. of Poetical Works of Anna Seward, p. 158:—

"From thy waves, stormy Lannow, I fly;
From the rocks that are lashed by their tide;
From the maid whose cold bosom, relentless as they,
Has wrecked my warm hopes by her pride!—
Yet lonely and rude as the scene,
Her smile to that scene could impart
A charm that might rival the bloom of the vale—
But away, thou fond dream of my heart!
From thy rocks, stormy Lannow, I fly!

Now the blasts of the winter come on,
And the waters grow dark as they rise!
But 'tis well!—they resemble the sullen disdain
That has loured in those insolent eyes.
Sincere were the sighs they represt,
But they rose in the days that are flown!
Ah, nymph, unrelenting and cold as thou art,
My spirit is proud as thine own.
From thy rocks, stormy Lannow, I fly!"

telling you that she had got a *frank*, she says, "I have succeeded in securing *senatorial freedom* for our correspondence," and a second marriage is thus described:—"I hear with concern that Hymen is lighting his torch with the sprays of a cypress wreath." She was much admired by many of her contemporaries—among others, it would appear, by my father and Sir Walter Scott, but I suspect there are few among the notable writers of her day whose works are now permitted to rest more peacefully upon our shelves than those of Anna Seward.

My father owed his introduction to Miss Seward's notice to her relative and his kind friend Mr. Henry White, whose brother, Mr. Thomas White, was her residuary legatee. Miss Seward's earliest letter in my possession is dated Lichfield, September 18, 1807, and is as follows:—

"LICHFIELD, *Sept. 18th*, 1807.

"DEAR SIR,—Though most extremely obliged, I am absolutely shocked to receive a present from you at once so expensive and so wholly unmerited. The Life of Beattie appears in a *formidably* elegant and costly dress. Pray, believe me *sighingly* grateful.

"I have possessed Bruce's Poems from the time they *first* appeared in 1770; the gift of one of his countrymen. He has always appeared to me no more than an elegant *versifier*. Not one bold, original passage have I met in his volume. The Ode to Spring, so cried up in the Preface as not inferior to anything in our vernacular poetry, is all made up of *borrowed* ideas, which have met our attention from twenty pens, and several much *better* pens than

Michael's. . . . Macneill's and Jamieson's Poems I shall explore in my first leisure. They are new to me. The collection of Scotch Ballads is indeed a truly valuable book—too valuable for me, who, after all the best days of my long life had been devoted to harmony, now turn sickening from the sound—sad consequence of a sudden and dire fatality which from that hour, four years ago, in my heart, made *music* to awaken the nerves of anguish.

"If I should ever be able to obtain leisure to correct my Miscellany of published and unpublished poems, of prose and verse, and master courage enough to expose them, during my lifetime, to the oyster-knife dissection of reviewers (almost to a man of them unacquainted with the usages, the licenses, and indeed all that constitutes the *beauty* of poetry and eloquence), *you* shall have the first offer of the copyright; and perhaps Mr. Scott will have the goodness to settle the terms. But you have no idea how my hours are ravished from me by the social claims.

"When you see Mr. Scott, have the goodness to thank him, in my name, for his late kind letter, and say that I purpose answering it the first opportunity.

"Mr. Murray sent me a valuable literary present. You are all but too good to me. Cousin White has already, he tells me, written to acknowledge your bounty to *him*.

"I remain, with great esteem and grateful regard, dear Sir, your obliged friend and servant,

"ANNA SEWARD."

In acknowledgment of a presentation copy of Marmion my father received the following:—

"*March 14th*, 1808.

"DEAR SIR,—Many and high are my obligations to you, this last far transcending all the former, and I am comparatively poor, even in thanks, poured forth as I desire them to be in all their ardour.

"Well might you add *great*, as an epithet to this poem. Great *indeed* it *is*, and adds new strength and accomplishment to my prediction that Scott and Southey were born for the poetic glory of the nineteenth century. Spenser and Dryden had great genius; but what have they written that stands on any level with the three beautiful poems of these young eagles?

"Amidst all the poetic charms of the LAY, Marmion is a strain of higher mood and dearer interest. Its grand and alternately beautiful pictures are of more frequent occurrence.

"Suffer me to assure you that this delay of acknowledgment did not spring from neglect, much less from ingratitude, for the delight I have received from your last priceless gift, which gold or diamonds should not purchase from me were the condition of not replacing it annexed to the offer. Many circumstances combined to produce this procrastination, and all which did not arise from my sedulous attention to the work itself were vexatious to me in the extreme.

"My friend Miss Fern, who since my cousin's marriage has lived with me, makes poetry *poetry indeed*, by her spirited and harmonious recitation. She read Marmion to me aloud in the scanty leisure we could obtain during the first six days after its arrival; all which inextricable en-

gagements left us in the ensuing week was devoted to re-reading the whole, with that discriminating and pausing eye which can only enable the mind most *used* to poetry to do entire justice to a long poem of distinguished excellence. That I might write to you, to the dear Bard himself, Miss White, and my other correspondents, on the subject, without the hazard of hasty and rash assertion, I made written remarks on every canto and every interlude, noting each passage of prominent beauty. So thickly sown, my pleasing task became an earnest and a *long* one. Last of all the causes of delay was the waiting to procure senatorial freedom for my packet.

"The rapid sale of Marmion delights me, at once for your profit and the fame of your author. Now, *this* is as it *should* be with great works; though, alas! the instance is perhaps unparalleled. Peculiar that it should have occurred in a period which has manifested stupid neglect of *other* first-rate poetry, and in which also the genuine unbiassed taste for it seems extinct. The extreme both ways, in the fate of *Marmion* and *Madoc*, where the merits are so high and so equal, may, I suppose, be fairly attributed, in this instance, to the generous national patronage of the Scotch nobility, and their wide influence in the higher ranks of English society, and to the incense offered to their sanguinary fallen idol in a poem much too noble for the effort of washing an *Ethiopian*. The reverse instance of molish-blindness and adder-deafness, is the result of tasteless stupidity, Review-injustice, and, as it was with *Milton*, of party-prejudice.

"I could not dream of being disobliged by your not

answering my September acknowledgment of unmerited bounty, since do I not know how much your time is engrossed, that minutes are more to you than months to others?

"Miss White speaks to me very thankfully of your attentions to *her*. You did right in not obeying her injunction to send me The Mountain Bard, conscious as you were that our high-songed Bard of the Tweed had presented me with that volume. She was not aware that I not only *possessed*, but had reviewed it in the Critical Review for November last. If you have that Tract in your shop, you would still further oblige me by throwing your eye over the stricture, and by lending it for Miss White's perusal. Each of you will be pleased with the traces it bears of my admiration of Mr. Scott's poetic powers.

"That stricture is my *first*, and I mean it shall be my *last*, attempt to shoot forth my critical opinions beneath a *mask* battery. In former years I inserted letters of criticism in the Gentleman's Magazine, in defence of poetic genius injured by the injustice of the Reviewers of those days; but they had always my *own* signature, except in the strictures which I signed *Benvolio*, and sent to that publication, where they appeared in the Numbers for February and April 1786, and in that for August 1787. Their subject was the critical injustice of the despot, Dr. Johnson, and his ingratitude to the Scotch professors.[1]

"I write to you on this shabby and crowded quarter of

[1] Should any of my readers desire evidence that Miss Seward *could* write unaffected English, I commend the letters in the Gentleman's

a sheet, in apprehension that my packet will make its frank over weight, should I be enabled to procure one, intending that it shall contain a letter to Mr. Scott and to Miss White.

"Pardon this hurried and stained scroll from the most careless of all pens, believing me constantly, dear Sir, with every esteem, your obliged friend and obedient servant, ANNA SEWARD."

Miss White, mentioned here by Miss Seward, was the celebrated Miss Lydia White, whom Walter Scott describes[1] as "what Oxonians call a lioness of the first order, with stockings nineteen times nine dyed blue, very lively, very good-humoured, and extremely absurd," and Mr. Lockhart, as "the inimitable Lydia White, who so long ruled without a rival in the soft realm of *blue* Mayfair." She also was a correspondent of my father's, who appears to have been useful to her on the occasion of her stay in Scotland in 1807 and 1808; and it may be a relief to some of my readers to turn for a while from what Mr. Carlyle might call the high-stepping of Miss Seward to Miss White's somewhat less studied epistolary style, in returning an early copy of Marmion lent to her for perusal:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—I return Marmion with ten thousand thanks. I would fain say something adequate to its

Magazine, under the masculine signature of *Benvolio*, above alluded to. Her moral estimate of Dr. Johnson, if unfavourable, appears to be severely true, and she does ample justice to his genius and his mighty intellect.

[1] See Life, vol. ii. p. 137.

merit. There is an originality, a spirit, and a style of versification, I must say, unequalled by any strains I know, except those of Milton and Dryden. The various scenes are absolutely brought before us 'in liveliest portraiture displayed,' and the introductions to the cantos are glorious. I have seldom been more touched than by the Lines on Mr. Pitt's Death, together with the graceful commemoration of our other departed heroes; I say *ours*, for surely we may claim our share of Brunswick. I rejoice also in the animating praise bestowed on one of the best and most early of my friends, Sir Sidney Smith, and I never read a more beautiful compliment or finer lines than those addressed to Miss Baillie. The convent scene is very interesting; but what is there in this poem that is not so? I am very impatient for the rest, and anxious that Mr. Scott should be at work again, and stretch his eagle wing over some new ground on those Parnassian summits so long unvisited by mortal else. I cannot help applying Milton's beautiful description of Athens to Edinburgh, for here the Attic bird trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long. How can I stoop from such a subject as this to speak of the trash I returned to you yesterday? It must be very bad travelling where such things prove recreations—sonnets on carriages breaking down, and invoking the flea-killing powers (in case there are such), to say nothing of the effect of the poet's lamentations on Thames's side, where the dire succession of *s's* fairly hiss the reader off the stage, as I have often been chased by geese upon a common in almost equal strains. I am indeed compelled to hope that these books will lie quietly

on your shelves, lest wicked wits should throw a cruel light on their deficiencies.

"Will you permit me to add to my numerous obligations to you by requesting the favour of you to lend me the first volume of the Spanish Don Quixote? I wish also for Huddesford's Poems to give to a friend, 2 vols., 1801, and I am, dear Sir, your most obliged and faithful,

"L. W."

In June of the following year Miss White made a Highland tour, in which she was accompanied as far as Loch Catrine by Mr. and Mrs. Scott. She writes to my father from Inverary, *en route* for Oban and Staffa, and declares herself much delighted with "the glorious place —indeed, with all that we see, hear, feel, or understand in Scotland." Before leaving Edinburgh she wrote her farewell, and was evidently in high indignation at Mr. Jeffrey for the free manner in which he had dealt with Marmion in the Edinburgh Review:[1] —

"MY DEAR SIR,—I very much regretted not having the pleasure of seeing you when I called this morning, and the more as I find you are going to town before I return from Ashestiel, and that it is uncertain whether we shall meet again, as I leave Edinburgh the 18th of May. I should have been glad personally to have thanked you for the numberless kind attentions shown to me since I have been at Edinburgh, and to have assured you how happy I should be to return them in any degree when you visit England in future. I trust you will not go thither with-

[1] See Edinburgh Review, No. xxiii., April 1808.

out inquiring for me at my bankers, Messrs. Whitehead and Co., Cateaton Street, London, who will forward a note to me at any time. I am still much out of humour with your reviewers. I think you give these little shelties of yours too much corn, or they would not kick and fling at all the world as they do.—Believe me, with much esteem, your most obliged and faithful, L. W."

Miss White lived and died "a lioness," and Sir Walter Scott in his Journal thus records her death:—"*January* 28, 1827.—Hear of Miss White's death. Poor Lydia! She gave a dinner on the Friday before, and had written with her own hand invitations for another party. Twenty years ago she used to tease me with her youthful affectations—her dressing like the Queen of Chimney-sweeps on May-day morning, etc.—and sometimes with letting her wit run wild. But she *was* a woman of wit, and had a feeling and kind heart!"

On the 27th April 1808 Miss Seward writes to my father, in reply to an offer made to her through Mr. Scott, as follows:—

"DEAR SIR,—Mr. Scott informs me that you prefer to purchasing the whole collection of my works, already arranged for publication, that of a single edition of two volumes, the size of Mr. Macneill's, to be filled by a republication of my Monodies, together with a selection from my Sonnets and other published poems, the said edition to consist of 1000 copies, for which you would give £130.

"My life is too far advanced to make the plan of selling a single edition desirable to me. If I persuade myself

to undergo the anxiety of republication, it must be with a copyright sale either of a part or the whole of my collection.

"My published and unpublished works, already arranged for the press, as observed above, would fill at least six volumes of verse and four of prose, besides thirteen half-bound quarto volumes, closely written, of my own letters, selected from my correspondence through the last twenty-two years, with a variety of friends, some private and some public characters. The subjects of the said letters are critical, political, moral, and characteristic, interspersed with incidental themes of the day. Not one of them was written with a view of publication. But it is my custom to look over every letter I have written. When such review teaches me to believe it worth the attention of the public, I hastily, and too slovenly, transcribe it into these volumes. Not more than one in ten were so transcribed, though the collection is so large. From each epistle now in these repositories I weeded the passages of trivial egotism and of tiresome enumeration of bodily maladies, either of my own or of my correspondents.

"However, these volumes are for future consideration, and for appearance distant, probably posthumous.

"As to the present plan, I cannot consent to the mutilation of anything I have published, not even of my one hundred Sonnets; since, though the themes of those Sonnets are various, they form a sort of mirror, which reflects my poetical mind, and the impressions it received through a course of twenty-one years, in which period filial attentions, household and passing cares, seldom allowed me

leisure for compositions of length. I should not like to see the number of these Sonnets abridged, neither to see detached from them the subjoined paraphrases of the most interesting of Horace's Odes.

"For the entire copyright I shall expect six hundred guineas, and fifty copies to dispose of as presents to my friends; to be paid according to Mr. Scott's statement, by bills, drawn at six or twelve months' date on the day of publication, which, by their discount, would make the immediate sum to me £600. The choice would be left to you to publish the four volumes at once, or two at first, and two the second year. This would be a much cheaper purchase to you than the Mountain Bard's volume, which Mr. Scott was so good to send, and for which he, to my best recollection, told me you gave the author £330, though his name was then unknown in the world of letters.

"But to this plan I should greatly prefer, as giving me infinitely less trouble, the sale of the entire copyright of all which I intended should form a complete edition of my works (the thirteen volumes of letters described in the first part of this letter only excepted). Their order of succession is already ascertained, and they would at least fill six, and probably eight, volumes of verse, and four of prose, the specified size. For them I shall expect one thousand guineas, and fifty copies for presents.

"Provided you and I agree upon terms, Mr. Scott most kindly offers his own and his friend Mr. Ballantyne's assistance in correcting the press of the poems of which I shall send you printed copies, and also in procuring franks

for the manuscript poetry, that I may correct it myself. So swells he the large list of my obligations to his friendship.

"If you purchase the whole collection, which will, at 1000 guineas, be much cheaper to you than even the selection at 600 guineas, you will be at liberty to publish either at once or by portions, as you please, provided that you observe the marked order of succession, which my first proposal to you would perplex and disarrange.

"I hope the sale of Mr. Scott's late glorious poem slackens not its rapidity; that it will prove to you and yours a golden and exhaustless mine.—I remain, dear Sir, your sincere and obliged friend and servant,

"ANNA SEWARD."

My father's reply to this communication is not before me, but it is certain that Miss Seward's proposition had not been at once accepted, and also that he had avoided hurting her *amour propre* by its tone, for, after her death on March 25, 1809, the following letter, written on July 17, 1807, was found unrecalled:—

"In a Will, made and executed since I had the pleasure of seeing you in April last, I have left you the exclusive copyright of twelve volumes quarto, half-bound. They contain copies of letters, or of parts of letters, that, after I had written them, appeared to me worth the attention of the public. Voluminous as is the collection, it does not include a twelfth part of my epistolary writing from the time it commences, viz., from the year 1784 to the present day.

"I wish you to publish two volumes annually; and by no means to follow the late absurd custom of classing letters to separate correspondents, but suffer them to succeed each other in the order of time, as you find them transcribed.

"When you shall receive this letter its writer will be no more. While she lives, she must wish Mr. Constable all manner of good, and that he may enjoy it to a late period of human life. ANNA SEWARD."

The bequest was gratefully accepted, the conditions faithfully observed. It is doubtful whether Miss Seward's liberality and that of her publisher, embodied in six 12mo volumes, has been duly appreciated by the public. Sir Walter Scott's edition of Miss Seward's Poems was published in a uniform size, by John Ballantyne and Co., in 1810. The manuscript letters, from which a printed selection has been made, contained many passages of interest which it was believed proper to suppress; and I perceive, from the initials W. S. occurring frequently after deleted paragraphs in letters to Sir Walter Scott, that he had been permitted to exercise his own discretion on that portion of the correspondence. Some of the passages omitted are however so characteristic, and comparatively so free from affectation in style, that I now feel myself quite justified, in the interest of Miss Seward, in quoting them.

Considering the terms in which her Life of Darwin had been noticed in the Edinburgh Review,[1] it is not

[1] "It has long been held, on high critical authority, that history must

wonderful that Miss Seward should owe a grudge to the editor of that Journal. That she had a right good-will to pay her debt, the following quotation from a letter to Sir Walter Scott will testify :—

"LICHFIELD, *June* 20, 1806.

"Not even you can teach me to esteem him whom you call 'your little friend *Jeffrey*,' the Edinburgh Reviewer. '*Jefferies* ought to have been his name, since so similar his nature. On his self-placed bench of decision on poetic works, he is all that Jefferies was when tyranny had thrown the judicial robe on his shoulder.

"Ignorance and envy are the only possible parents of such criticisms as disgrace the publication which assumes the name of your city. In putting them forth their author is baser than a thief, since to blight the early sale of an eminent work by unjust criticism is to rob the bard of his due remuneration, while the arrested progress of his fame

always please, independently of the particular mode, and even in spite of the defects of its execution : and unquestionably even that moderate portion of fact which may be reasonably expected in the life of every eminent individual, can scarcely be presented under any disguise so perversely absurd as entirely to divest it of interest. Under the influence of stubborn curiosity, we have been accordingly carried through a faithful perusal of these memoirs of the celebrated author of 'The Botanic Garden ;' and . . . Miss Seward must forgive us, if we add, that the most striking lesson we have derived from her volume has been the truly wonderful extent of that tolerant maxim to which we have alluded. The share which she appears to have long enjoyed of the intimate society of Dr. Darwin, . . . had given to Miss Seward some peculiar advantages in becoming, as she terms it, 'the recorder of vanished genius ;' it is therefore the more to be regretted that she should not have been restrained, by some visitations of a better taste, from clothing her narrative in a garb so injudicious and fantastic."—Edin. Rev. No. vii., April 1804.

must inflict severer mortification. Your poetic predecessor and namesake, the late Mr. Scott of Amwell, places amongst the Unhappy,

'Him whom Envy robs of hard-earned fame.'

It cost Collins his reason, and Chatterton his life. No good man would hazard the inflicting such misery.

"Were it not that the generality of Review-readers are incapable of reflection, and disposed to take everything upon trust which depreciates rising genius, it would not be in Judge Jefferies' *power* (pray allow me to spell his name right) to injure the reputation of any poetic composition. They would, if they had an atom of discernment, see what sort of animal the lion's skin conceals, when, in his review of Madoc, he recommends Racine and Pope as the best models for an English *epic poem* in *blank verse!*

"Sick of such nonsense, I have not since that Number was *sent* to me looked into an Edinburgh Review. Indeed *that*, and the Number which contained observations on the Lay of the Last Minstrel, which were partly as absurd, if not as *malicious*, as those which sought to tear the immortal laurel from the brow of Southey, are the only Edinburgh Reviews which I have seen or mean to see, infested as they are by this Zoilus, this Milbourne, this Dennis!"

Mr. Scott and Miss Seward appear to have differed to some extent in their estimate of Madoc, and Scott had objected to the introduction of *Mutiny* by Mr. Southey. In Miss Seward's printed letter of the 23d September 1806 the following passage also has been omitted by the editor,

which was a pity, as in it we see how easily she could write, when for a space she threw aside her stilts :—

"Plagiarism in one poet from another must doubtless lessen the merit of the work in which it abounds. Of that fault no man was ever more clear than Southey, no man more guilty than Virgil; yet has not even that glaring fault eclipsed the fame of the Roman bard, or impeded its progress through the rounds of Time.

"Prose should not borrow from prose, except by citation, neither verse from verse; but the poet has an established privilege of applying historic events and the records of discovery to the purposes of his Muse. *Mutiny* was so inevitable in the traverse of unknown seas, extending in unexpected length ere the limits of the earth had been ascertained, that the crew of Columbus having mutinied seems to me no more a reason why Southey should abstain from animating the voyage of *his* hero by an event so probable and so interesting, than that he should preclude himself from describing a fabulous siege and battle, because sieges and battles have been recorded by historians.

"You ask me what I would say if an author should introduce into his poem the taking of another city by means of a *wooden horse?* This I would say—'Hang him up!'—for his bad taste, much more than for his theft—far more inexcusable than his from whom he might so steal, since Virgil's thefts from Homer were engrafted beauties, while to steal the clumsy and incredible wooden horse from the Æneid would be such felony as if a brother admiral had stolen Lord Nelson's work-arm after his de-

cease, and worn it dangling from his own shoulder as an ornament.

"That unimaginable contrivance, or adoption of so monstrously fabulous tradition, always appeared to me a great blot on the fair fabric of Virgil's epic. I admire the poetic powers of that Roman bard, notorious plagiarist as he was, but I am no 'fool to fame,' as Pope finely says of the blind idolaters of the ancients. I cannot hallow gross defect and mistake it for beauty; neither yet, like a modern reviewer, could I mistake beauty for defect. A wooden horse, capacious of an host of men, no combination of human strength with art could have hoisted up the walls of Troy, or even have been able to push it through the gates. Water is the only surface over which such a machine could be made to pass. When human schemes and events are described in verse, the poet should take care that they be not incredible.

"We meet no such enormity in Madoc; but that fault in Virgil, together with his other imputed faults, is covered by the blaze of his excellencies. Southey has the same bright shield for his violation of poetic justice in the fate of the sweet Indian heroine and her Lyncoya; *you* have it for your dwarf, and for the inadequate use made of the awfully mystic book recovered from the tomb of Cornelius, which recovery introduces a scene of never-excelled sublimity."

Such as Miss Seward was, Walter Scott has recorded that it was well worth a pilgrimage to Lichfield to enjoy the charm of her society; and that "when young she

must have been exquisitely beautiful; for, even in advanced age, the regularity of her features, the fire and expression of her countenance, gave her the appearance of beauty, and almost of youth." This estimate of her personal appearance is quite borne out by the admirable portrait painted by Kettle in 1762, and also by a later one from the pencil of Romney, referred to in the following suggestive letter of her father :—

"*Nov.* 20, 1748.

"DEAR SIR,—When I last wrote to my very worthy and much lov'd friend, your brother Barker, I had but a melancholy account of his health, having been troubled with a bad cough, which I hope is removd, or at least greatly alleviated; but lest it should not, I shall avoid troubling him about the favour which the Chatsworth family have so long conferrd upon me by sending me venison. I have not been able these many years to pay my personal duty, and therefore fear that I have lived to wear out all remembrance of me in that honourable family. But if I am so happy as not to be quite forgotten as a contemporary with his Grace's grandfather, I then beg the favour of your good brother or yourself to procure me the usual warrant. The park-keeper, to whom they have been of late directed, has been very friendly to me, and tells me that he always hopes to be so, if the warrant which I am favoured with is not so late in the season that the does have lost their plumpness. My daughter has lately had the great honour of having her picture drawn gratis by Mr. Romney, at the request of her great poetic friend, Mr. Hayley, who intends to honour it with a place

in his own library, just now most elegantly fitted up in the South Downs of Sussex, on one of the most beautiful and, in many respects, the most Parnassian hills in the kingdom. The picture is finish'd, and is most highly celebrated by all our acquaintance who have seen it in London. It is first to visit Lichfield, and then, I hope, to be copy'd by the same excellent painter before it becomes stationary in Mr. Hayley's library. I expect it very soon. I beg my most affectionate love to your brother, with a particular account of his health, for the establishment of which he has the most ardent wishes of your sincere friend, THOS. SEWARD.

"The picture is a very large one, and Mr. Romney grows so eminent, that his price for pictures of such large dimensions is fourscore guineas. We can make him no other return but a few eatables, when we can procure either game or venison."

CHAPTER III.

Dugald Stewart.

THE literary connexion of my father with this eminent philosopher and most amiable man appears to have begun in the year 1805, by the publication of Mr. Stewart's Statement of Facts relative to the Election of a Mathematical Professor in the University of Edinburgh, which powerfully assisted in securing the appointment of John Leslie to that Chair. A postscript to this Statement appeared in 1806; the Philosophical Essays were published in 1810; Biographical Memoirs of Smith, Robertson, and Reid in 1811; and in 1816 Mr. Stewart's Preliminary Dissertation in the Encyclopædia Britannica, exhibiting a General View of the Progress of Metaphysical, Ethical, and Political Philosophy since the Revival of Letters in Europe. Besides the necessary intercourse with reference to these important works, a commerce of friendship seems soon to have arisen, and I possess voluminous evidence of its cordiality from the date of Mr. Stewart's retirement to Kinneil (1809) until the death of my father in 1827.

There never surely was a more perfect union than that of Dugald Stewart with his second wife. Mrs. Stewart was the third daughter of the Hon. George Cranstoun, the sister of Lord Corehouse and of the interesting

Countess Purgstall, whose widowed isolation in Schloss Hainfeld is graphically portrayed by Captain Basil Hall. She was worthy of such kindred, and was the helpmeet —as it were indeed the complement—of her distinguished husband. Professor Veitch, in his admirable Memoir of Dugald Stewart,[1] describes her as "a lady of high accomplishments and fascinating manners, uniting to vivacity and humour, depth and tenderness of feeling."

We are told, in a posthumous notice of Mrs. Stewart attributed to the poet Campbell, that "her acquaintance, from her distinguished position in society, was extensive; her heart was largely benevolent, and she could bestow from it on many individuals a sincere and unstinted degree of kindness. She did much good in her time. . . . The wife of Dugald Stewart,—a philosopher in the highest rank of literary reputation,—she was looked up to with a respect inferior to none that was paid to intellect, rank, or power. When she was in the zenith of her life, it may be doubted if a person leaving Scotland could have carried a stronger recommendation into the intellectual world of England or America than a letter of introduction from Mrs. Dugald Stewart. She was the habitual and confidential companion of her husband during his studies, and he never considered a piece of his composition to be finished until she had reviewed it. He himself said, that though she did not probably understand the abstract points of his philosophy so well as he did himself, yet

[1] A Memoir of Dugald Stewart, with Selections from his Correspondence, by John Veitch, M.A. See vol. x. of Collected Works of Dugald Stewart. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable and Co. 1858.

when he had once given a truth an intelligible shape, she helped him to illustrate it by a play of fancy and of feeling which could come only from a woman's mind.

"In her youth she was stately and handsome. To the last she was remarkable for a winning gentleness of manner—a meekness more impressive than austerity, by which, during her whole life, she had exercised greater influence on those around her than others could do by an assumption of dignity."

Whether in town or country Mr. and Mrs. Stewart afforded a model of hospitality to their guests. Cordiality and courtesy combined with culture and accomplishment in attracting and delighting all who had the good fortune to come within their influence; and the rest and ready welcome at Kinneil were eagerly accepted in times of relaxation by their city friends. To my father their house would appear to have been always open, and there are few among their letters in which there is not either mention of a visit paid by him, or the hope of one to come, with frequent addition of the advice that he should bring some friend along with him *for the sake of company upon the road.*

Mr. Stewart's Philosophical Essays, as already stated, were published by my father in 1810, and the following extract from a letter dated Kinneil, 28th December 1809, has reference to a negotiation with Messrs. Cadell and Davies for a joint publication of the Memoirs of Smith, Robertson, and Reid:—

"DEAR SIR,—I am very much pleased with the final

issue of your negotiation. Had you been sent to America instead of Mr. Jackson,[1] I have no doubt that you would have acquitted yourself to the satisfaction of all the parties concerned. I really feel greatly indebted to you for the trouble you have taken in this business, and for your delicate attention to the feelings of individuals,—particularly to those of my old friend Creech. He is in perfectly good humour on the subject, and I presume will rest contented if his name shall appear on the title-page."

My father was in the habit of freely consulting Mr. Stewart in literary matters, and from the following extract it will appear that Mr. Stewart was warmly interested in all that concerned his publisher. "I propose to be in town in a few days hence, when I hope you will fix a day for a quiet chat with me *here*. I have much to say to you both about your affairs and my own. Your letter has excited my curiosity a good deal with respect to your late arrangements in London, and the alteration you mention in your plans for your son."

[1] Mr. Jackson had been sent to America to succeed Mr. Erskine, whose disregard of home instructions had occasioned his recal. He received the soubriquet of "Copenhagen Jackson," in consequence of having previously acted as British Envoy in Denmark, and was so obnoxious to our transatlantic friends, that he had to retire from the city of Washington to New York; and it is related that in Kentucky, "Isham Talbot, Esq., was presented to the Grand Jury for profane cursing, having used the words, 'God d—n Mr. Jackson; the President ought to dismiss him, and to have kicked him from town to town, until he is kicked out of the country.'"—*Edinburgh Annual Register*, 1809.

On the 20th November 1811, Mr. Stewart wrote from Kinneil as follows :—

"KINNEIL HOUSE, 20*th Nov.* 1811.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am very anxious to see the Memorials you refer to in your last letter, and shall desire our carrier to call for them the first time he is in town. In the meantime, I condole with you sincerely on the loss of your law-suit. As for the President's intemperate language, I doubt not you know how to submit to it with Christian patience. . . .

"I am very happy to learn that Gillies has accepted of the Gown. It is a great event for the country, and I have no doubt will meet with the universal approbation of our friends. Indeed, I cannot see, under all the circumstances of the case, that there could be any ground for a moment's hesitation, excepting only what might arise from the prudential consideration, that a single gown was not an adequate object for one so very high in his profession. I consider his preferment as a very honourable testimony to the superior talents and character of the opposition side of the Bar, and I am convinced it will be viewed in this light by the adherents of the present ministry.—Yours most truly, DUGALD STEWART."

Mr. Stewart writes from Kinneil House, 19th February 1812, in consequence of a communication received from a bookseller in Philadelphia; and it would appear that he entertained some hope that principles of justice might, at least in exceptional cases, be expected to regulate the international literary transactions of the two countries,

instead of a system of unlimited free trade in the brains of their most gifted children. He says :—

"I beg you will be so good as return the enclosed letter by post, as I wish to preserve it as a specimen of the activity of *American* booksellers. I don't know upon what footing literary property stands at present in the United States; but I should suppose that if peace continues between the two countries, you might turn to some account, in the event of any new work, an early communication with such a publisher as my friend Mr. Finley.

"I condole with you on the present aspect of public affairs. My own expectations were never sanguine on the subject.—Yours most truly, DUGALD STEWART."

About this time my father acquired the copyright of the Encyclopædia Britannica, and it was in connexion with the arrangements for the issue of a new edition of this work that the visit mentioned in the following letter was proposed. Mr. Stewart was my father's counsellor in many of his literary undertakings at this period, but with regard to none of them was his advice and assistance more important than with reference to this new and valuable acquisition, for which he wrote the valuable Dissertation already mentioned, and which will be particularly noticed in my father's account of the edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica to which it was prefixed.

MRS. STEWART to MR. CONSTABLE.

"KINNEIL, 22*d October* 1812.

"DEAR SIR,—Mr. Stewart being forced to go to the Ayrshire Election (though I fear to little good purpose), he bids me write a note to you to say, that he hopes soon after his return to make out his visit to you, and to pass a night with you at Craigcrook. Mr. S. has been sadly disturbed this autumn with visitors, and yet they were those we were so happy to see it was impossible to regret them. I trust a quiet winter will enable him to make up for all his late idleness. He begs to know if you are likely to be at home next week, especially towards the middle and end of it. Surely we may flatter ourselves with a little good weather now, for there never was so dismal an autumn.

"With best wishes, I am, dear Sir, yours sincerely,

"HELEN DARCY STEWART.

"How pleasantly our friend Mr. Leslie must have felt at Raith lately, when Mr. Playfair and Sir H. Davy arrived there."

Mrs. Stewart's appetite for books was strong and healthy, and was carefully remembered by her bibliopolic friend. At the close of a letter of March 24, 1813, inviting to Kinneil, I find the following passage:—"We shall be truly happy to see you here, and to learn all your London news. I hope you made out your journey without any accidents, and that you have brought down plenty of new and good books. I have been sadly starved of late, and only reading old magazines. Lord Webb [Seymour] tells

me you saw the *new* Mr. Smiths so much talked of;[1] we long to hear all about them."

In the letters of at least a dozen of my father's more distinguished correspondents, I find frequent allusion to the amiable and accommodating Edinburgh Secretary of the General Post Office. On August 14, 1813, Mr. Stewart writes:—"I am impatient to see the next number of your Review. If it should appear in the course of next week, you may perhaps contrive to get it franked by my good friend Mr. K.[2] to St. Mary's Isle. . . . It gives me much pleasure to hear that Mr. Brand has promised his assistance to the Encyclopædia. In the course of September I hope to make out my visit to your chateau, when we shall talk over at our leisure this and other literary topics. I forgot to inquire, when I last saw you, whether you had made any arrangements with the Philosophers of Manchester."

Mr. Creech had been one of the publishers of the first volume of Mr. Stewart's Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind, and a share had been offered to him of the second volume, which he rather crustily accepted.

In a note dated Jan. 29, 1814, Mrs. Stewart writes:—

"Mr. Stewart called on Mr. Creech to-day, and found him reading Macknight on the Ephesians, with a Greek Lexicon on the table beside him. The ex-provost said nothing about any other book."

I rejoice in the opportunity here afforded me of commemorating at once the accuracy of my late friend and

[1] The authors of "The Rejected Addresses."

[2] Mr. K., it is said, has been known to frank a boll of potatoes!

fellow-labourer Mr. Stark—who was at this period connected with Mr. George Ramsay, and the grateful appreciation of Mr. Stewart, who, on the completion of the printing of the second volume of the Philosophy of the Human Mind, presented to him a handsome silver cup, with an inscription, which will be found below.[1]

The following letter from Mrs. Stewart is in acknowledgment of "Waverley," an early copy of which had been sent for perusal at Kinneil:—

"DEAR SIR,—I don't know whether to thank you or not for the volumes you sent me. They have gone near to turn all our heads, and certainly interested both Maria and me more than any prose ever did before: the third volume is quite overwhelming. Whoever the author may be, he must be allowed to draw characters more forcibly than any of his predecessors.

"Mr. Stewart bids me say, that if you are to be at home and disengaged on Saturday next, we should be happy if Mrs. Constable and you would allow us to take part of your family dinner, as Mr. S. prefers the quiet of the country to seeing you in town. The arrival of some friends prevents him from leaving home till Saturday. He means to sleep in Edinburgh on Saturday, and remain till Monday. If Saturday does not suit you, we can make it Sunday, but Saturday would be rather more agreeable.

[1] "To Mr. John Stark, printer, in testimony of grateful acknowledgment for his friendly attention, and intelligent accuracy, in superintending and correcting the first impression of the second volume of the Philosophy of the Human Mind, this Cup is presented by the author."

Please write to me. I believe there was nothing else I was bid say, except many thanks for the Almanac, which answers perfectly, and for all your other obliging notes. Mr. S. will talk all things over with you. He is very, very busy, and often in this fine weather does not move from his writing table till evening. In haste, and with best compliments, I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

"H. D. STEWART."

The novels of the author of Waverley were of course special favourites at Kinneil. The following letters show the estimation in which they were held, and also that the desired incognito of Mr. Scott was at once pierced by Mrs. Stewart.

"KINNEIL HOUSE, 15*th March*.

"DEAR SIR,—I have tried to return Guy Mannering, but it will not do; it is impossible to part with such a treasure. I shall therefore keep it, and when I come to Edinburgh next week, will send its price, for it is my purchase, not Mr. S.'s. I read it all day, and dream of it all night. The Scotch is pure and perfect. Of course you will have all the little errors of this edition corrected in the next; but in case of accidents may I venture to mention, that what kills salmon, vol. 2d. p. 65, is not a *waster*, but a *leister;* that it is not *Staneshie*bank fair, vol. 2d. p. 17, but *Stagshie*bank; vol. 2d. p. 52, it is a *whin* of the billies, when it should be a *wheen*; vol. 2d. p. 186, for '*dooms* likely,' it ought to be '*doons* likely'; these are indeed trifling errors. Scotland is truly indebted for the preservation of its language and manners to such a portrait painter.

'Excuse this hurried note. I really meant to have returned the book with ten thousand thanks, but it will not do, I *must* keep it. Yours most truly,

"H. D. STEWART."

Some months later:—"I return your valuable loan (the Antiquary) with best thanks, and hope it has not suffered from its journey, never having been out of my sight. Mr. Stewart read it all aloud at one sitting, which was doing it justice. I am always too partial to old friends to be instantly smitten with new, so that I cannot say I prefer it to its elder brothers; but Mr. Scott can only be compared to himself. This is really an age of happiness to readers like me, so many novelties and so good. Still, 'Waverley' is my favourite. Yours most truly,

"H. D. S."

During the progress of the "Dissertation" many visits were paid by my father to Kinneil, in which he was often accompanied by some literary friend whom he believed his kind hosts might like to meet. In the spring of 1816 I find a record of Mr. Godwin being there, and the following note, dated February 8, which tells of the restlessness of Mr. Stewart's affection while expecting the arrival from India of his only son, is so illustrative of his loving nature that I must quote it:—

"KINNEIL HOUSE, *8th Feb.*

"DEAR SIR,—We returned in safety last night, though almost frozen to death. Mr. Stewart bids me say, with his best compliments, that he now claims your kind

promise of giving us a day, and he hopes you will prevail on Mr. Macvey Napier, if possible, to accompany you. If he is too busy, Mr. S. hopes you will find some other friend who will be good enough to come with you, and make your journey less tiresome. I don't think I should have had courage to ask you to quit home in such weather, but our uncertainty about my son's movements, and *when* he may pop in upon us, makes Mr. S. more anxious to pass the time, for he cannot settle to work just now. *I* have only to petition for a line the day before, that you may have some dinner waiting you, and good fires in all corners. In haste, yours truly, H. D. STEWART."

A visit from the celebrated David Wilkie is thus recorded:—"You have done us the greatest favour by letting us see Mr. Wilkie. We are all in love with him, and Mr. Stewart most of all. He has kindly given us this day also, and is immortalizing a cottage near this."

About this time one of my brothers had met with an accident in trying to fly, from wall to wall, across a court-yard behind our house. The result did not prove serious, but the incident aroused the sympathy of his friends at Kinneil, and Mrs. Stewart, who had herself recently met with an accident, wrote as follows to my father on the occasion:—

"DEAR SIR,—I need scarcely tell you how truly we sympathize with you and your poor little sufferer. I trust he is long before this time relieved from the dreadful effects of the accident, by all being replaced, and that

weakness is now his chief distress. Mr. Stewart had not courage to write and inquire till we could hope that your mind was comparatively at ease. Please let us know how he is going on. I am recovering fast, *they say*, but time and patience are necessary for a severe bruise, and as yet my arm is a troublesome companion. Luckily, it is the left one. Although not yet inclined to write much, I insisted on inquiring myself after my poor little fellow-sufferer. He is much in my thoughts both awake and asleep.

"All here join me in best wishes.—Yours truly,

"H. D. STEWART."

The considerate kindness of Mr. Stewart, like that of his wife, was never-failing, and though sometimes taken undue advantage of by unworthy persons, was doubtless a source of infinite happiness to themselves as well as to others. The following extract has reference to a journeyman bookbinder, whom my father had recommended for work which Mr. Stewart desired to have executed under his own eye, and who, *along with his daughter*, spent some months at Kinneil while thus engaged :—

"If Keddie continues to behave as well as he has hitherto done, I shall certainly feel myself called on, not only to give him some gratuity to himself, but to offer him a certificate of the great satisfaction I have had with him as an able and industrious workman. Mrs. Stewart takes a particular interest in his daughter, who is a great favourite with all our servants, and who is certainly an uncommonly well-behaved and promising girl."

In illustration of the too facile kindness of Mrs. Stewart, the following may be given as an example, and also as a warning, though perhaps in this cold world such warning is but little needed :—

"*May* 1820.—Eight or nine years ago we lodged some weeks in the house of a Mrs. M., of whom we thought well. She at last told me that they had with great difficulty given a son a college education, and he was now without employment or friends. Soon after, Lord Webb Seymour regretting he could find nobody who could copy papers for him without murdering French or Latin, I unfortunately mentioned Mr. J. M., and told his situation. I had never seen him. Lord Webb sent for him, and fixed to give him £70 or £80 while employing him, and £50 a year and his own time, when not working for Lord W. S.; six months' notice from either to set both free. J. M. went to Glenarbuck for three or four months, and did not suit. Lord W. never employed him again; still, from delicacy to my recommendation, and compassion for the state of the family, he paid him £50 a year while he lived, but refused positively to use any interest for Mr. J. M., or recommend him to anybody else.

"Mr. Stewart, soon after J. M. had been in the country with Lord Webb, employed him for some weeks to copy papers he meant to print, and was satisfied with his accuracy, but never employed him again."

This troublesome person got letters from my father to many friends in London, and through them assailed, among others, Lord Holland, Mr. Allen, and Sir James

Mackintosh. For all that was done for him he showed no gratitude, calling Lord Webb Seymour, who had paid him £400 for doing nothing, "the most penurious of men," and treating Mrs. Stewart, after spending three weeks at Kinneil—without an invitation, to "nine pages of abuse and insult."

In the month of January 1822, Mr. Stewart was struck with palsy, which, his son tells us, nearly deprived him of the power of utterance, and reduced him to a state of almost infantine dependence on those around him, but happily impaired neither any of the faculties of his mind nor the characteristic vigour and activity of his understanding. He still enjoyed the society of a few intimate friends, and in June 1825, Mrs. Stewart, after inviting my father in her husband's name to visit them at Kinneil, adds, "We are starving for want of books. It would be real charity if Mr. Shaw could send us *Tremaine*, or anything new. I shall bid the carrier call to-morrow." My father's answer to this appeal was to send the Tales of the Crusaders, which was acknowledged in the following letter, the last I possess from this dear friend :—

"My dear Sir,—You fell on an excellent device to reconcile us to the absence of all visitors. In fact, I fear no mortal would have been welcome from the moment the brown parcel appeared. Mr. Stewart at first said he would give his daughter and me the start for a day, but he was glad to retract; and he has read every word with more attention and eagerness than any of us. It is quite delightful his deep interest and his speculations on every

character and incident. Indeed, all YOUR novels have been a source of great pleasure to him. He had just finished Ivanhoe for the second time when the Crusaders came. I suspect the Talisman is to rival any of them. Grieved am I to hear that dull, vile history is to interfere with the amusement of the world. I pray you do not encourage so cruel a change. But I am writing a volume, not a message. Mr. Stewart desires me to say he did not wonder that you were terrified by the heat of the weather, which was insupportable; but it is now cool enough, and he hopes you will not fail to make out your promised visit *soon*. He joins my daughter and me in best compliments and wishes to you and Mrs. Constable.—Believe me, dear Sir, yours most truly, H. D. STEWART."

Professor Veitch records that Mr. Stewart died in Edinburgh on the 11th June 1828, a few weeks after the publication of his Philosophy of the Active and Moral Powers, and that "he was buried in the family vault, on the west side of the churchyard of Canongate, not far from the grave of Adam Smith, leaving, like him, to coming generations of his countrymen, a name which they will not let die, so long as they continue to respect intellect and virtue, or to honour a life spent in the noblest uses, and unsullied by a single sordid aim."

CHAPTER IV.

William Godwin.

A VALUED friend of mine—himself Conservative in politics—once gave a curious and characteristic illustration of the conservatism of a distinguished Tory, by supposing, if it might be supposed without irreverence, that had the Almighty asked his concurrence in the creation of this world, he would probably have said, "No; Chaos is an institution—it is respectable; I would not disturb it." The subject of our present chapter would probably have been of another mind, and certainly would have counselled arrangements, moral and social, differing widely in many respects from those which have been ordained by Him who doeth all things well. A moralist William Godwin undoubtedly was, according to his own theory of morals; but that theory involved the setting aside of many of the safeguards to society which have received an expressed heavenly sanction. The marriage ceremonial he considered an unnecessary service, only to be observed in deference to the unenlightened requirements of the age; but I have been assured on undoubted authority that he spoke with "strong condemnation" of the association of

his daughter with the poet Shelley, whose wife ended her days by her own act. Godwin's first wife, Mary Wollstonecraft,[1] brought an illegitimate daughter into his family when she married him in 1797. Yet was he strictly faithful to his engagements, social and domestic,[2] and lived in his own peculiar and limited sphere, both loving and beloved. Born in 1756, the son of a Nonconformist minister, Godwin prepared himself for the same calling at the Dissenting College of Hoxton, and officiated for five years near London, and at Stowmarket in Suffolk. In 1782, when he finally abandoned the clerical profession, he devoted himself to literature and the promotion of political reform. For his "Inquiry concerning Political Justice, and its Influences on General Virtue and Happiness," he received in 1793 the sum of £700; he acquired a further addition of fame, and probably of fortune, by the publication of *Caleb Williams* and *St. Leon.* Besides

[1] Author of the Vindication of the Rights of Woman.

[2] In the preface to *St. Leon*, Godwin writes:—"Some readers of my graver productions will perhaps, in perusing these little volumes, accuse me of inconsistency; the affections and charities of private life being everywhere in this publication a topic of the warmest eulogium, while in the *Inquiry concerning Political Justice* they seemed to be treated with no great degree of indulgence and favour. In answer to this objection, all I think it necessary to say on the present occasion is, that for more than four years I have been anxious for opportunity and leisure to modify some of the earlier chapters of that work in conformity to the sentiments inculcated in this. Not that I see cause to make any change respecting the principle of justice, or anything else fundamental to the system there delivered; but that I apprehend domestic and private affections inseparable from the nature of man, and from what may be styled the culture of the heart, and am fully persuaded that they are not incompatible (!) with a profound and active sense of justice in the mind of him that cherishes them."

other works, he wrote two unsuccessful tragedies, and a Life of Chaucer; but in 1809, the period when his correspondence with my father began, he had established himself as a bookseller and publisher in London, zealously aided by his second wife, and eventually by her son, Charles Clairmont, of whom some mention will be made hereafter. Godwin's first letter to my father is dated 12th July 1809, and is as follows:—

"LONDON, *July* 12, 1809.

"MY DEAR SIR,—You can scarcely imagine how much encouragement I felt in my arduous undertaking from the kind and friendly manner in which you expressed yourself on the subject. Indeed, I am sensible that in sober calculation it was too much for me to attempt, at my time of life, to become a tradesman. The habits of a literary man—and there never was a creature more purely and simply a literary man than myself—are the most adverse that can be conceived to those of mercantile life. Yet I have a good will, I have very powerful motives spurring me forward, and I am not wholly without understanding and observation of life. Perhaps I want nothing but such a man as you to take me by the hand and launch me on the ocean of commercial enterprise, to be able to enter the lists with the best of my competitors in such undertakings.

"I have just executed a plan which has been urged again and again by the different conductors of schools that frequent my counter. They say that a want universally felt by them is of a Dictionary which should be freed of pedantical, obsolete, and unusual words, and thus fitted

to be used by them as a book of daily lessons. They complain that in all the Dictionaries now in use the memories of the children are loaded with a useless number of words, not worth the being stored in the memory, and that of consequence scholars often leave them by the time they have acquired one-half the alphabet. If this hint be of value you will immediately perceive that as a commercial speculation it is of no ordinary value. A book wanted in all schools must sell a numerous impression; and this one publication might (in the phraseology of Garroway's Coffee-house) make a man of me for ever.

"When I had made some progress in this undertaking, I was informed that Sir Richard Phillips had thought of the same thing two years ago. I printed a pretty large parcel of bills of my publications, in the list of which this stands foremost, of which ten thousand have gone to Ludgate Hill, under your kind encouragement, to be stitched into the Edinburgh Review; and Sir Richard saw one of these bills in one of the London monthly publications. He accordingly told me, the day before yesterday, that he was surprised that I should have undertaken a thing which he had undertaken already, that his work had been two years in the press, and that he was printing 15,000 copies. He added that he could only be sorry for me, as it could not but happen that he should have possession of the market. For myself, I do not believe that his book has gone to the press at all; whether he will be stimulated to send it by my actual execution of the project I know not. I am however resolved, and am desirous of calling on every friend who is able to assist me in the plan, to

make my utmost exertions to promulgate what I have done, and to get possession of the public, as in fact I have a right to do, before any competitor enter the field.

"I have now, Sir, devoted myself for more than three years to this ungrateful and difficult undertaking of creating a little provision for my family by the publication and selling of books. I have written several myself expressly for the use of young persons; I have procured others to be written by friends of no common abilities. I am placed in the most tantalizing situation, neither wholly successful nor wholly without hope of success. Nothing has happened to be decisive either way; and I am most earnest to profit to the utmost of the advantages, such as they are, that I have already obtained. Every day that passes over my head, I flatter myself that I am less of a novice, and that my roots strike the deeper. Though not without my drawbacks, yet by the possession perhaps of some sort of ability, experience and sobriety, I must be better circumstanced than some others that engage in the same career; so well that probably I should be the less in danger of disgracing the partiality and activity of any one who might think me worth his encouragement. . . .

"I stand now as to my concerns in a critical kind of situation, and every step that I take at present is of great importance to my success. My manufactures are now somewhat various, but my means are very limited; and if I cannot gain considerable encouragement to my productions, and strike a deep root, all my efforts, by the course of which I have consented to devote the latter part of a studious and sequestered life in some measure to con-

siderations of profit and loss, will be fruitless. Thus circumstanced, the uncommon kindness with which you appeared to enter into my concerns seemed to me like the auspices of a brighter day. My own exertions have been, and certainly shall be, strenuous; for I hold that to be the most contemptible of characters which, having chosen a purpose, does not make every honest sacrifice, and apply the whole of its ingenuity and force, to accomplish the thing chosen.

"I should certainly be glad to see my Essay on Sepulchres, and still more any of my schoolbooks, noticed in the Edinburgh Review, provided the reviewer was of opinion that they merited to be mentioned for honour.

"Apologizing most sincerely for the nature and length of this epistle, I remain, my dear Sir, your much obliged and most obedient servant, W. GODWIN."

To this, and to a subsequent communication now to be quoted, my father appears to have made no immediate reply; but Godwin still persevered, and at a later period wrote a letter which had the effect of bringing about those closer relations to which we owe a correspondence that will not, I believe, be without some interest for the public:—

"41 SKINNER STREET, *Nov.* 23, 1809.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am just returned from calling on Mr. Hunter at your shop in London. He said incidentally that you were, he believed, the greatest letter-writer in the world. This impressed me forcibly, and instantly inspired me with the resolution to try whether, by a line written

at the instant, I could break the spell which has hitherto withheld you from answering mine of the 7th of July last. I can easily conceive how the thing has happened. My letter arrived when you were unfortunately ill, and incapable for a short time of attending to the calls either of business or friendship. By the time you got well, it was grown old, and went with many others 'to the tomb of all the Capulets.'

"I do not particularly recollect the contents of that letter, but I know that I opened my whole heart in it, as my heart then was,—for there was something in your manner when I saw you about three weeks before, more than in that of almost any man I ever saw, that tended to inspire communicativeness and unreserve. I own I was grieved when a short time after I found I had been declaiming in a pleasing scene, but where there was no echo.

"I have just forwarded to the proprietors of the Edinburgh Review a Grammar I have given to the public, written by one of my inward friends, Mr. William Hazlitt. He is a man of singular acuteness and sound understanding, and I think he has brought some new materials to elucidate a most ancient subject. I never saw the Parts of Speech so well defined (I could almost say at all defined) before. I need not say that it would be of the greatest advantage to me if the writers of the Edinburgh Review felt disposed to speak of the book according to what I hold to be its merits.

"I have never fallen under the notice of those awful censors of literature, since the period in which they had

vowed personal hostility to me and all my kindred. A few months ago I published a book, though small, not least in my affections, entitled an Essay on Sepulchres. I have been persuaded to be vain of a book I wrote for the use of my juvenile establishment, called Baldwin's Fables, Ancient and Modern, in two volumes, twelves. Would it be of any use to send those to the Review? Lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil.[1] I am not disposed—

> To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
> And to be baited with the rabble's curse,

but if your confederacy were inclined to notice me, and to notice me impartially, such an event would be welcome.—Believe me, my dear Sir, your obedient and faithful servant, W. GODWIN."

"LONDON, *Sept.* 28, 1811.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I wrote to you twice, once a very long letter, shortly after I had the pleasure of seeing you in town, but received no answer. I had hoped, knowing your literary propensities, to have cultivated some friendly intercourse, and that the man who was in terms of intimate familiarity with Anna Seward and Walter Scott might have been inclined to amicable feelings towards William Godwin. I am even still willing to persuade myself that it is rather hurry of business that has driven from your recollection so casual a circumstance as our personal intercourse, than that you have deliberately reversed the partiality you had once the kindness to profess for me.

[1] Mr. Godwin and his theories had been (not too) severely handled in vols i. iii. vi. and vii. of the Edinburgh Review.

"My present letter is a letter of business, and therefore, I hope, will be honoured with an immediate answer.

"The proposal to which it relates is one in which you can by one simple act be of eminent service to me, without, as I hope, the smallest disadvantage to yourself.

"Mrs. Godwin has a son, now in the seventeenth year of his age, whom I have educated thus far with a view that he might be a relief to us in the commercial enterprise in which we are engaged. I entered into the concern with habits of fifty years' standing of a totally different sort, and am very far from being a perfect man of business; and Mrs. Godwin, who wastes her strength more than I do in the detail of the undertaking, finds her health sinking under the effort. Nothing can therefore be more consoling to us than to look forward to the relief I have mentioned, and the young man has every promise of answering our warmest expectations in this particular. But we are decisively of opinion that it will conduce greatly to our purpose, and to his benefit, that he should first see somewhat of the world before he fixes at home. Hitherto he has been with us as a boy; but after an absence of a year or two he will no longer be upon an equivocal footing, but will return home to us a man. It is also from home that he will learn most perfectly the ideas and the habits of a man of business; and these, I believe, will be more perfectly acquired, and in the best style, in your house, than in any other place to which he could be sent.

"I am persuaded, my dear Sir, that if you felt inclined to co-operate with our views in this matter, you would

find no reason to be dissatisfied with the young man. I kept him for five years at the Charter-house School, where he has made all due improvement. More lately I have placed him for some months under one of our first arithmeticians, to perfect himself in accounts and calculations; and his arithmetical master says he would never desire to meet with an apter or more attentive pupil. Besides this, the young man is of an obliging and kind disposition; and his natural and unassuming manners have long prepossessed every one in his favour who has had intercourse with him. I should hope therefore that his services, which he would be eager to render you to the utmost of his power, would be found an adequate compensation for your expense in subsisting him. It would, indeed, be a consideration of great anxiety to us, particularly at his critical time of life, that he should reside under the roof of his employers, which would of course afford us the best security against his being seduced into such habits as might be utterly subversive of our views and his future welfare in life.

"Thus, my dear Sir, I have laid before you a case in which it is in your power to afford me the highest gratification, and confer on me the most essential service, who am, with real respect, your obliged and obedient servant,

"WILLIAM GODWIN."

To this letter my father sent the following reply:—

"EDINBURGH, *3d October* 1811.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am happy in the opportunity which your letter of the 28th ult. affords me of renewing our

correspondence. I was in a very poor state of health for several months after I had the pleasure of seeing you, and your letters, which I am quite ashamed at never having acknowledged, being received at a time when I was unable to attend to business of any kind, were somehow or other laid aside, and have remained so ever since; but I beg of you to believe that I am still much disposed to forward the objects of them.

"I very much approve of your plans with regard to your young man. They are similar to those which I have just adopted with my own son, and I shall be very happy to lend you my aid in enabling you so far to follow them out, provided the terms which I shall now name should suit you. We have at present four young men as apprentices, from fifteen to eighteen years of age.

"I am willing to add your son to them, but unless it should suit you to fix him for four years, I really could not assure you that his residence here would be of much importance to him, as it is only by degrees that I could promise to introduce him into the most important parts of the business. Indeed, in justice to our other young men, who I am glad to say are all deserving, I could not (with every desire to meet your wishes) say I would take him for a shorter period.

"I myself pay 100 guineas a year to Mr. Cochrane of Fleet Street with my son (who is sixteen years of age), besides finding him in clothes and washing. If your young man is intrusted to my care, I shall consider it my duty to look after him as far as possible, but for a shorter period than four years I really do not think his coming

to Edinburgh would be of much use. I have stated all these things entirely from a wish that you should have the best chance of attaining your object.—I remain, my dear Sir, yours sincerely, ARCHD. CONSTABLE."

MR. GODWIN to MR. CONSTABLE.

"LONDON, *Oct.* 7, 1811.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Mrs. Godwin and myself both feel extremely gratified by your very obliging letter, and the disposition you profess to assist us in an object which we regard as of the last importance.

"In one point, however, I hope you will allow me to expostulate with you,—the length of time which you propose for the young man's remaining at Edinburgh. My period of life, and Mrs. Godwin's weak state of health, render this a point of the greatest moment to us. We look forward with extreme eagerness for the relief we hope to derive from introducing this youth into our affairs; and in that state of mind a vista of four years looks to us like an eternity.

"Allow me to state over again the object we have in view in sending him from home. First, and foremost perhaps, that having seen somewhat of the world, he may return to us with confidence and somewhat of the feelings of a man, having thus weaned himself from the character of a child, which it is difficult for parents to dismiss from their habits and thoughts, when it is most essential it should be dismissed. Secondly, that he may be formed to habits and hours and the activity of business first under

an impartial and stranger authority. These are the principal points. I should further be glad that he got as much insight as he could into the general principles of business; and I have a reliance in his capacity and observation, that he would learn these things much more quickly than the average of the four or six young men you happen to have with you would be likely to do. And, after all, I should feel no disappointment if he came away uninitiated into a few of the highest points of business which must belong to such a house as yours, and which after all perhaps might never apply to so comparatively petty a concern as mine. My favourite objects on the present occasion, as I have already stated, are, an interval of absence, and that he should acquire those habits of diligence, assiduity, and constant application to the details of business which must be in a certain degree new to a youth who has just left school, however well disposed.

"Though I was desirous of setting before you as favourable a picture as I could of the youth in question, yet I am not altogether sure that I have not failed in my point. His qualifications are certainly extraordinary. I have no doubt that if I thought proper to introduce him into a counting-house, I could procure him an immediate salary, with a promise to increase it at the end of the first year, without his becoming bound in any way with regard to time. But this, though it might be pleasant at first, would not answer my purpose of preparing him to be useful to me and independent for himself.

"I hope, my dear Sir, that nothing I have here said will have a tendency to mar our negotiation. Nothing,

in my opinion, can tend with so great certainty as an introduction into your house to secure the future respectability of the youth, and by consequence the comfort and tranquillity of the remainder of mine and his mother's life. * There is no obligation therefore that can be laid on myself and Mrs. Godwin that would be so sure to be remembered by us with complacency and delight so long as we continued to exist.—Believe me, my dear Sir, your obliged and faithful servant, WILLIAM GODWIN."

On receiving my father's consent to the desired limitation, Mr. Godwin expressed his gratitude as follows:—

"LONDON, *Oct.* 16, 1811.

"I know not how adequately to express my sense of your kindness in thus liberally subscribing to all the conditions, which to Mrs. Godwin and myself, under our peculiar circumstances, appears to be of so great importance. I hope you will find the qualities of the young man such as to make it pleasant to yourself and the various persons concerned in your house to encourage him and bring him forward, and to leave a pleasing and approving recollection of what you have done for him behind, when this temporary connexion shall no longer subsist. I intrust him implicitly to your management, and have no doubt that the employments you shall find for him, and the situation you shall provide, will be such as to meet my perfect approbation.

"WILLIAM GODWIN."

Charles Clairmont gave perfect satisfaction. In Feb-

ruary of the following year he was authorized to offer the co-operation of Constable and Company in the circulation of the works for Juvenile readers, and the Educational books published by Mr. Godwin under the pseudonym of Edward Baldwin, and the following extract (October 30, 1812) refers to Mr. Godwin's expectations of advantage from that arrangement:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—After all the interest you have professed to take in my concerns, and all the kindness you have shown to my son-in-law, I cannot help having a warm expectation of benefit to arise from this opening connexion. You seemed to think that my schoolbooks might have less chance in Scotland than the children's books. But then, in opposition to that, you will have the kindness to recollect that my schoolbooks, many of them (those under the name of Baldwin) are written by myself, and the others formed under my eye. It was in reality an anticipation that I could write something better than the schoolbooks in ordinary use that first reconciled me to the plan in which I am embarked. In Scotland there is a party friendly to my name, and entertaining a partiality for what comes from my pen; and throughout the country there is a spirit of good sense, and a serious attention to the lessons instilled into young persons, that have always given me an impression that my writings of that sort, if I were fortunate enough to have an agent in Scotland to do them justice, would stand a better chance for vogue and popularity there than perhaps in any other part of the King's dominions.

"I am afraid of mentioning anything more respecting my little concerns, in which, however, the existence and future prosperity of my family are involved. Is it not probable that the booksellers of Edinburgh itself would take some? You are a mighty body in the Scottish sphere, round which these little planets move, and from which they receive their light. Could Clairmont himself wait on them, and make the proposition? If this suggestion is inadmissible, excuse my ignorance, who am anything but a tradesman, for making it.

"I have just received a most extraordinary account of a triple alliance of the houses of Longman and Cadell with Sir Richard Phillips, for promoting the vent of the books formerly the property and publications of the latter. This is the most mighty step towards a monopoly I ever heard of. Oh that reviewers, instead of strewing the couches of innocent and often meritorious authors with thorns, could expose and put down such grievances as these!—Very truly yours, W. GODWIN."

So satisfactory had Clarles Clairmont proved, that when the period of his engagement approached, a proposal was made that he should remain in Scotland in connexion with Constable and Company. The terms of the proposition are not within my reach, but that they had not been such as to induce Mr. and Mrs. Godwin to forego the comfort and advantage expected from his assistance in the conduct of their business is manifest from the following letter:—

"LONDON, *Sept.* 8, 1813.

"MY DEAR SIR,—It is now more than a fortnight since I received a letter from Charles, respecting a very kind and liberal proposal you have made to him for the purpose of detaining him at Edinburgh. I determined that I would not immediately take any step upon this. His letter was filled with the particulars of what you said, and scarcely contained anything by way of expressing his sentiments on the subject. I wrote to him by return of post, desiring that he would express to me fully and freely his feelings on the question, without giving any opinion of my own. Whatever I thought of the matter, I was most anxious not to take any step on such an occasion without being fully assured of his concurrence. Being now satisfied on that point, it is necessary that I should write to you explicitly on the subject.

"It is now six or seven years since the concern in Skinner Street has been in existence. During the whole of this time it has been an up-hill undertaking, and has not yet ever reached the state in which I have wished to see it. You, my dear Sir, can understand better than almost any one the reason of this. I have spent the best of my days in the unprofitable trade of an author, and am incurably disqualified for a man of business. I have made many arduous struggles against this defect, but with no adequate success. Mrs. Godwin, pitying the efforts I made, and whose plan the concern originally was, has devoted herself beyond the strength of her constitution to give it all the success which the most industrious exertions on her part could put into it. But such a husband and

such a wife do not make one man of business. I early became impressed with this conviction, and more than two years ago we agreed to fix our hopes upon Charles as the only means by which our concern could ever be rendered sufficiently stable, and adequate to all our wants. I frankly laid the true state of the case before you, and requested your concurrence. As the best scheme I could devise for giving effect to our hopes, I ingenuously told you that we could on no account wait more than two years for the proof of our experiment, and you kindly consented that that point should stand as I and his mother pleased. The two years for which we parted with him expire in the first week of November.

"All our efforts, my dear Sir, have for some time been directed to that point. I am in the fifty-eighth year of my age. With great exertions and anxiety I have contrived the means of keeping up the business to the present moment. I have now an advantageous opportunity afforded me of raising a loan that shall place the concern so that the efforts of our young man may be attended with every possible favourable circumstance, and this loan now is on the point of being concluded. Mrs. Godwin, whose health and strength were arrived at the last ebb by her incessant exertions, has been for some weeks at a watering-place recruiting, and preparing herself to meet her son with fresh spirits at the commencement of the winter, to transfer the detail of the business to him, to introduce him to our set of customers, to explain everything that requires explanation, and to consult with him respecting that more productive footing upon which I have no doubt his ability,

his experience, his industry, and his zeal will place the whole concern.

"This, my dear Sir, is the final effort we shall be able to make. It is by looking forward to November 1813 that our courage to struggle with commercial complexities has been kept alive. To us it is a question of life and death. I am sure Mrs. Godwin's constitution would not enable her to sustain another year of such efforts as the last. I am truly sorry if the loss of Charles just at this time should be productive of inconvenience to you; but you will do me the justice to admit that I specifically stated the limitation from the first. The loss, too, will after all be productive of inconvenience to you; and his coming here I regard as the preservation of the lives of myself and his mother. She could not, I am sure, survive the delay of another year; and the concern, in fact, has long required that infusion of vigour which only a young and properly trained conductor can give it. The whole would be lost, and I should be thrown a naked adventurer upon the world to seek my fortune, if we could admit of any delay in this point.

"You will perceive, my dear Sir, from the whole tenor of this letter, that the question is by no means of a sort to admit of discussion or uncertainty. I thought, however, it was justly due to you that I should fully explain the whole affair, and show you that it is with regret, and from absolute necessity only, that we set ourselves in any respect in opposition to your wishes.—Very truly yours,

"W. GODWIN."

Several letters succeeded the above in the same strain of troubled anxiety for Charles's arrival, and fear lest he should be even one day later than the 3d January 1814 in setting out for London. From the following letter it appears that he travelled by sea, and must have been nearly three weeks on the passage between Leith and London!—

"LONDON, *March* 12, 1814.

"MY DEAR SIR,—We have been in daily expectation of seeing you in London; but I am just informed that your journey is put off, and that probably you will not be with us before the beginning of April.

"The favour you conferred on me in November last was of the most essential service. I then informed you that I was negotiating a loan upon landed security, which a friend had generously accommodated me with, for the purpose of increasing my capital, and giving the diligence of my son-in-law, when he arrived, every possible advantage for producing the benefits we looked for from it. The negotiation has taken up a much longer time than I contemplated. I regard it now, however, as fixed in every essential particular, but the money will not probably be forthcoming for some weeks to come.

"It was certainly, my dear Sir, an act of pure generosity in you,—the fruit of the esteem and good-will you had the kindness to bear me,—that led you to comply with my request in November in the very liberal way in which you granted it. The bill I sent to Edinburgh falls due on the 18th instant, at a moment when it will be extremely inconvenient to me to take it up. Shall I therefore be

intruding too far on your good-nature if I ask you whether by means of the enclosed you could not, without occasioning yourself any material injury, enable me to put off the payment a short time longer?

"Charles Clairmont reached us, after a very tedious passage, on the 22d of January. His mother and I have found him a very diligent and active tradesman, and we can neither of us ever forget to whom we are indebted for all the advantages we are confident we shall reap from his exertions. He is not yet a master tradesman, looking with a comprehensive eye into everything, and forwarding everything from his own energies; that, it would be unreasonable to expect at his years; it will infallibly come, and in the meantime he executes with edifying zeal and exemplary perseverance whatever plans we concert between us.

"Have the goodness to answer by return of post.—I am, dear Sir, very sincerely yours,

"WILLIAM GODWIN."

Mr. Godwin's letters from this date till December 1815 are full of apologies for inability to repay money which appears to have been advanced to him. On the 13th of that month he writes:—"Why do you not smile upon me in my literary character? We might then change places; you might then be my defendant instead of my plaintiff, my debtor instead of my creditor. The thought of this unfortunate remnant of obligation has hung on my thoughts and made me afraid to see you." Five days later he proposes to write a novel.

"*Dec.* 18, 1815.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Several of my literary friends, and persons of eminence, among whom I may mention Madame de Staël, Lord Byron, and Mr. Curran, have importuned me to write another novel. I have generally answered that I was afraid I could not do better than I had done in Caleb Williams and St. Leon, and that therefore I had no motive of fame to undertake it. Sir James Mackintosh in particular replied to this argument, that if by such a work I did not add to my fame I might at least add to its vigour and freshness. I am the least in the world of an obstinate man in refusing to do that which my conscience does not forbid me to do, and I must own that the multiplied remonstrances I have received have somewhat moved me.

"In Caleb Williams and St. Leon I was excited to write by a strong idea occurring to my mind, which I conceived, if worked up into a story, with the vein of thinking most congenial to my habits, was capable of a powerful effect. It is perhaps but a few times in any man's life that such an idea offers itself to his mind. Seven years ago, in the wantonness of literary reverie, a fresh idea of this sort presented itself to my thoughts, which I immediately conceived would furnish an excellent foundation for a superstructure of fiction. I allowed myself a week to make notes upon this thought, and sketch it out in all its ramifications. Three or four years ago I set myself down to the regular composition of this work, and wrote about the quantity of four sheets; but after a pretty obstinate experiment I found that my

various commercial avocations, and still more the embarrassment of seeking for means to support an establishment not sufficiently freed from the want of extraneous aids, rendered it impossible for me to proceed. A work of fiction, especially when it consists in the capacious unfolding of a single idea, requires (speaking from my own experience) continuous application, and that a continuous number of hours, the flower of every day, should be uninterruptedly devoted to its prosecution.

"I am now willing to enter upon this undertaking with the whole bent of my mind. But to induce me to do this I must have some encouragement. I never did sit down to write a work of any magnitude upon speculation merely, and probably I never shall. It was my fortune early in life to meet with spirited and warm-hearted booksellers, disposed to give me the encouragement I wanted. Political Justice, Caleb Williams, and St. Leon were all written as the result of a previous engagement formed with my bookseller before a line of the works was produced. I know from experience that this is the only way in which I can write with satisfaction and spirit. If while I am writing I say to myself, The book on which I am employed may be worth something or nothing: when it is finished I must go into the market, as if I were going to Smithfield, and see what any hard-hearted tradesman will beat down the price of my work to, when I have spent upon it infinite thought and anxiety,—this deadens all my exertions. I feel in such a case like a slave, or as if I were cultivating a field, and my landlord were to come at harvest-time and decide for himself what portion

he would carry away of my crop. But when I have a contract beforehand I am like a farmer on a lease,—I know what I am working for, and am not at the mercy of any man's bad passions, or superior skill in driving a bargain.

"There is a still further reason, however, why this question of a pre-contract is of the utmost importance to me. When writing all the works above spoken of I lived upon the produce of them at the very time I was writing, and if I had not met with a spirited bookseller who enabled me to do so, most probably no one of them would ever have been written. At present my situation is considerably similar. I have got rid indeed of the embarrassments of my business for the most part; but unless I can obtain the present use of £500 on account of this novel I cannot promise myself that uninterrupted application which is necessary to carry it into effect. With that aid I shall certainly be able so to devote the flower of every day to the work, as to finish it with the effort of the best powers of my mind.

"For what remains of the question, my own idea was of a specific bargain for a given sum of money. In the case of Madame D'Arblay, Miss Edgeworth, and even Miss Owenson, £1500, £2000, and £3000 were prices asked, and in most instances given. And however modest it may become me to be in the courts of literature, when the question is of price in the courts of Paternoster Row I dare not dissent from the opinion of my judicious friends,—that my talent for novel-writing is not inferior to that of any known author now living. I own I should be best pleased with a specific price. But in this point I do

not refuse to yield to your opinion, and to be put upon a footing with the Author of Waverley and Guy Mannering.

"It remains to speak of time, and this I am enabled to do with some confidence from experience of the past. Caleb Williams and St. Leon took exactly four months to a volume. The present work I propose should consist of three volumes, and will therefore occupy twelve months. It has been my habit, however, to write with so much deliberation and thought that I have never hesitated to send my work to the press by the time the half of it was completed, and as it drew to its conclusion the printer and the author generally finished within three days of each other.

"Thus, my dear Sir, I have laid before you the naked feelings of my heart. The present booksellers of London are statues merely, incapable of one thought but of gain; as far as they are concerned, the author of Caleb Williams may cease to be an author as soon as he pleases; and if he had been born thirty years later, and had depended on their patronage, he would never have been an author at all. But such men outwit themselves, and by too keen an attention to what they call the main chance, in many instances miss the main chance itself. You are the only person in whom I recognise the image of that genial climate which first warmed me into production,—that sort of bookseller who, while he was willing to found his fortune upon the labours of authors, felt some sympathy and loving-kindness to the artists with whom his fortune and his habits connected him.—I am, my dear Sir, with much regard, and a lively feeling of past favours, yours,

"WILLIAM GODWIN."

Though my father received this proposition with favour, he expressed a desire to see a portion of the manuscript before entering on a definite agreement. Godwin appears to have been possessed with morbid apprehension at the bare idea of letting the precious pages out of his sight. How this was settled I know not, but a question of incognito, which, from the following passage, had evidently been mooted, eventually received a negative solution :[1]—

"*Jan.* 30, 1816.

"I have amused my imagination a thousand times since last we parted with the masquerade you devised for me. The world is so fond of wonder. An old favourite is always received with coldness, merely because his claims are of old standing, have often been urged, and almost as often received. Pooh! they say, Godwin has worn his pen to the stump; he is nothing like what he was in the heyday of his novelty; what he gives us now is merely dregs, *crambe decies repetita.* But let me once be equipped with a significant mask and an unknown character from your masquerade-shop, and admitted to figure in with the Last Minstrel, the Lady of the Lake, and Guy Mannering, in the Scottish Carnival—gods, how the boys and girls will admire me! 'Here is a new wonder,' they will say. 'Ah, this is something like! Here is Godwin beaten on his own ground. Our true-

[1] Mr. Godwin, before this time, had traded for some years in Skinner Street, and written and published books for children, and educational works, under the pseudonym of Edward Baldwin. These are said to have been insidious productions, intended to inculcate his own peculiar opinions, and, *e.g.*, in the Dictionary alluded to at p. 50 of this volume, we are told in a State paper quoted by Mr. Denis Florence MacCarthy, that the only meaning given to the word "revolution," is "things returning to their just state"!

born Caledonians will put the fusty English to shame in everything. Who shall say that genius and the art of writing are on the decline? Here starts a novice-candidate that in a moment outstrips the greybeards. Here is for once a Scottish writer that they cannot say has anything of the Scotchman about him.'"

The pecuniary necessities of Mr. Godwin seem to have interfered sadly with his literary power, and some slight delay in giving effect to that part of the contract which involved the immediate advance of £500, altogether discomposed him. The following quaint remonstrance is amusing:—"Allow me to mention that a reasonable despatch is of considerable moment in the question. The sooner I sit down seriously to the work, the sooner will the harvest grow up, and the sooner shall we reap the fruits of it. You were very kind and punctual in contriving that I should receive your letter on the 10th of February, the very day I mentioned; but to speak frankly, my occasion on that day was a pecuniary occasion, and your letter, though extremely satisfactory, had no direct tendency to pay any one demand on me."

He was enabled ere long to satisfy all such for a time, and a month later, in acceptance of an invitation from my father, Godwin visited Scotland, and from the following letter would seem to have been much gratified by a tour which had introduced him to many eminent literary persons, among others to the Author of Waverley and Dugald Stewart:—

"*May* 21*st*, 1816.

"MY DEAR SIR,—You have two qualities which will be

of service to me, in pleading my excuse for not having written to you sooner on my return to London: first, I may venture to affirm that you are not the complete model of a punctilious and immaculate correspondent in your own person; and secondly, you know what it is to return home after an absence of some weeks, and find a thousand things that have stood still in the meantime for want of your counsel and superintendence.

"It was on Friday the 26th of April that I lost your agreeable company, and watched you and Mr. Ballantyne across the ford of the Tweed at Abbotsford. Notwithstanding the heavy loss, however, with which the day commenced, I am bound to confess that I never spent a more agreeable nine hours than this said 26th of April. In thirty minutes after your departure Mr. Scott and I set out for Melrose; and, the poet excusing himself on account of his lameness from ascending the broken stairs, I had, in addition to my other pleasures, the gratification of looking down on the poet of Melrose, seated, with a book in his hand, on a stone in the centre of the ruins. When we returned to our chaise at Mr. Charles Erskine's in the town of Melrose, we found Lord Buchan's chariot standing next to it. His Lordship was somewhere wandering about; but he knew that we were there, and so our names crossed each other, which is the newest and most approved way of paying a mutual visit. In the evening Mr. Scott sent me on in his carriage to Selkirk, where, without a minute's delay, I got into the coach for the south.

"On Saturday and Sunday I dined with Mr. Wordsworth, and on Tuesday with Mr. Walker of Manchester.

My visit to Mr. Thomas Moore at Ashbourn was a miss, as little Anacreon had set off for London the very day I left Edinburgh, and though he has called on me I have not seen him since. I therefore slept on Thursday at Leicester, and on Friday arrived in Skinner Street, exactly one week from our parting at Abbotsford.

"One of the first things I did after my arrival was to read Guy Mannering, which I regard as, on the whole, inferior to Waverley; but I have since read the Antiquary, which I judge to be superior to both. It is full of character, humour, observation, and learning, and fixes the attention of the reader, and inspires him with delight, from one end to the other. The author has disdained to call in even the aid of a story to keep up the enchantment. In this respect the Antiquary has a striking resemblance to my old friend Humphry Clinker. In his other novels the author is perpetually labouring after a tale, and we feel that he does not always reach the thing he strives to attain. There is, indeed, scarcely a novel in the world where we do not occasionally find the author missing his mark, and falling short in act of the thing he meditated to reach. He stands below his subject. But in the Antiquary the writer shows himself confident and at his ease; and the very circumstance of daring, and successfully daring, to write a novel without a story, deeply impresses us with the notion of the wonderful mastery in the man that has done it.

"Remember me most kindly to all friends at Edinburgh. If I were to attempt an enumeration, I should be sure to be guilty of injustice—they were so many, and

the attentions of all so gratifying. I feel myself, however, particularly indebted to Mr. Constable and Mr. Cadell, since they were not contented to feed me with pudding and praise, and to exhilarate my spirit with the juice of the grape and the wine of homage; besides this, they satisfied the imaginations of my heart, filled my portfolio with good things, and dismissed me from their metropolis contented with my fortune.

"Mrs. Godwin begs me to add that she hopes you will not think her insensible of your kindness, and requests to be allowed to join me in the acknowledgment of it.—Very faithfully yours, W. GODWIN."

The following letter of September 12, 1816, has reference to an offer, apparently made by my father, through Mr. Godwin, to Mrs. Inchbald, well known as a novelist, a dramatist, and an actress. The negotiation had no practical result, beyond introducing my father to a remarkable woman, whose life had been full of romantic incidents from the time when, at the age of sixteen, she ran away from home, and made her début at a theatre in a country town. Finding her position not altogether pleasant, she applied to Mr. Inchbald, a brother actor, for advice. On his counselling matrimony, she objected—"But who would marry me?" "*I* would, if you will have me!" he replied. "That I will," rejoined she, "and be for ever grateful to you."[1] The marriage is said to have been a very happy one, but Mr. Inchbald did not live many years, and after acting with much distinction in Edin-

[1] See Chambers's *Cyclopædia of English Literature*, vol. ii. p. 128.

burgh, London, and Dublin, his widow finally retired from the stage in 1789.

In her tastes and habits Mrs. Inchbald was simple almost to parsimony while splendidly liberal to others, —cleaning her own apartment, and allowing an invalid sister £100 a year. There seem to have been various competitions during her life for the honour of publishing her memoirs, yet they never appeared, and by her express direction the manuscript was burned after her death. The two volumes edited by Mr. Boaden were compiled from her autograph journal, and are by no means a satisfactory performance. Mr. Godwin's letter is as follows :—

"LONDON, *Sept.* 12, 1816.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have seen Mrs. Inchbald. She tells me (which is curious enough) that her memoirs have twice been sold, and that for the same sum,—one thousand pounds; first to George Robinson, immediately before his death, when his successors, alarmed at so great an undertaking, wished to be off, to which she readily consented; secondly to Sir Richard Phillips, immediately before his bankruptcy; but the bargain being a verbal one merely, she locked up her memoirs in her drawer, and said no more about it.

"To my overture on your part she said that she was never so rich in her life as now; two poor sisters, whom she supported, having lately died, and therefore she had no occasion to sell her manuscript; but she confessed that a thousand pounds tempted her. She could not, however, reconcile herself to the sending it to Edinburgh; a thousand accidents might happen 'by flood and field;' could you not examine it when in London, or had

you no literary friend in this metropolis whose judgment you could trust?

"I confess I was a little surprised that you were not contented with mine. But I ought to be glad: such judgment is always a sort of responsibility. I ought to add, from my recollection, that the merit of the work does not consist in its treating of great people, and dealing in scandal, but simply in that fascinating naïveté of manner which charmed the whole world in The Simple Story, and which is still more enchanting when not employed in a fictitious story, but in relating the history of the life of such a woman.

"This is a letter of business merely. I had a morning visit from Mr. Skirving,[1] who was to leave London in a day or two after. He sat, I believe, an hour, and I was a good deal entertained with him; he offered to lay me twenty bets upon passages in the poets, and other things, in which his memory, I daresay, was better than mine.

"Remember me very kindly to Mr. Cadell, and any one else to whom your doing so will be acceptable.—Very faithfully yours, W. GODWIN."

My father had several interviews with Mrs. Inchbald on the subject of her memoirs, and we may conclude from the following extract of a letter, written under apprehension for his health, that he had at least made a favourable impression. This letter is addressed to Mr. Godwin, and is dated February 7, 1818:—"I have neither heard from nor seen Mr. Constable since 20th January. I have

[1] An eccentric but very clever artist.

his address, but as I cannot think of troubling him with a letter while I dread he may be suffering under some severe sickness or other calamity, I apply to you, who introduced him to me, for an explanation. The business part of the question is a *subordinate* matter; for I am concerned for his welfare, and I never take up any newspaper without great agitation, for fear I should read of his death. Yet he was quite recovered when he last called, and looked remarkably well. Pray answer this note immediately." Mrs. Inchbald died in 1821.

The title proposed by Mr. Godwin for his novel was "Mandeville, a Tale of the Seventeenth Century in England." To a proposal by my father that the last two words should be omitted, the author thus replied:—

"*Oct.* 7, 1816.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I most willingly subscribe to your alteration in the title of my novel, to be made in your announcing it in the Review.

"My object in adding the two words you object to (in England), was to give a more clear idea of the plan of the work. My second book of this sort was entitled 'St. Leon, a Tale of the Sixteenth Century.' The subject of the book was the ideas then entertained by the alchemists, and the scene was variously in different parts of the Continent. The scene of my present novel is at home, and the subject relates to the manners of the English nation in the seventeenth century. So much intelligence I intended to convey by the title I sent you; but I am aware that sense must sometimes be sacrificed to graceful phraseology.

"I am deep in the fury of composition.—Ever faithfully yours, W. GODWIN."

On the 29th December Mr. Godwin wrote again as follows:—

"*Dec.* 29, 1816.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have recently experienced so much kindness from you, as ought to operate doubly as a motive why I should not trespass on your good-will. I cannot, however, refrain from once more putting seriously to you the consideration of where the novel of Mandeville shall be printed.

"In finally looking over the manuscript for the press, I have been struck with the complexity of my insertions and re-insertions in the few places where I found it most difficult to please myself in writing. They are all sufficiently marked, so that the editor of the book, as a posthumous work, would be able exactly to ascertain the place of every line, and a printer who would be as careful as such an editor would of course be equally successful. But I never met with a printer who was not sure to make some blunders in such matters; and then what a piece of work we should have, if eight or ten pages were occasionally misplaced backward and forward, so as to require revises and re-revises four hundred miles each time, and the author not sure at last that his intentions had been executed!

"This is a new consideration that has occurred to me; but you must give me leave once more to urge to you that which I have repeatedly pressed on your attention. Few authors who have much regard to their own reputa-

tion have the courage to send any part of a work to the press before the whole is finished; and most authors with whom I have conversed have been astonished at my boldness in venturing on such a process. Yet I have done so in former instances, and have not seen reason to repent. But then, as I told you, my printer was in London; the manuscript was at the distance of three streets; and upon any unforeseen emergency I could immediately have recourse to and consult it. In stories, at least such as I write, there are so many subtle links and conjunctions of incidents that lie remote from each other, that it seems as if such a privilege could not be dispensed with.

"If you give up this point, I will to-morrow deliver the entire manuscript of the first volume to any printer you shall name, and enter into any engagement you please, not to withdraw any part of it. You shall order him to proceed with whatever rapidity you shall think proper; and I will not attempt to countermand your orders, but will reinforce them to the utmost of my abilities.

"If you think this request of mine utterly without foundation in reason, I desire no more than that you will set it aside without ceremony. But if in reality it rests on the most cogent arguments—and the merit and success of the work may materially depend upon your agreeing with me on this point, you surely then will not think proper to refuse me. I wish only that the reason of the case should prevail, and have not the smallest desire that you should concede an inch in the matter from any inclination to oblige or to gratify me.—Very sincerely yours, WILLIAM GODWIN."

My father having appeared willing to concede the point thus urged, but without an actual pledge, Godwin addressed the following remonstrance to him on the 5th of January 1817 :—

"An author, I should say, judging from my own experience, is a sensitive animal, a very barometer; and to be kept to work, should be kept in tone. Do not allow me to harbour the slightest suspicion that what was settled last Monday can be unsettled again."

The question as to the place of printing having been decided in favour of Edinburgh, and the early sheets of the work having been transmitted to London for revision, Mr. Godwin wrote as follows :—

"*Jan.* 20, 1817.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I thank you for the quickness with which you have forwarded to me the enclosed sheets, though I am much grieved, and ever shall be, that you have removed the manuscript four hundred miles from my occasional inspection. In a week or ten days I shall greatly want to refresh my memory as to what I have said of certain persons living on the verge of Beaulieu Forest, but God knows when it will be in my power to do so.

"The correctness of these sheets certainly far exceeds anything I could have expected—except in one point, the punctuation. If the printer would have had the goodness to adhere to the manuscript in this matter, he would have saved me and himself infinite trouble. You cannot suppose that I have lived to sixty years of age without

having formed a set of obstinate notions in this particular. But the printer has introduced a Scotch system of punctuation into my sheets, which is by no means agreeable to my taste, and which to my eye greatly disfigures my periods. He should have kept this aid of his for a greener author.—Very sincerely yours, WILLIAM GODWIN."

The sad history of Percy Bysshe Shelley, that erratic and erring son of genius, has been so often told, that it is happily unnecessary to enter on it here, excepting in so far as it involved the family of Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, for whom he had deserted his wife, poor Harriet Westbrook, whose sad life closed on 18th November 1816.[1] On the 3d of February 1817, Mrs. Godwin wrote as follows to my father :—

[1] We seek anxiously for palliating circumstances in considering this dark tragedy, and such circumstances I have been assured did exist. The Poet's daughter-in-law, in her Memorials, quotes the following words of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, his second wife :—"This is not the time to relate the truth ; and I should reject any colouring of the truth. No account of these events has ever been given at all approaching reality in their details, either as regards himself or others ; nor shall I further allude to them than to remark that the errors of action committed by a man as noble and generous as Shelley, may, as far as he only is concerned, be fearlessly avowed by those who loved him, in the firm conviction that, were they judged impartially, his character would stand in fairer and brighter light than that of any contemporary." For the sake of his contemporaries we may hope this is untrue. Theorists of Godwin's school would tear the existing picture from the framework of society, and paint their own ideal on its canvas. Their ideal, in the present instance, did not preclude adultery, suicide, or injustice, and in a late publication on the early days of Shelley we are told that "poor Fanny Imlay or Godwin (the daughter of Mary Wollstonecroft and Gilbert Imlay), like Harriet Shelley, committed suicide by drowning."

"My dear Sir,—I have had the pleasure of seeing your late communications with Mr. Godwin. But what will you think of me as a wife, or as an inhabitant of this London, in an age so advanced in the fashion of reading, when I tell you I have not yet perused a syllable of Mandeville?

"My time and my thoughts have been employed to even a painful degree upon the question, so interesting to the comfort and the peace of this family, which I took the liberty to mention in confidence to you in our last interview. I have now the pleasure to announce that Mr. Godwin's daughter, Mary, has entered the marriage state with Mr. Percy Bysshe Shelley, eldest son of Sir Timothy Shelley, Baronet, of Field Place, Horsham, Sussex. We are now endeavouring to forget preceding sorrows and to enjoy the flattering prospects which seem to present themselves. The young couple have been in town several weeks, principally under our roof, and my poor nerves begin to cry quarter from the bustle and feasting occasioned by the event. They have taken a house in Berkshire for the spring months, and will probably pass the summer in Italy. Mrs. Shelley's health appears very delicate, and I hope will be quite set right by the efficacy of so fine a climate.

"Mr. D. Constable has done us the favour of an evening call more than once, and is so obliging as to convey this scrap of agreeable intelligence to your hands. You will not be surprised if I add that Mr. Godwin will retain a very pleasing recollection of this circumstance, as this less ceremonious kind of intercourse

afforded the opportunity for ascertaining, what he before supposed, that your son is a young man of considerable and valuable acquirements and tastes. We both hope that on all occasions of making visits to London he will allow us to improve the acquaintance.

"I doubt if Mr. G. will be able to spare a moment for sending you a line by the favour of this conveyance. You will, however, my dear Sir, be pleased to hear of his good health of body and the unceasing perseverance of his *spiritual* activity.

"I had a word or two of a little matter of business to address to you, but with your leave I shall propose it to Mr. Shaw in preference, being unwilling to mix the *holy* with the *profane* in this friendly communication.

"We had a letter from Miss Curran (oh, 'profane' topic!) a few days ago. I am sorry to say she speaks of continued ill-health, which compels her to delay the accomplishment of her father's wish for her return to the Priory till the fine season is advanced.

Believe me, my dear Sir, your much obliged,

"M. J. GODWIN

"LONDON, *Feb.* 3, 1817."

The events alluded to in Mrs. Godwin's letter must have been still more exciting for her husband than for herself, and were doubtless among the "vexatious circumstances" to which he refers in the following communication:—

"*Feb.* 28, 1817.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Mandeville goes on, in my opinion,

well. I have, for a considerable time, been employed upon him every day, with scarcely a single intermission. You recollect, no doubt, that I was upon the whole well satisfied with my first volume. I am much better satisfied with the second, as far as it is advanced. I find the work growing in interest under my hands. I find the opportunities increase for the exercise of my peculiar powers, if I have any that are peculiar; and I am daily more convinced that the Godwin of sixty years of age is not less of a man than the Godwin of five-and-thirty was formerly. I am resolved, as I find inscribed among my late memoranda, to 'consider this as my last work,—like Virgil's bees to leave my life and soul where I strike, and—to change the figure—that I will view myself in it as engaged in planting the foremost banner over my tomb.'

"Thus, my dear Sir, I frankly tell you the state of my feelings. How far they will coincide with yours I know not. You perhaps had rather have a work that should be speedily at its close than such a work as I contemplated. If so, I am sorry to say that I cannot accommodate you. I *must* write slow; I must work up to the standard in my own mind, or I cannot write at all.

"It unfortunately happened that I could not altogether dismiss the first volume till far onward in December. This was very different from my calculations. Many vexatious circumstances happened to retard my progress. I was not for a considerable time thoroughly in my subject. I wrote several passages four or five times over before I could satisfy myself. The case is now widely

different. I am now devoured with my subject. Mandeville and his associates are to me now the only realities of life; and the people I am obliged to talk with every day, mere creatures of the imagination. I therefore go on regularly and sure, but what the Author of Waverley, and men of his kidney, would call damnably slow. I calculated upon recent experience that the second volume will be finished in the three months, and the third in three months more,—in other words, the second in March, and the third in June. I shall be sorry if this materially thwarts you; but the Muse that inspires me is an object of more perfect adoration to me, and requires to be more implicitly obeyed, than any bookseller, nay, than any friend on earth.

"Believe me, my dear Sir, very sincerely yours,

"WILLIAM GODWIN."

"*March* 18, 1817.

"When you last received at my hands the duplicate of the enclosed you predicted that at the period of its expiration I should want its renewal. This I stoutly denied. The period is come round; and, as all human intellects are estimated by the event, it turns out that you are a wise man and I am a fool. I had, I thought, very good reason to believe that the affair to which this bill belongs would have been liquidated by this time; but for the present I am disappointed. Is it that you are so much better acquainted with my affairs than I am myself, that you turn out in this instance to be right, and I to be wrong?'

"I should not however have the confidence to address you at the present moment, but for the extraordinary circumstances in which I am placed. I have looked back at the little record of my daily industry, and I find, to my surprise, that I have scarcely been interrupted for two days together since I began my second volume. The beginning of the year 1817, to which I looked forward with some alarm, has proceeded with particular smoothness. It needs, however, a nice management, and the good offices of all my well-wishers, to keep me quiet. Among these on the present occasion I venture to number you; and in that confidence alone have taken the liberty to forward the enclosed. Forgive, and assist me, I entreat you!"

"*April* 16, 1817.

"I have two remarks to make upon your advertisement of Mandeville. First, my title was 'A Tale of the Seventeenth Century in England.' In civility to your objection I made a verbal alteration in this phrase; but I am grown less modest and pliant now, as my book proceeds towards its termination, and I request that the first and more significant title may be restored. Secondly, it is a dignity I have always retained in my titles, to stand 'William Godwin' merely, and not as the author of one or many particular works. If you are very tenacious, you may do as you please about the *advertisements;* but I think it but just that I should be the sole emperor of the *title-page,* as of every other part of my book.—Believe me, my dear Sir, very sincerely yours,

"WILLIAM GODWIN."

MR. CONSTABLE to MR. GODWIN.

"EDINBURGH, 16*th May* 1817.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have the pleasure of sending you clean copy, as the printers would say, of the second portion of the second volume of Mandeville; you have also a proof of the title-page, altered, I hope, to your wish.

"I anxiously wait the arrival of the MS. of the third volume, the season for publication being rapidly going past; and to say the truth, in these times both the active and intellectual worlds require something new to cheer and instruct them;—your work, my dear Sir, is well calculated to produce both effects.

"Mandeville will have many attractions and claims to popularity; there is an additional attraction, however, that has struck me in ruminating on the subject, which may probably never have occurred to yourself, and which I now beg to suggest. Would an engraving, from the admirable picture of the author by Mr. Opie, not be reckoned a very suitable embellishment? What I mean, however, would not be a finished engraving of the whole, but rather a head in the style of Dr. Adam Smith, prefixed to Mr. Stewart's Biographical Memoirs, of which I now enclose an impression. Much, however, as I should like this myself, I would not propose delaying the publication on account of it, but I presume there would be time sufficient for having the engraving made while the third volume is at press. If this be your opinion, I would request you to employ an artist without delay; but it

must be done in a manner to give us at least three thousand good impressions.

"My faith and my spirit you will say keep pace when I tell you that three thousand copies is the first edition of Mandeville.

"I am, with much respect and regard, my dear Sir, yours most sincerely, ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE.

"WILLIAM GODWIN, Esq.

MR. GODWIN to MR. CONSTABLE.

"LONDON, *June* 12, 1817.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I shall give you some pain, in which I most truly sympathize, when I tell you that the third volume of Mandeville is not in as much forwardness as by this time I expected it would be. I have found one difference in my present work from any other of similar extent in which I have ever before engaged. In those it uniformly happened to me, at some time or other in their progress, that my mind shrunk from them with fatigue, the bow refused to be for ever bent, the spirits seemed used up by being continually turned to one subject, and I was compelled to give myself a month or two of holiday. That has never been the case in the present instance. I have not once felt sated or wearied; nor have I for one day refrained from working upon my book, unless unavoidably prevented by indisposition, avocation, or those accursed embarrassments and entanglements of circumstance, which too often reduce me from a man of genius (as by courtesy I am called) to a hunter of beggarly expedients. I have always preferred the story on which

I am engaged to any other amusement that could be offered me.

"In the first three months of the present year I was singularly fortunate; nothing occurred to impede my progress, or disturb the smoothness and tranquillity of my mind. I therefore finished a volume in three months, which I had always been accustomed to consider as the work of four. But since the last day of March my prosperity has by no means been so uniform. I have more than once been suspended for days together on the caprice of a discounter, or on the hoped-for success of a negotiation, in which my son-in-law is a party, that it is to put an end to these discounts altogether. In fine, the volume, I foresee, will not be completed till the end of July or the beginning of August.

"To turn from this distressing theme, allow me to say one word on the subject mentioned in your last, of a Portrait. I beg leave earnestly to deprecate this proposal, and I trust you will think no more of it. Mrs. Godwin contemplates it with horror. My own sensation immediately was, if the proposal had been to prefix a portrait to a new edition of a work which had already been attended with a certain degree of success—Political Justice, or Caleb Williams,—I should have submitted; but in a new work, where my ambition is to sustain the reputation which the public has in former instances kindly awarded me, I come forward with unfeigned diffidence, and I hope no one will wish me to use the forms of arrogance, and prefix an *ecce homo* from which my soul so unequivocally revolts. I am always, however, distrustful of my own

judgment, and have therefore mentioned the question to one or two friends, who all decidedly agree with me. Mr. Hazlitt said at once, 'Such an impertinence suits wonderfully well with Lady Morgan, and is indeed a copy of the lady's mind, but it would completely let you [W. G.] down from the rank to which you justly have a claim. It would be downright quackery.'

"I have already mentioned that the negotiations that are to extinguish for ever these vexatious discounts are not yet brought to perfection. I trust therefore you will not think me unreasonable in requesting you once more to entertain the enclosed in continuation, for the purpose of replacing its predecessor by the same parents, which expires on the 20th instant.

"I suppose you have seen by these impertinent newspapers—that will not let any one stir from their fireside in quiet—that Mrs. Godwin is in France. I expect her home the first week in July.—I am, my dear Sir, with much regard, yours, WILLIAM GODWIN.

"Davison complained to me the other day of your breach of the expectation you had given him of printing Mandeville."

MR. CONSTABLE to MR. GODWIN.

"EDINBURGH, 17*th June* 1817.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I enclose your draft on Brooks and Dixon at 65 days, p. £99, 1s. 5d., as the value of annexed state of Joseph Hume's acceptance, 3 m/d., per £100.

"I am greatly disappointed at the prospect of Mandeville not being out till the end of July or beginning of

August; and must also acknowledge my regret at the remarks contained in your letter of the 12th on the subject of my proposal of attaching a portrait to Mandeville; in my view of the matter such a thing would neither have been considered as an impertinence nor looked upon by the public as quackery; this is my decided opinion, and I may, I hope, add without offence, would have been useful to the undertaking; the idea was not new, but I regret having troubled you with it.

"I suppose you by this time have heard of a new work announced by the Author of Waverley—Rob Roy; it will consist of three volumes, and from the progress already made in the printing, I expect it will be out in little more than two months, certainly in the course of September. I am naturally anxious that Mandeville should precede Rob Roy, as it would not be useful to either should two works of similar importance come out in the same day, or even month, particularly from the same publisher. I think it right to mention this to you candidly, but while I do so, believe me, my dear Sir, I hope it will not offend.

"I am surprised that Davison should express himself as you mention respecting the printing of Mandeville. I believe I said to you, and perhaps to Mr. Davison himself, that if the work were printed in London he should have it; but surely when I found it more convenient to have the work done here, neither Mr. Davison nor any one else is entitled to say anything of breach of expectation. I have forwarded the copy of vols. I. and II. of Mandeville by mail to-day as you requested.—I am, etc., A. C."

Before the 9th of August incipient asperities appear to have been nipped in the bud, and the author continues from time to time to report progress :—

"*Aug.* 9, 1817.

"I duly received your letter of the 2d instant, and for a few days delayed returning an answer, as I intended that that answer should be accompanied with the manuscript of the first half of the third volume. But I have altered my mind : I cannot part with my sheets without one more revisal, and that revisal would probably occupy me for a couple of days. I am at this moment in excellent tone; I am unintermittedly engaged in the grand development of my story ; and I am convinced that it would be to the last degree impolitic to draw off my attention at the present crisis. I also judge, from my experience of your activity, that the sending half the volume just now is by no means necessary for the purpose of ultimately forwarding the publication."

"*Aug.* 23.

"Though I wrote to you this day fortnight, yet I think I know you well enough to know that you will be glad to hear from me again. I have written the 97th page of my third volume, and 120 I consider as my regular stint. My mind at this moment revolts from every other subject. I write cautiously ; but I write every day. All depends on the conclusion being wrought up in a full and faultless manner.

"I have not a moment's leisure to call myself off from meditating what is to come, for the purpose of revising what is already done."

"*Sep.* 6, 1817.

"Since I wrote to you last, I ran my head against a post, and got all wrong. You cannot conceive what a piece of work I was making of it! But that is over now; and I am proceeding as if upon velvet."

"*Oct.* 16, 1817.

"You have seen, of course, that Mr. Curran is dead. It is grievous that this should have happened at all. It is grievous that it should have happened at this time. I am sure you have warmth of heart enough to feel the interruption that this event must necessarily have given to my literary occupations. I still hope that I shall send off the last leaf of Mandeville on Saturday."

"*Oct.* 22, 1817.

"Forgive me! I believe every letter I write you ought to begin with that word. Certain proofs of Mandeville arrived here yesterday; and if I had been at home should have been returned to-day. But after the application I have exerted,—though the world, I daresay, will judge that I might have written it in my sleep,—I ventured to take two days' relaxation at my son-in-law's in Buckinghamshire. Therefore I cannot send the proofs till to-morrow."

"*Dec.* 16, 1817.

"MY DEAR SIR,—A fortnight ago I took the liberty of suggesting to you the question of certain urgent necessities in which I stood of pecuniary aid, and mentioned to you one or two projects by means of which I hoped to obtain your friendly interference in that object. You

answered me at that time with a degree of quickness that was somewhat distressing to me; but our conversation ended with your desire that the question might be put off to the present time. I have hardly the courage to meet you again however on the subject, and therefore prefer writing.

"And now, my dear Sir, I throw myself entirely on your liberality and your mercy. The success of my poor novel has far exceeded any expectation that you had formed from it; and perhaps you will hardly think the moment of that success a fit time in which for the author to be consigned to insurmountable difficulties and sufferings. You generously aided me in this way when I was in Edinburgh in April 1816, and that aid enabled me to sit down to my work. In the close of 1816 I frankly owned to you that without some further assistance I should be wholly unable to persist, and that difficulty was also overcome. Twelve months have elapsed since the latest of these periods. Those twelve months, I assure you, have not passed without embarrassment and perturbation; but I devoured my own sorrows. I felt that I ought to finish my work in silence. And then I relied, when my work was actually performed, and especially if, when published, it appeared to be received with encouragement, that I should not be likely to make an application to you of this sort in vain.

"I ought to have written this letter yesterday, but I was not well enough. Besides, as you are to take a friendly slice of mutton with us to-day, I thought it ungracious to interpose a discussion on this subject be-

tween. As it is, have the goodness to put this letter in your drawer, and we will, with your permission, enter into the necessary explanations some time to-morrow.—I am, my dear Sir, very faithfully yours,

"WILLIAM GODWIN."

In a letter of condolence on the death of Mrs. Robert Cadell, dated August 3, 1818, I find the following :—

"I have just read the new volumes of the Tales of My Landlord. My opinion is of little consequence, as the public seems to be quite crazy for the novels of this author. I will however just mention, that I think the new tale superior to Rob Roy, but inferior to four novels of the writer that went before. I suppose we may now, without fear of contradiction, affirm them to be the productions of Walter Scott; and assuredly nothing can be more astonishing and admirable than the facility and felicity of his pen in this species of composition.

"What a ridiculous fellow is our friend Jeffrey! Is it not so? I think he and I can hardly meet again. I suppose a new Number of the Edinburgh Review is by this time out in Scotland. I have not seen it. I am told I am not in it. 'Præfulgebant Cassius atque Brutus, eo ipso, quod effigies eorum non visebantur.'"

In default of access to the books of A. Constable and Co., I am unable, on this occasion as on others, to be as particular as I could wish in details of commercial success, but I have evidence that a profit of upwards of £1100 was divided as the result of the first edition of Mandeville.

The last letter in my possession from Mr. Godwin to my father is dated February 18, 1819, and has reference to the settlement of that account:—

"SKINNER STREET, *Feb.* 18, 1819.

"MY DEAR SIR,—On the other side you have my letter of business, which I thought might as well not be mixed with my feelings towards my friend and the hospitable host of Craigleith.

"You stole a march upon us all in the sudden way in which you left town in December last. I was grieved to find, on looking back, that I had not seen you for more than a fortnight previous to departure. I hope and trust the illness of your young folks, which I believe was the cause that shortened your stay, has left no permanent effects behind.

"Remember me, I pray, with kindness to all my friends, Mr. David, Mr. Cadell, etc. etc. etc. If you see Fairley, have the goodness to tell him that I got his letter of the 3d instant, in which he announces that I shall hear from him again in a day or two with some important documents for my answer to Malthus, but that these documents have not reached me to the present hour.—Believe me, very faithfully yours, WILLIAM GODWIN."

No subsequent correspondence of Mr. Godwin's has come into my hands. He survived my father nearly nine years, and died in his eighty-first year, on the 7th April 1836.

CHAPTER V.

David Constable.

THERE is, I trust, no presumption in the belief that those of my readers whose patience has carried them through the preceding Chapters of this work may desire to learn something of the domestic circumstances of my father, to whom—if it be true that a man may be known by his friends—a high place in the social thermometer will readily be accorded. In 1808 he had already for several years resided with his family at Craigcrook, a picturesque old mansion nestling at the foot of the northern slope of Corstorphine Hill, about two miles west from Edinburgh.

There are country-houses—I myself know more than one such—whose doors stand always open, whose very walls and windows seem, like the inmates, to have an ever-present sense of the duty and the joy of hospitality, inviting even to the passer-by, and irresistible to those who have once been privileged to enter. Such emphatically for fully seventy years Craigcrook has been, as those who knew the place during its occupation by Lord Jeffrey and his genial successor[1] will readily attest.

[1] John Hunter, Esq., LL.D., Auditor of the Court of Session. Dr. Hunter was a man of wide culture, correct literary taste, generous and genial nature, and most tender heart.

Though much was done in later years, both for outward beauty and extended indoor comfort, the old house had great attractions even when my father lived there: it welcomed many a guest distinguished in the literature of this country, and there were few eminent foreign visitors to Edinburgh who did not bring an introduction to its most successful publisher. The ordinary inmates of Craigcrook at the time of which I write, were my parents, their six children, my father's honoured mother, and not unfrequently our dear old grandfather Willison, printer of the Edinburgh Review, with his daughter, "Auntie Jean," who had been a *detenue* in France during the war, and the relation of whose foreign experiences was a source of never-failing delight to her nephews and nieces.

It was in November 1785, in a steep alley running northward from the High Street, and now swept away, that the life began which flowed on with noiseless current, till, on the 26th of September 1870, it ebbed so gently, that though intently watching I could not tell when the latest breath was drawn. In the contemporary correspondence of her family is to be found occasional record of that amiableness which was manifested throughout life by Auntie Jean, and David, the oldest of her nephews, who was only ten years younger than herself, related many instances of the playful tenderness of their early intercourse.

Her mother having died while she was still an infant, and her sister having married before she had completed her tenth year, Jean's father felt it to be desirable that

she should go from home for education, and having great confidence in a cousin who had established himself as a merchant at Dunkirk, committed his daughter to his care. By him—strange selection for a Presbyterian maiden—she was sent to a *Pension* at St. Omer, a convent, where she remained for some years under the charge of the Roman Catholic Sisterhood. Those who knew my aunt in later life would perceive but faint traces of Continental training, for though peculiarly refined in sentiment, gracious and occasionally even dignified in manner, all merely French polish had been long rubbed off, and her recollection of conventual life, though enabling her to entertain her friends by picturesque representations of ceremonial and costume, was not suggestive of the wisdom of her guardian in the selection of a school. Her speech by preference was always in the vernacular, and it was only when her wrath had been excited—a very rare occurrence, and only arising under moral provocation—or under the social restraint of strangers, that she employed the language of Samuel Johnson or sought to obey the rules of Lindley Murray.

Of the French language, though her pronunciation continued to be pure, her memory in later years was very slender; but she was always proud to be appealed to in any supposed linguistic difficulty, all unconsciously coined words upon the instant, and if asked the French for coals or table-napkin, would authoritatively answer *collier* and *table-napkune.*

She had a perfect ear for music and a very sweet voice. It was delightful thirty years ago to hear "I sing the

23645

maid of Lodi," or "Carre besoin Dereuse, Dereuse," and a *wise woman*, whose services her family occasionally required, was wont to say,—"There's naebody plays like Miss Willison; she gars the instrument speak."

Having been sent to France during the war, she was detained there longer than had been desired, and only escaped at last with a false passport, as a young American, on board of a vessel belonging to the United States. She returned to Scotland in 1807, and lived a life of gentle and not inactive kindness while her faculties continued unimpaired. For many years her time was divided between her father's house in Edinburgh and her sister's at Craigcrook, where to her nieces and nephews she was ever welcome as a willing helper in all that was mirthful and innocently gay. In later years she lived as a boarder, with one cantankerous old woman after another, until she became alternately an inmate of my family and that of a worthy couple near Lasswade; but no complaint was ever heard to pass her lips.

Her appearance was agreeable, even in old age, for her features were good and her expression singularly pleasing; in youth she had been pretty, and while still a girl had fascinated a young Frenchman, who, after her return to this country, made overtures in vain to win her hand. Her *heart* had long been his; but duty to her father and deference to his invincible prejudice against a French alliance, combined to prevent a union which might have been a happy one, and would certainly have added interest to her existence.

On leaving Dunkirk, Monsieur Letendre—this was

her lover's name, put into her hand a box of bonbons, *à la mode française.* When about to finish its contents she found a puzzle-ring of gold, divided yet united, and bearing the inscription,—P. L. *à* J. W., Juillet, 1807. This ring was called for many times in Auntie Jean's last illness, and was upon her finger for some hours the day before she died. It is now on mine, and is the only relic of a romance, which was perhaps the more enduring that the desires of hero and heroine were unfulfilled.

The disposition of dear Auntie Jean was eminently social, and while her powers of locomotion remained unimpaired, she was frequently a welcome and a willing guest in many a home; about twenty years ago, however, she was jostled and upset in a steep and slippery street, and although she walked fully a mile thereafter, it was found, to the astonishment of Professor Syme, who was called in, that her leg had been broken below the thigh, and from that time she never moved even across the room without a crutch. She had many attached friends beyond the immediate circle of her family, and none she valued more than a certain kind J. C., who with his faithful partner paid her an annual visit at New-Year-tide, wherever she might be, bringing in his hand shortbread and the customary bun, inscribed with a mysterious and relative but most inappropriate symbol—*Lucus a non lucendo* may best explain its meaning.

Auntie Jean was *practically* jocular, but always innocently so. She did not utter epigrams or aphorisms, and I do not believe that consciously in her long life she ever made a pun; but her utterances were sometimes worthy

to have been recorded by "the Dean," and none more so than the following injunction to myself. It was conveyed through her attendant, and was in these words:—"Anne, if I should be spared to be taken away, I hope my nephew will get the Doctor to open my head and see if anything can be done for my hearing." My aunt was very deaf, and the gentle mind had already begun to waver.

It were at once unjust to the depth and simplicity of her Christian faith, and disloyal to Him who implanted and sustained it, to close this notice without allusion to her love for and intimate acquaintance with the Bible. She received it as indeed the Word of God, and it was often surprising to those around to hear her quote, and aptly quote, the words of comfort and instruction it contains. Never venturing to impugn or doubt the creed of Calvin, even in its most severe and threatening aspects,—too often, as I think, expounded and enforced from desk and pulpit,—they had no power to obscure her confidence in the blessed text that "God is love," the Father of all His children upon earth, who "so loved the world as to give His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him might have everlasting life."

Her faith was childlike, and so was its expression. The night before she died she said distinctly to her kind and faithful attendant, "I am going to say my prayers," and repeated audibly the lines with which all are familiar:—

"This night when I lie down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Before another day had closed, she was with the Saviour she loved and trusted, her deaf ears were unstopped, the tongue unloosed, and her sweet voice was joining in the full but ever-strengthening diapason of the heavenly choir.

The oldest of my father's family was my brother David, born on 4th October 1795, and only twenty-one years younger than himself. David was distinguished even in early youth for intellectual capacity, enthusiasm of character, and warmth of heart: had he not been withdrawn from the active business of life during nearly forty of the seventy-one years that he attained, it would not have been left to me to indicate his title to regard and admiration. Bibliomania was inherited and congenital with him, and when only three years old he had already acquired the sobriquet of "Wee Davy Books."

In 1808, when in his thirteenth year, having completed the curriculum of the Edinburgh High School, he accompanied Professor William Wallace to Great Marlowe, and resided in his family for more than a year, taking advantage of those classes in the college which were equally suitable for a civil as for a military career. Throughout life my brother had peculiar pleasure in recalling the time thus spent under the influence of the genial Professor, whom he was accustomed to characterize as "that best of men;" while in a letter to my mother of May 11, 1809, my father writes, "David is amazingly improved; Mr. Wallace gives a very favourable report of his attention to his studies, and I am convinced he has spent his time to good account."

In September 1809 my brother entered Hyde Abbey School at Winchester, an institution which I believe was admirably conducted, and where he made rapid and satisfactory progress in classical studies. Commenting on a favourable report of himself, he writes on Dec. 19, 1810 :—

"I was very happy to see that Mr. C. Richards entertained such a good opinion of me; but as to *Latin verses,* and the improvement I have made in the composition of them, I can assure you it has been very little, and, I think, attended with as little advantage to myself. I would add Mathematics to the rest of my studies, but as I have already begun an abridgment of Robertson's History of Scotland, I should not like to break off abruptly in the very beginning, and I have at present hardly time to do it. I shall proceed with it these holidays, and get on as quickly as possible, because I wish to make myself well acquainted with the history of my own country."

My brother had already begun to manifest a taste for historic research in all departments, and early in 1810 had written to his father for a copy of Mr. Pinkerton's work on Coins and Medals, to which request he received the following reply :—

"EDINBURGH, *Feb.* 24, 1810.

". . . Now is your time for the acquisition of much important learning, and let me implore you to use every diligence in the pursuit. There are a few English authors which you ought to read during your leisure hours; and, above all, accustom yourself to letter-writing. Have you read the Spectator? Send me a list of the books you

have, that I may know exactly what I ought to send you. Pinkerton on Medals might be very well ten years hence, but your present pursuits must not go too far in that direction, as a knowledge of such things is not likely to be of much use in your progress through life; while, on the other hand, an intimate acquaintance with the classics will be of the most essential benefit, and cannot be so easily attained at a more advanced period."

David's independent spirit having been violently roused on one occasion by the apparent sanction of the heads of the school of the tyranny of the senior boys over their juniors, though with no immediate application to himself, he sent an account of the rather serious affray that occurred in consequence, with an intimation to the home authorities that if he were not at once removed he should take French leave, and very speedily make his appearance at Craigcrook. On receiving a judicious remonstrance from his father, counselling unreserved submission, even in cases of hardship, to "the powers that were," he however at once gracefully acquiesced, though without any change of opinion as to the injustice of the proceedings that had been sanctioned:—

"WINCHESTER, *Dec.* 4, 1810.

"I have given up all thought with regard to the subject of my last letter, and I beg you will make yourself quite easy, as I am fully convinced of the propriety of what you say, and have determined not to think of it any more; but I must insist that the measures taken were unjust in the highest degree,—in punishing one party before it was known which was in the wrong."

In September 1811 David had been withdrawn from Hyde Abbey, and "articled" in London for four years to Messrs. White and Cochrane, who dealt chiefly in old books and rare editions, a department of bookselling more than any other suited to my brother's taste. To many lads of his age—he had not completed his sixteenth year—this change of occupation might have brought a welcome close to what is technically called "education," but study was for him a necessity of life, and all his leisure time was eagerly devoted to examining the contents of the volumes that surrounded him, with which he soon became more intimately acquainted than any other member of the establishment, and probably than many of the collectors ever did who carried them off from time to time to adorn or enrich the shelves of their selected libraries. Ere long, while yet an apprentice, he had attracted the attention of many of the more eminent book-hunters of the day, and numbered among his correspondents such men as Lord Spencer, Dr. Dibdin, Mr. J. B. Inglis, and George Chalmers. With the two latter gentlemen he was on terms of affectionate intercourse, and before the first month of his apprenticeship had ended, his correspondence with his father showed that his interest in bibliography was lively, and that his ardour in the study of Coins had not abated. He writes:—"I like the business very well, and find myself very comfortable in every respect. I have begun to make memoranda of all the scarce and rare editions of books which I meet with in the course of business. I have already met with a good many, such as Halstead's Genealogies, and others which I rather think you have

never seen. This has occupied my spare time for a good while, and I suspect will for some time yet. May I have a copy of Hunter's book on Coins? I am sure Mr. Cochrane will have no objection."

To this my father replied on Dec. 19, 1811.—"I have mentioned in a letter to Mr. Cochrane that you may get the book on Coins. But you must not allow your attention to that pursuit to interfere in any way with your duty to him. I should rather be anxious that your leisure hours were devoted to the study of Bibliography, and Literary history, as a knowledge of Medals is comparatively of little use at your age, or for many years to come. I trust you will seriously think of all this."

In March 1812 David tells of a visit from Mr. Pinkerton for the purpose of inspecting his collection of coins, of which that antiquary was pleased to express a favourable opinion; he also mentions his interest in attending the sale of Dr. Raine's library, and enumerates some rare works which he considers himself fortunate in having lately secured for his father, who acknowledges the communication in the following extract from a letter dated March 28th:—

"I suppose Dr. Raine's library would consist chiefly of classics. He was a great man, and I have understood would have been a bishop had he lived, though his political sentiments were, no doubt, greatly against such promotion in these degenerate days. Mr. Pinkerton has done a great deal for Scotland in illustrating her history and antiquities. I thought your 'coins' had been left at Craigcrook, and if so, I wonder how Mr. P. could have a

favourable opinion of your collection, for I conclude you can have made but a trifling accession to it since you settled in London. Rare books rather than coins must now engage your leisure, and I am rather inclined to recommend your delaying your attention to Medals to a future day, when *the coin* acquired by your own industry may better entitle you to do so, and greatly facilitate the study. You say nothing of your progress in German, but I trust you are nevertheless most assiduously attending to it. The acquisition of all modern languages ought to be a leading object of your ambition. It will add greatly to your professional importance at a future day.

"I duly received your letter accompanying a volume of tracts relative to Queen Mary, which are curious, and for which I have to thank you. The edition of Buchanan's Poemata, printed by Hart, is uncommon. I have only seen two copies; one of them belongs to myself, but I shall be very happy to receive another from you. Douglas's Virgil in folio is by no means scarce; the first edition printed at London about 1552 is remarkably so; and should you meet with a *perfect* copy at any time you may venture five guineas for it. The collection of Scott's Poems in three parts is seldom to be seen, but is not worth more than £1, 1s."

Some months later my father writes again in acknowledgment:—

"I was glad to receive the reprinted black-letter tract of the Batayle of Flodden, the two Speeches printed by Francis Constable, and Retorfortus, which I had not seen before; the others, Martyre de la Royne, and Rosæ Idea,

I must return, having equally good copies already, purchased at the Roxburghe Sale. The Sege of the Castel of Edinburgh, on vellum, is most beautiful; the poem itself is curious and valuable; but you have not informed me to whom I am indebted for the distinguished favour of a vellum copy; be so good as to do so in your next. Reprints of scarce works are interesting to collectors, but they are far from being profitable as a bookselling speculation. I have done a good deal in that way myself, and have no doubt gratified a few friends, but I have uniformly lost money for my pains, and shall therefore leave that sort of traffic in future to some more fortunate adventurer in that field of literature, advising you never to think of it."

On the 8th April David attended a sale of Scotch books belonging to Mr. Pinkerton, and writes, "I purchased the following, which I hope will meet your approbation :—

"1. Rerum Scoticarum Historia, auctore G. Buchanano, Edinburgi apud Alexandrum Arbuthnetum, 1582. Editio princeps. £3, 10s.

"2. W. Drummond's History of Scotland. London, 1655. Folio, With fine old Portrait of Drummond, by Gaywood, and five others. £2, 2s.

"3. Abridgement or Summarie of the Scots Chronicles. Edinburgh, 1633. A very curious little book, and in tolerable condition. £1, 5s.

"4. Memorials for the Government of the Royal Burghs in Scotland. By J. B. Aberdeen, 1615. The last leaf wanting. 10s.

"There were several other articles I would have bought, but really not thinking you bibliomaniac enough to give such prices as they went for, I left them alone; among

which is the edition of Drummond's Poems printed by Hart, Edinburgh, 1616, 4to, which sold for £15, 15s. I bid as far as £14, 14s. for it."

On the 31st of August in the same year he sends the following filial petition:—

"I have a request to make, namely, that you will let me have the portrait of yourself which Mr. Geddes drew, and which was originally *intended for* my mother; but as she has got the *original*, you may as well let me have the *copy*. I have found lately a book of Stephen's printing, which has not been mentioned by any bibliographer, and contains a device which does not occur in any of his other books. The title is as follows, Pauli Æginetæ præcepta salubria, Gulielmo Copo Basiliensi interprete, Parisiis ex officina Henrici Stephani, 1510."

Such extracts prove that head and heart were both in full activity, but, alas! my brother's love of coins was confined to those of foreign countries and of other days; he never throughout life sufficiently appreciated the value of the current coin of Britain, or cared to add it to his collection. My father was himself a liberal man,—he might indeed be said to have been profuse,—but perhaps for that very reason felt it the more incumbent on him to check a tendency to lavish expenditure—though on æsthetic objects only—manifested by his son. Years after this I find him writing:—

"You never think of what you call trifles,—they amount to great things when multiplied, and thus large sums are wasted. I have permitted greatly too much of

this in my own career, and it almost completes my broken heart to see you continue the same course."

In emergencies, David was accustomed to appeal to one who never turned a deaf ear to his pecuniary solicitation, never even remonstrated, always sent him what he asked for, and generally a little more. Dear old Bailie Willison was a largely generous man, of placidity not imperturbable—how could it be so in a man actively engaged in the conduct of a busy printing-office?—but yet of gentle nature and of tenderest heart. The terms on which David stood with his grandfather may best be explained by a single quotation from their correspondence:—

"LONDON, *Dec.* 26, 1812.

"MY DEAR GRANDFATHER,—You will no doubt guess the object of this letter, when you recollect that yesterday was Xmas day, and I hope you will be liberal enough to send me as soon as possible—*dat bis qui dat cito*—a two-pound note, *or as much more as you please*, as I have no one but yourself to apply to, and consequently if you don't comply I must go without. I want a little money very much.—D. C."

REPLY TO THE ABOVE.

"EDIN., *Dec.* 31, 1812.

"I have so little distant correspondence that the postman often takes the liberty of being rather late in delivering letters for me, and for the above reason I am the less disposed to blame him for his general tardiness. I am only this moment favoured with yours, and, being extremely busy as usual, have just time to enclose your

demand with interest, which I hope will go some little way in enabling you to answer present emergencies. You need not doubt that communications from you always afford me much pleasure; but of late I have had such frequent opportunities of learning everything I could wish concerning you, in as far as agreeable accounts of your health and promising progress in the affairs of life interest me, that I have had no cause to be in any great anxiety on these to me always very important topics.—D. W."

I shall not fatigue my non-bibliographic readers—should any such have followed me thus far—by continuing the list of *libri rarissimi* acquired from time to time. My brother's knowledge of such daily increased, and while still in his teens it is reported of him that there were few persons who knew better the extrinsic and intrinsic value of any book worth knowing. On the 2d November 1813 he wrote as follows to his father:—

"I have heard a good deal of talk about your giving up the retail part of your business; I presume to hope, however, that this scheme will not be put in execution, were it merely for the following reason—that it invites literary men to come about you, which I think one of the greatest pleasures of the bookselling profession, and appears to me to make the distinction between the person who is merely *a wholesale dealer*, and him who makes it his profession as well for the advancement of learning as for his emolument. In these matters, however, I submit to your superior judgment, and it is with that feeling that I express any opinion at all."

To this my father replied:—

"A retail shop, as you justly observe, is an important part of a bookselling concern, from the number of literary men of which it must necessarily be the haunt; but a man's attention may be too much divided, and very probably this may have been long my case. The Encyclopædia and our literary property are enough for the attention of any one bookseller. I have, no doubt, an able partner and assistant in Mr. Cadell; but you know he was not bred to the business, and cannot be expected to take any great share in the operative department, though he is most usefully employed looking after accounts and money matters."

Great as my brother's interest was in the department of bookselling to which the business of Messrs. White and Cochrane was almost entirely limited, he felt, in the third year of his apprenticeship, that he had acquired all that such restricted dealings could teach him, and that in order to qualify himself to become a useful partner in conducting his father's more extended trade, it would be desirable that he should have the advantage of spending a year in the universal establishment of Mr. Longman, or that of some other great London publisher. To Messrs. White and Cochrane, however, he had become so useful that they were most unwilling to lose his services, and it was only on the bankruptcy of that house, early in 1815, that my father was at liberty to request Messrs. Longman to take him for a time into their employment. His request was kindly and liberally granted, and in autumn of the same year my brother entered on his duties at 39 Paternoster Row.

It was in the year 1814 that David felt his first great sorrow, in the death of a mother to whom he was devotedly attached, and to whom he was as the apple of her eye. In his letters of the period there are few allusions to the sad event, but in his latter years, when he had come to end his life beneath a brother's roof, our conversation often was of her whom he had loved, and I had never known. He was always tender to his younger brothers and sisters, and there was nothing that he more desired than to be helpful to his remaining parent; but I am doubtful whether our father ever fully recognised, except in fitful glimpses, the depth of love and loyalty that David entertained for him. Had it been otherwise, I cannot believe that the thought could ever have occurred, that it might be better for either or for both of them, that my brother should abandon the career on which he seemed to have so fairly entered, and which they might have prosperously pursued together, for another, on which in his twenty-second year he had to start afresh, returning to the rudiments of learning. Yet so it was: in a letter to George Chalmers already quoted,[1] my father declares his son's inaptitude for the details of commerce; but David himself has often told me that he had never expressed or consciously manifested disinclination to the profession of a publisher, and that although his bent was rather towards study and research, he would have been well content to have become his father's helpmate, that he might have lightened, if he could not dissipate, the burden of his cares.

While the question of this important change was in

[1] *Ante*, vol. i. p. 456.

abeyance, and my brother was still in the establishment of Messrs. Longman, our father determined to allow him, after leaving them, the recreation and advantage of a Continental tour, and on the 9th October 1816 he writes as follows:—

"I lately had the honour of a visit from Earl Spencer. He spent three hours at Craigleith. The Right Hon. Wm. Ellis (of Wells) and Mr. Thomas Thomson attended him. He was much pleased with a number of my early printed books.

"I have seen a good many strangers this summer, among others Baron Friddani of Palermo, who was in Edinburgh for some days. He dined at Craigleith. I introduced him to Mr. Jeffrey, Mr. Leslie, Dr. Duncan, etc., and I believe he was well pleased with all he met or saw. I mentioned that there is some chance of your going abroad next year, and he was at once so good as write the enclosed letters of introduction for you, which I have no doubt will prove serviceable should it so happen that you have occasion to use them.

"Baron Friddani travels for his information and amusement, and is intelligent and agreeable. Enclosed you have a letter, which I beg you would deliver to him the day after you receive it, as his stay in London may be very limited; and it would be well that you had an opportunity of being personally known to him, which indeed he desired should be the case."

On the 23d October David acknowledged the above :—

"It gave me great pleasure to learn that you had an opportunity of showing any civility to Lord Spencer.

There is much satisfaction in being able to show attention to such a man. The letters of introduction which you have sent me for Italy are such as I cannot sufficiently thank you for, particularly as some are addressed to men with whose writings and reputation I am in some degree acquainted. Vincenzo Monti and Pietro Giordano are the principal conductors of the Biblioteca Italiana di Scienze e d'Arti at Milan, and might be very useful correspondents in the event of a scientific journal being established at Edinburgh. I have also received several other letters from the Baron Friddani, whom I have seen several times, and with whom I have conversed (much to my advantage) concerning Italy. He is a man of a very liberal mind, and I esteem him a great addition to the number of my foreign friends. He told me he had been in vain attempting to procure a copy of The Rights of Man. I was glad to have so good an opportunity of being of service to him, and to-day I presented him with a copy of the said book. He begged when I wrote that I would present his kindest remembrances to you and Mr. Miller, and intends writing to you before he leaves London.

"The prospect of visiting the Continent opens an immense field to my view, which is only equalled by the desire which I have of entering upon it. Much solid advantage must necessarily result, and a source of much pleasant reflection afterwards. I have dedicated the entire portion of my leisure hours (which, as you know, are not many) since you were last in town to the reading of the best books on France and Italy, and other subjects

likely to be of use to me. Italian has occupied some of my time, but I intend now to set about it in good earnest, and shall endeavour to be able to converse in it before I set out.

"I have often regretted that I have not been able to pay so much attention to objects of science as I could wish, and should like much to attend one course of Mr. Brande's lectures at the Royal Institution this winter. He lectures three times a week, between the hours of three and half-past four, and the terms for one course is four guineas. The hours are the most convenient for me in the whole day in my present situation at Longman's, and I have no doubt on your application they would very willingly give me their permission. You will not of course suppose that I wish to fill my head entirely with gases, or to devote a great portion of my time to chemistry; but I should like to know so much as would at least place me on a level with that numerous herd who may be said to have a mouthful without a bellyful. Even should you not comply with this last request I shall not feel disappointed, and I hope you will never think that I do not sufficiently estimate the expense you have already laid out on my education, and the affectionate interest which you have always taken in my welfare. I cannot express my feeling to you on this subject better than in the same words which old Howel addressed to his father on his first leaving his country and becoming master of himself:—

"'This patrimony of liberal education you have been pleased to endow me withal I now carry along with me

abroad as a sure inseparable treasure : nor do I feel it any burden or incumbrance to me at all, and what danger soever my person or other things I have about me do incur, yet I do not fear the losing of this, either by shipwreck or pirates at sea, nor by robbers or fire or any other casualty on shore ; and at my return to England I hope—at leastwise I shall do my endeavour—that you may find this patrimony improved somewhat to your comfort.

"'Broad Street, London, March 1618.'"

While professedly leaving to David the ultimate decision in the choice of a profession, I cannot help thinking that our father had unconsciously resolved to forego the comfort of their commercial association ; for while on the 15th of January 1817 he writes, "I am glad to say that Mr. Gibson and one or two other friends, with whom I have talked the matter over, agree with me in thinking that the project of your going to the Bar is one worthy of every consideration;" he adds on the 22d, "I have had some further conversation with our friend Mr. Gibson on the important subject of your going to the Bar. He would rather incline to your following out your present profession, but his objections do not amount to much. I have talked the matter over fully with Mr. Thomas Thomson ; he is very much of Mr. G.'s opinion, but I am nevertheless inclined to adhere to what passed when we last met,—'to leave the decision of the point entirely to yourself.' Mr. Jeffrey sets out for London in a few days, and has been so fully engaged in law matters and with the Review

ever since my return, that I have not thought it expedient to trouble him on the subject. We shall have his advice afterwards." The die was cast, and it was decided that immediately after his return from the Continent my brother should enter the Law classes in Edinburgh University.

One of his kindest and most congenial friends in London was Mr. J. B. Inglis, whose confidence in his bibliographic discretion was so great, that on hearing of the intention to travel he sent the following letter :—

"LONDON, *July* 26, 1817.

"DEAR SIR,—I received your kind letter of the 19th, and some time ago a present of fish, yet unacknowledged. Accept my best thanks for that and for the offer of your services upon the Continent. I proceed with my collections, but not very rapidly; it would be useless to point out any particular book as an object of research, as it is all a chance what you may meet with, and nothing occurs to me at the moment. Nevertheless, as it will be a pleasure to you to secure anything you may wish to see deposited in your own country, and to evince the good opinion I have of your knowledge of Bibliomania, I should be well pleased if you could find opportunity to lay out £200 or £300 for me to advantage, and you could draw upon me for any sum you might have occasion for, for such purpose. You may however, have a similar commission from your father, and I shall always be glad to have from him in the way of business anything you may collect for him in my way. I was in Scotland for a few days last spring, but not at

Edinburgh, and have no intention of going again for a year or two. I hope London will fall in your way on your return. Mrs. Inglis desires to be remembered to you; all friends well here.—Yours truly,

"JOHN B. INGLIS."[1]

My brother's original intention had been to extend his tour to Italy, but it was finally resolved that Germany should be his field on this occasion. He was well provided with introductory letters, though those of the Baron Friddani were now of no avail; and besides five from Lord Castlereagh to our foreign representatives, he was armed with the "open sesame" of kind Lord Buchan.

On the 1st August 1817 he sailed from Leith, reaching

[1] Mr. Inglis was the son of a Director and Chairman of the East India Company, and was born in London, February 14, 1780. He died in 1870, in his ninety-first year. During his earlier years he was distinguished in the hunting-field, but the grand interest of his life, apart from his family and social ties, was certainly in books, with which he had an intimate and not merely external acquaintance. In 1826 a portion of his library, including "several Caxtons, half a dozen of block books, first editions of Shakespeare, Spenser, and other English poets," realized £3333 at public sale, and a year later I find him writing as follows to my brother:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—I was so overjoyed at receiving a letter from you that I made its contents almost a minor consideration; certain it is that the true purport of them escaped my first notice. . . . Your second communication being of the substantial order will not fail to have all respect paid to it. The box arrived very opportunely for the Christmas conviviality, and its contents in perfect condition. Mr. Rodd's share was delivered to him yesterday. He still pays me an occasional Sunday visit. He and some others of the old junto have suffered from the friction of these jarring times; but we must keep up one another's spirits. For my own part, I am almost proof against

Hamburg on the 6th, where the narrow and ill-paved streets, the pointed gables, and countless "untaxed" windows of the houses, were the objects that first attracted his attention. "The booksellers here," he writes, "are respectable men; Perthes is a man of considerable literary character, and from Mr. Besser I have received much kindness and attention. Haesler has a very large collection of old books, but I found nothing of much value or curiosity." Hearing that the celebrated Professor Wolf had bequeathed his library to the town, he visited it, and found that it contained "many very curious and very good books. Among the duplicates laid out for sale, I observed one very curious volume thrown out as a *dupli-*

further irritation. But it would add much to my happiness to have you a little nearer to my elbow. Have you given up all idea of exercising your profession here? There are too many in it in your country, and perhaps here; but still it seems to be a thriving one. It goes much by favour, and that I think you can obtain anywhere. I have still a tolerable collection of books;—this is a fancy I have never had reason to repent of adopting. It has more than comforted me in affliction. When I have been too much distracted to think or read, I have composed myself by the manual labour of copying extracts for my Catalogue *raisonné*, or making translations. The attention becomes gradually absorbed by these means; a tranquil evening follows, and the mind is refreshed and invigorated for the next day's difficulties. In the way of translation I have some things I should like you to see; but more of this hereafter. . . . Nobody in my house that ever knew you has forgotten you, nor elsewhere as far as my acquaintance goes. One universal feeling of respect and esteem is everywhere visible where your name is mentioned, and one wish for your health and happiness is sincerely felt by all, and by nobody more sincerely than by myself and all my family. May you enjoy many a merry Christmas and many a happy New Year, and every one more than the last.—Yours very sincerely, JOHN B. INGLIS.

"LONDON, 24*th Decr.* 1827."

cate, which I am inclined to think they must have mistaken. I have never heard of it; it is a Latin poem, but it will give you some idea of its antiquity as a specimen of printing when I tell you that instead of being printed on both sides of a leaf it is pasted together, so that two leaves make only two pages. It is bound up with a thick black folio, and will most probably not be specified in the Catalogue which we shall receive. This library contains also a large collection of Feudal Law. The tract I have mentioned consists of very few leaves. It would be an acquisition for Mr. Inglis. I have got from Mr. Besser introductions to many of the most celebrated literary characters of Germany—to Goethe, Schlegel, Lichtenstein the traveller, Cotta the most celebrated publisher of Germany, and many others. I have as yet said nothing of Baron Voght, and I have already filled three sides of a sheet of post paper. Perhaps it would require me to write as much more to express to you the pleasure I have derived from his acquaintance. He is one of the best men I have ever met with,—a man of the world and a gentleman."

David left Hamburg on the 14th August, and on the 18th writes from Berlin :—"I have now had some experience in German travelling. The best idea I can give you of the badness of the roads is, that *there are none.* The greater part of my route lay through woods, which were much preferable to what is called the public highway. The greatest inconvenience I have met with is owing to the different 'Gelds' which are levied upon the traveller. *Trink-geld, Schmier-geld, Wagenmeister-geld,*

Brück-geld, *Spann-geld*, and I think another, the name of which I do not recollect. You seldom set off from one place to another earlier than an hour after you arrive. During the greater part of this time the Wagenmeister smokes his pipe, and when the postboy begins to drive, he pulls out his, and lights it by means of a flint, which they all carry for the purpose; this operation he seems to consider a matter of much greater importance than carrying you on your journey. Yet the Germans are a fine people, and these peculiarities enable a stranger to form a more correct estimate of the progress of civilisation and improvement at home.

"The public buildings here are tasteful and magnificent. The Brandenburg gate is a public monument which the Eternal City herself might be proud to possess, and it is now doubly valuable to Prussia, since she has brought those horses back in triumph of which the French had robbed her. I went to-day to the Royal Palace, where Frederick the Great lived. In the entrance I met with an English gentleman who seemed to have the same intention as myself. We addressed each other, and agreed to go through the Palace together. We saw here a great many most grand and exquisite specimens of painting and sculpture; but what I believe pleased us both full as well was to learn that we were going precisely the same route. In conversation afterwards we found that we had both been at Hyde Abbey School, that he had left it shortly before I came there, and that many of our old school-fellows were common acquaintances. If I had waited and selected for two years I could not have

found a better companion. He appears to be an extremely well-bred, pleasant man. He has been already much in France and Italy. His address is Mr. Abbiss, Trinity College, Oxford. I have seen Professors Lichtenstein, Hufeland, and Wilken."

Leipzig was reached on 25th August, when, as usual, he betook himself to the principal old-book seller in the city. "Weigel," he says, "has a large and curious collection. I have bought a very fine copy of the Florentine Pandects, in old morocco, which I intend for Mr. Thomson, and some other curious articles, which you will receive before I return. There was one book which I had a great inclination to purchase, but which I did not venture upon until I should have consulted you about it. It is an edition of Cicero's Offices, printed by Fust, at Mentz, in 1466, on vellum, and in very fine condition. The price is about £60 sterling. I believe Lord Spencer has not got a copy of it, but of this I am not quite certain. I do not believe the book will be sold for some time, as he does not show it to every person. Will you have the goodness to write me with all speed your opinion with regard to this matter?"

At Dresden he tells us that he met with many objects, in the Royal Library, the Gallery of Pictures, the Museum of Antiquities, which "it would require volumes to give any idea of." He also dined with our Ambassador, Mr. Morier, meeting a pleasant party, among others, Lord Ancrum, Count Dillon the French Ambassador, and some English gentlemen.

"I have been a good deal with the Hofrath Böttiger since

I have been here; he is one of the principal literary characters in Dresden. I have received from him a specimen of a newly-discovered mineral and a diploma for Professor Jameson; also a copy of a funeral oration which he delivered over the body of Werner the mineralogist. Since I came here I had also the pleasure to meet with Baron Gibson of Potsdam, who was returning from Carlsbad. I was dining at the table-d'hôte at the Stadt Berlin Hotel, and saw a gentleman who spoke English, and who resembled very much *our* Mr. Gibson; the likeness struck me so much that I inquired of the waiter his name, and was informed that it was Baron Gibson. I immediately introduced myself to him; he was very happy to see me, and to hear of his friends in Edinburgh. I have since been a good deal with him. Since I came here I have also made the acquaintance of Mr. Ford,[1] a nephew of the

[1] "Richard Ford, author of the Handbook for Spain, died on the 1st of September 1858, in the sixty-second year of his age, at his house at Heavitree, near Exeter. His various tastes and accomplishments, his large and keen sympathies, genial nature, and social position, had brought him into contact and acquaintanceship with men of all pursuits; and when he made an acquaintance he seldom failed also to make a friend. He began very early to develop his taste for the fine arts, and to lay the foundation of his choice library and his rich collection of drawings and engravings. In 1830 he visited Spain, where he passed several years, wintering in the south, and spending the summer in rambles over the provinces of the Peninsula—land, at that time, rarely trodden by the tourist. On his return to England, after an absence of about three years, he settled in Devonshire, at Heavitree, near Exeter, where he built himself a charming residence, and surrounded it with gardens and terraces, which he adorned with graceful Moorish buildings, and planted with pines and cypresses from historic groves by the Xenil and Guadalquivir. He also became a regular contributor to the Quarterly Review, then under the editorship of his

Bishop of Carlisle; he is travelling to Vienna, but intends to go to Munich, and see also a little of the Tyrol. He is an old college companion of Mr. Abbiss, and wishes very much to accompany us. Mr. A. and I, who must both be in England at the same time, have considered of his proposal, and as we find that at the utmost it will only make a difference to us of two days and nights, we have agreed to this route, and shall accordingly, to-morrow morning, set out for Prague; from thence to Munich, Inspruck, and Vienna. We shall also by this means be able to pay a visit to the Scots College at Ratisbon."

In Prague my brother does not seem to have found much to interest him. "The relics of saints, preserved

friend, Mr. Lockhart; and his articles, generally upon subjects connected with the life, literature, and art of Spain, were soon eagerly looked for by the readers of that periodical, and became important aids to its value and popularity. We believe his first contribution was the learned yet lively paper in No. CXVI. in 1836, on the unpromising subject of Devonshire cob walls, which he connected with the ancient *tapia* of Arabic architecture, a paper which immediately commanded public attention, and was the forerunner of a long list of brilliant essays, which was terminated by the review of Tom Brown's School Days, in No. CCIV., in 1857. Mr. Ford passed the winter of 1839-40 in Rome, where he added largely to his already rich artistic collection, especially to his cabinet of Majolica. Soon after his return to England Mr. Ford entered upon the work upon which his literary reputation mainly rests —the Handbook for Spain. Those of Mr. Ford's friends who were admitted to the 'den' at Heavitree, the garden-house embowered in myrtle and ivy, where the work was accomplished, will well remember the long deal shelves laden with parchment-clad folios and quartos, the inky deal table, the crammed pigeon-holes, and the piles of manuscript which encumbered the chairs and the floor, and the kindly, lively author in his black jacket of Spanish sheepskin, doing the honours of his book-rarities, pouring forth his humorous complaints of the slavery to which he had unwittingly condemned himself—complaints

in the Cathedral, are curious. The people are bigoted and superstitious in a very great degree. I believe I am not far wrong if I say that their favourite saint, Saint John of Nepomuck, is in their estimation a much greater personage than even Christ himself. A large and massy tomb of silver is erected to him in the Cathedral; the bridges and the public ways seem to groan under the burden of his numerous statues. I saw, however, the monument of Tycho Brahe; some good pictures, the property of Count Sternberg; the fragment of the very ancient MS. of the Gospel of St. Mark which is preserved in the Cathedral, and which, with some other things,

diversified with Spanish proverb and English jest; and they will remember these things with a sigh that they are to see that bright eye and hear that pleasant voice no more. In the summer of 1845, however, the two goodly volumes of upwards of 800 pages were laid on the counter in Albemarle Street, heralded by a slight but very graceful notice in the Quarterly from the pen of Mr. Lockhart. Two thousand copies of a book, humble in title, unattractive in outward form, and considerable in price (30s.), were sold within the year; and the work, which the public bought with eagerness, the reviewers praised with enthusiasm. So great a literary achievement had never before been performed under so unpretending an appellation; and the Handbook for Spain took its place among the best books of travel, humour, and history, social, literary, political, and artistic, in the English language. In politics, Mr. Ford held the opinions which may be supposed to have been held by a contributor to the Quarterly during the Croker ascendency in that journal, and during the Conservative reaction after the Reform triumphs. By education, associations, and instincts he was a Tory, and he maintained his opinions with equal firmness and kindliness. Mr. Ford was three times married—first, to a daughter of the late Lord Essex; secondly, to a daughter of the late Lord Cranstoun; and thirdly, to a sister of the late Sir W. Molesworth, who survives him. By his first marriage he leaves three children, of whom his only son is *attaché* to the Legation at Lisbon. By his second marriage he leaves a daughter."—*Times.*

caused me not to regret my visit to Prague. At Ratisbon I saw the Scots College. I delivered my letters to the prelate, whom I found a very pleasant old man; he is eighty years of age; he told me that he had come to Ratisbon in 1748, and he is certainly much respected.[1] He is a particular friend of the present King of Bavaria. I inquired concerning their library, but found nothing. The Church and cloister contain some inscriptions and monuments of Scotsmen, which I copied; but nothing of much consequence."

The next halting-place of our party was Munich, on 25th September, where they saw some fine pictures by old masters, elaborate carvings, sculptured relics, etc., and in the library my brother found some ancient manuscripts which interested him exceedingly. On the 1st October they started for Vienna, taking Innspruck, Salzburg, and Linz in their way. On 21st October David writes as follows from Vienna:—

"The country through which we have passed is more interesting than any part of Germany I have yet visited. The scenery in the Tyrol is of the most beautiful and picturesque description—lofty mountains covered with snow, fertile valleys beneath; old castles, and waterfalls, with all the other beauties of Alpine scenery, are found here in great perfection.

"From Innspruck we ascended the Berg Isel, from

[1] "The Prelate Arbuthnot's mother was of the family of the Gordons of Auchlunies, as he himself informed me. He is a most excellent mathematician, and has more than once received the gold medal from the Academy of Munich. This I afterwards learnt from Mr. Horn at Frankfort."

whence we had a very fine view of the town. Kloster Wildau, at the foot of Berg Isel, is close by the spot where the battle was fought between the Tyrolese peasantry and the French. From this place we also saw Hall, where our guide informed us that Speckbacher (the coadjutor of Hofer in the war which the peasantry of the Tyrol so bravely sustained against the invasion of the French and Bavarians) still lived. The interest which I have always felt in the history of this individual, and also of Hofer, who was shot by the French at Mantua, determined me to pay him a visit, and the guide who attended assured me that Speckbacher would feel flattered by such attention.[1] We all of us agreed to walk together, and set out in the afternoon for Hall. We arrived about half-past four o'clock, and found Speckbacher digging in his garden, which was extremely well cultivated and laid out. He received us very kindly, and invited us into a kind of summer-house, which was well stored with apples. He is a very well-grown, stout man, with dark hair and piercing black eyes; his features have some resemblance

[1] Niebuhr's biographer tells us, on the authority of Professor Brandis (vol. ii. p. 49), of a visit paid to Speckbacher in 1816 by these two distinguished men when *en route* for Rome, and that "when they knocked at the door, it was opened by a tall, spare, haggard-looking man, with flashing black eyes and aquiline features, who, in answer to their inquiries, replied that he was Speckbacher himself, and begged to know who his visitors were. When Niebuhr told him that he was the ambassador from Prussia to Rome, the astonishment of the simple peasant was extreme, that such grand personages should have come out of their way to visit him, and he was about to kiss Niebuhr's hand, but Niebuhr drew it back, exclaiming, 'No, it is I who ought to kiss your hand,' fell on his neck, and embraced him, and they were friends directly."

to those of John Kemble, and he is nearly of the same size; he speaks slowly and correctly. He was born in 1768 at Gnadenwald, a village near Hall, the town where he at present resides. He told us that he had been intended by his relations to be educated for the Church, but after being at school two years he had not then learnt to write; after leaving school, and giving up all thoughts of a profession so opposite to his natural inclinations, he made the acquaintance of Staubacher, a hunter, who, with five or six companions, hunted the Bavarian woods and defied the keepers of the forest. It was during this period that he acquired that thorough knowledge of the country which was afterwards so useful to him in defending it from enemies. Some curious anecdotes are related of him during this period of his life in Bartholdy's War of the Tyrol, which has been reviewed some time ago in the Edinburgh Review, and which, notwithstanding it is sometimes incorrect with respect to dates, still gives a most excellent and interesting account of a war which, although conducted by obscure individuals, contains in its detail a fine example of greatness and true patriotism. The circumstance of these hostile armies being completely annihilated in succession by a band of mountaineers, determined to defend their country against a most powerful adversary, and with a very small supply of arms and ammunition, is an historical event which deserves to be placed by the side of the brightest actions of either ancient or modern times.[1] Speck-

[1] In the Edinburgh Magazine for July 1818 will be found an interesting paper by my brother, entitled "Particulars respecting the

bacher was one of the most active leaders in this war. He showed us a massive medal of gold which had been presented to him by the Emperor. He was very desirous that we should stop and drink coffee with him, but we were under the necessity of returning to Innspruck to arrange matters for our departure early next morning.

"The country about Salzburg is very rich and beautiful. At Halleine, which is about five miles distant, I saw the celebrated salt mine. In the mine there are about thirty subterranean lakes, formed for the purpose of collecting the water, where it remains until sufficiently impregnated with salt; it is afterwards carried off in pipes or by little canals, and the salt procured by the same process as in England and Scotland. These lakes are some of them 120 feet broad, 240 in length; and those we saw were lighted up with a few candles, which had a dismal and melancholy effect. After making four different descents, of about 400 feet each, by ladders of a singular construction, we were driven out of the mine on a carriage drawn by the miners, at the rate of about five miles an hour. We advanced in this way about two miles, and were informed that it would require a week to go through the whole; this alluded, however, to walking at a moderate pace. Our voyage down the Danube from Linz was also very interesting. There are many old castles and monasteries very beautifully situated on its banks, particularly the castle in which Richard I. is said to have

War carried on by the Tyrolese Peasantry in 1813, including copy of an original Address, and some account of Hofer and Speckbacher, with a Portrait of Hofer."

been confined on his return from the Holy War; it is called Dürrenstein, and is not a great distance from Vienna.

"*Linz, October* 10.—This morning at six o'clock we left Linz by the boat. The Danube for the greater part of this day was not particularly interesting; it was much divided and lessened in appearance by the numerous islands which divide its streams. In the evening we slept at a little village called Strulden; before you enter it there is an old castle hanging over a precipice at the bottom of which rolls the Danube in a large collected stream, with steep and abrupt banks on the opposite side. This was a most romantic spot. I rose early the next morning and attempted to sketch it, but as usual could not do it justice.

"*Saturday, Oct.* 11.—This morning, while we were at breakfast, the boat which we had left overnight about a mile distant from the little village where we slept, passed without calling and taking us up. This mistake put us in great confusion; we took to our heels as fast as possible, and after running a considerable way, we overtook a boat with about sixty peasants (they were going on a pilgrimage to the shrine of a saint in the neighbourhood, whose name I do not recollect—probably the holy St. John of Nepomuck), singing psalms and hymns, praying, etc. We hailed the boatman and got in, when he informed us that our boat was considerably in advance, but that he hoped to overtake it. This was very agreeable news to us. The burden of the principal hymn was:—

'Wir rufen an Jesus Christus
In unserer Traurigkeit;
Wir rufen an Jesus Christus
Bis alle Ewigkeit.'

It appeared, like the others, to be a spiritual song sung to temporal music, and reminded me of our Scottish collection of Gude and Godlie Balates."

On the 12th October the little party arrived in Vienna.

"When I arrived here I delivered my letter to the Chargé d'Affaires, Mr. Gordon, Lord Stuart being absent. I inquired also of him the proper mode of delivering the diploma to the Archduke John;[1] he was so polite as say he would call on him and request his wishes on the subject. Shortly afterwards I received a note from Mr. Gordon, which stated that the Archduke was gone to Grätz, in Styria. This intelligence rather deranged my motions, my time being so limited as not to admit of my going to Grätz, which is upwards of one hundred English miles distant from hence. I called on Mr. Bienner, the Archduke's secretary, who was very kind, and seemed rather anxious that I should go to Grätz, but offered immediately to forward anything I might have. I accordingly delivered the diploma, with Dr. Duncan's packet, and a few lines, to be forwarded immediately.

"I shall procure the book you mention for Mr. Scott before I leave Germany. I have made a purchase here, which I think will make a very classical and appropriate present for him, one which appears to me better than a

[1] My brother had been charged to deliver to the Archduke a diploma from some scientific or literary society.

cask of Rhenish wine, which would have perhaps assisted in giving him the gout, and would have added nothing to the brilliance of his imagination. The present I allude to is a set of beautiful drawings of the nine Muses, copied from originals lately discovered in Herculaneum, by an Italian artist at Rome—Michael Angelo Maestri. I purchased them from Messrs. Artaria, from whom I have received many civilities. I have also purchased a very beautiful Venus for Professor Leslie, by the same artist. I spend the half of the day in the Imperial Library, which is a perfect mine of literary treasure. The old-book sellers here are all very insignificant, and have very few articles worth paying the duty for. I believe there are more curious books to be bought in England than in all Europe besides, with the exception of France. The principal publisher is Herr Schaumburg, who is very respectable, but has by no means such an establishment as might have been expected in Vienna. Vienna is a very gay town, but at present rather dull, owing to the absence of the Court. The carriages and equipages are handsomer than those I have seen elsewhere in Germany. The theatres are larger and more numerous. The collections of pictures and the libraries are also first-rate; but there are not, so far as I have been able to learn, any literary or scientific societies similar to the Royal Society of London, or such as are to be found in the other great cities of Germany—such as Munich, Dresden, or Berlin. The society here seems to be altogether stiff and aristocratic. I paid a visit to the Scots Cloister, as it is called, and saw the library, and examined the catalogue of their MSS.,

in hope of finding something about Scotland, but had no success. There are some valuable old editions in the library, and a large collection of the Fathers, but nothing else."

At Vienna, on the 2d November, David parted from his pleasant companions, and proceeded by way of Würzburg and Nüremberg to Frankfort, where he arrived on the 12th, where he had pleasant intercourse with the Chevalier Horn, whom he and his father had met some years before in London at the house of Mr. Chalmers, and left it for home on the 17th of the same month.

The exact date of my brother's arrival in Edinburgh I do not know, but in the beginning of January 1818 he was busily pursuing his legal studies, and had been introduced as a member of the Speculative Society by Henry Cockburn and Mr. Jeffrey. The following letter from his friend Richard Ford will be read with interest:—

"ROME, *Feb.* 23, 1818.

"It is with much pleasure that I sit down to answer your letter, and with more, as I trust to be the harbinger of tidings of joy. I shall despatch commissions first, and afterwards proceed to give you some short bulletin of my proceedings up to this period. First, with regard to the manuscript of the *ΑΝΕΚΔΟΤΑ* of Procopius, I have made every inquiry among the *knowing ones* of the Vatican, and the result is as follows: that there exists but one copy in the library, which was carried off by the French, and is returned, in consequence of the general restoration, from Paris,—that it is written on

paper, and not on parchment,—that it is in '*π*. 16 *de Greci*,' and conjectured to be of the xiii. or xiv. Seculo. 2d, That I have not failed to make due search after the commission intrusted into my *profane uninitiated hands*, and have succeeded in discovering and obtaining a most beautiful copy of Joh. Bergomensis de claris *sceletisq* mulieribus, with the due misspelling, etc. The copper or rather wood engravings are very fresh and good; I make no doubt but that your triumph over Mr. Inglis will be complete on the reception of such an inestimable specimen of black-letter. The title-page, etc., are all perfect. The copy belonged to the celebrated library of Cardinal Garampi. The bookseller was aware of its value, having it marked R. R. R.; his countenance assumed, however, a most deadly hue, on my informing him, when the prize was duly in possession, of the *sceletisq*.[1] The uncharitable satisfaction that I enjoyed in this triumph has almost made me *think* of becoming a *brother maniac*, but alas,

'Cupientem pater optime vires
Deficiunt.' —Date 1493.

"I may be allowed a quotation from these classic grounds without incurring the reputation of pedantry. I gave you a short account from Venice of my safe arrival at that city. I had only intended to have remained there a few days, but I found such advantages from some Venetians that I had known in London, that I prolonged

[1] This rare volume, now in the possession of J. T. Gibson-Craig, Esq., bears the following inscription:—"Davidum Constable, hôc libro, ne forsan Itineris unicé suavissiméque suscepti oblivisceretur, donat Amicus et Comes RICHARD FORD."

my visit to nearly a month. I passed a most agreeable time in that ancient and interesting city. From Venice I passed rapidly on to the Eternal City, through Bologna and Florence. I have now been here nearly six weeks, and am convinced that no city on the earth is equal to this. The elegant and inaccurate Eustace is not, however, to be relied on, except in his praises of the climate, which really beggars all description; the delusion is so perfect, that the weather seems the work of some supernatural agency. All is green luxuriant verdure; oranges, violets, and myrtles in the clear blue air! The modern city is a most magnificent object when viewed from any height—a mass of palace, dome, and cupola; when entered, however, it is dull and dirty. The ruins are in a sad state. The modern Rome is built on an artificial level formed by rubbish and ruin, above twenty or thirty feet high. Under these masses treasures of inestimable value are concealed; some, however, are reproduced to life by the annual excavations. Rome teems with English, who are not, however, of the first class. Most of the Buonaparte family in Europe is here—Lucien, Louis, Pauline, and the mother. The kings of Spain and Sardignia are among the other *ex-monarchs.* The Vatican is a mine that you must visit; in one apartment are 30,000 codices. The utmost freedom is enjoyed, and my *impious* hands have been fumbling to-day over a Terence of the fourth century. You must not fail to visit Hier. Amadius, one of the Professors, who is considered to be the most learned Grecian in Rome. With regard to pictures and prints I am fully a *maniac.* The aquarellas or designs in the manner you purchased

for Sir Walter Scott are most beautiful; I have ordered about ten, which I hope I shall show you some day in London. I heard from home of your visit to my Penates, with complaints from the household deities that you made so short a stay in town. I hope Hayter showed you the Io of the Verulam, and that you duly admired it; I trust you did not allow yourself to be *humbugged* by the wily conveyancer. I set off the day after to-morrow for Naples, and from thence shall make a month's excursion into Sicily, after which I must return home with great expedition, as I must be at Oxford by the end of May. I am so delighted with my Italian trip that I only consider this as a mere forerunning visit. I shall not fail when I visit Subiacco to make your inquiries as to their *printing performances* (Gothic language!) I hope ere this that the Vienna cargo is safely arrived, and the more valuable purchase from Johannisberg. I met a gentleman here who was very intimate with the Archduke Johann, and was dining with him when the diploma arrived. His Imperial Highness was very much gratified, and seemed to have expected you at Grätz, so you may safely assure those who intrusted you with the commission that it came safely to hand. Johnnie, after various applications at the Wiener Zeitung and the Wildenmann, in hopes of finding a companion to post, was obliged to set forth, as you had before, in that hearse that goes to Nüremberg. As I have not heard from him since, I am not without apprehension that he has died of fatigue and cold on the road. Johnnie set forth in the same trim as when the memorable caricature was taken. I hope the German is not dropped; I

find here frequent opportunities from the quantity of German artists. I am in daily expectation of a letter from Cecilia. Beware of that *green*-eyed monster, Jealousy! But you are so far now in the *Corpus Juris*, and of such benefit to orphans and widows, that I must conclude with Horace,—

> 'Cum tot sustineas et tanta negotia solus,
> Legibus emendes
> In publica commoda peccem,
> Si longo sermone morer tua tempora.'

"Yours ever, RICHARD FORD."

My brother's correspondence with his pleasant travelling companions was affectionately maintained.[1] He

[1] The latest letter I have yet found from Mr. Ford is as follows, and although correctly addressed outside, begins with a sobriquet:—

"*Friday, May* 23, 1828, 32 UPR. BROOK ST.

"DEAR AERCHY,—I was right glad to hear that you were in the land of the living, tho' we unfortunately live in distant lands. Times are much changed with me since the memorable 1817, or the equally to be noted epoch of the King and your humble servant's visit to the Land of Cakes. I have taken to myself a spouse, and am the father of two little daughters, and in weekly expectation of a third. I am living in London during the season, and in Hertfordshire during the autumn and winter. In my London *flat* is a cool cellar, in which are certain bins of Falernian, to be produced and emptied in honour of auld lang syne, and I am in hopes that some of these days you will call for those *interiore notâ*.

"Since my marriage, in 1826, I visited with my wife some of the scenes of your German exploits—Dresden, Prague, Vienna, etc. You will think me quite German mad to have made three separate journeys to the same places.

"As for our venerable companion, Johannes der heilige Crabbs, I

now applied diligently to studies connected with the arduous profession he had chosen, and meant to qualify himself for practice both in the English and Scottish Courts.[1] But his leisure time was always generously at the service of his family; and to his father, Sir Walter Scott, Sir James Mackintosh, Mr. Thomas Thomson, and other literary persons, his marvellous memory and extensive knowledge of literature, past and present, was often

have lost sight of him among the bulls of Smithfield; whilst he is running after his horned Parishioners at a distance from me of five miles, I am poking out curious chests, prints, coins, carvings, glass, and divers choice matters, which have not been mowed down by the ruthless scythe of time; old books I do not touch, tho' full of respect for dusty tomes in good condition, marginose, and crackling.

"I occasionally meet with men of Auld Reekie, who tell me that I should hardly know the place again. Poor old Johny Clerk, I fear, is going. There will be a rare sale in my way, and you may expect to be troubled with divers commissions; tho', if possible, I shall stow myself away in the steamer and have a look at the lots, and a tap at your flat-door, and ½ a tap at your *tap*, for I am not what I was,—I can no more stand those glorious bouts of cool Johannisberg and boiling toddy.

"You will *really now* have all the fun to yoursel', Aerchie. However, such as I am, I am at the service of my friends, and as I am a great Liebhaber of everything old, you will do me the justice to think that I have the good taste to estimate duly an old friend like yourself. —Ever most truly, RICH. FORD."

[1] My brother's loving friend George Chalmers encourages this determination in the following extract from one of his numerous letters:—

"You know it was the advice of Sir Ed. Coke to the young lawyer that he should allow nothing touching his profession to pass unheeded by him. You have not been idle, I know, and you have put on your gown and wig. The career on which you have entered is certainly highly honourable, and you entertain strong wishes to be a barrister, and to settle in England. I think your ambition is laudable. If you should resolve on this pursuit, and the sooner the better, I think I

eminently useful.[1] A selection from his correspondence would prove this were proof needed; but the present notice of him has already swelled to such an unexpected length, and he will incidentally appear so often in connexion with various literary and commercial transactions of his father's house, that I must now endeavour to touch the remaining incidents of his personal history as lightly as I can. I have been assured by men of sound judgment, who have themselves been successful in the same career, that had it not in his case been cut short by providential circumstances, he must have attained the highest distinction in his profession.

The following extract from a letter written by Sir James Mackintosh to my father, after hearing of the disastrous crisis in his affairs, makes pleasant mention of David, who, as may be seen by reference to the Appendix to this volume,[2] had been useful to the great historian,

could help you forward in one line of your profession as a barrister, if God should spare me. I could speak to Sir Wm. Scott to use his influence with his brother, the Chancellor, to make you a Commissioner of Bankruptcy, worth £400 to £500 a year. You know Reeves is one, young Boswell another, from *this source*, and Cullen was one.

"The communication is now so easy with Edinburgh, that I think you might manage so as to keep your commons in the Inns of Court and also attend the Court of Session, where, I fear, a very few engross the whole business."

[1] Lord Glenbervie, to whom my brother had been useful on more than one occasion, writes on June 26, 1817:—"Mr. Chalmers has informed me of your having embraced the profession of the law. *Felix faustumque sit!* Your knowledge and love of our native as well as general literature, will be a source of great advantage, as well as amusement and recreation, during your study and practice of that laborious calling.

[2] See Appendix, No. I.

not only by citation of authorities, but also by the statement of his own views on controverted points :–

"I should consider it as a consolation under any reverse to have a son so much distinguished by sense, knowledge, industry, and honourable pursuits, as yours. I cannot wish better to my own—yet too young to give more than promise—than that his talents may be as well directed and as diligently employed as those of Mr. David Constable." [1]

Abundant testimony might be adduced of my brother's ability and acquirements, while the character and general estimation of his chosen friends,—as chief among whom I shall only name the lamented Graham Speirs, late Sheriff of Midlothian,—are a sufficient guarantee that he was walking uprightly, and on the road to honour, if not to fame, when that visitation overtook him by which he was to be removed for ever from the path on which he had entered. No young lawyer of his standing had better prospects. He was the eldest son of a man reputed wealthy; at the death of his grandfather, the generous and loving David Willison, he had succeeded to considerable fortune and the annual revenue arising from a printing-office which had been hitherto productive; he enjoyed uninterruptedly the mute yet eloquent companionship of his carefully selected library; and he did not neglect opportunities as they occurred to distinguish himself as a public pleader. In 1825, however, while all was still bright on his horizon, a cloud

[1] In another letter Sir James says,—"I am very happy to hear of your son's progress, of whom in every way Mr. Cranstoun spoke to me in terms which would gratify, and if possible satisfy, a father."

had gathered overhead which burst ere long, and involved his father and himself in ruin, removing thus the mainstay of the printing-office, while the inevitable entanglement of his credit with that of Constable and Co. made it necessary that his beloved books should once more be scattered.

These sad reverses, and the death of his father in 1827, with the consequent responsibilities which that event devolved upon him in very straitened circumstances, preyed heavily upon his generous and sensitive nature, the mind became unhinged, and a delusion seized him that it was currently reported that he had been a gainer by his father's failure.[1] I possess a touching letter on this

[1] In allusion to a general tendency to suspicion, which I cannot but believe carried the seed of insanity in my brother's mind, and with special reference to an incident which towards the close of 1827 had occurred to excite it, his faithful friend Mr. Speirs addressed a letter to him, in regard to which my brother has noted on its margin, "This is the most friendly, and at the same time the most judicious, letter I ever received, and were I to live a thousand years must always leave me his debtor."

"EDINBURGH, *Dec.* 25, 1827.

"MY DEAR CONSTABLE, ... Who is there that is not aware (I mean of those who know or care anything about the matter) that the patrimony your grandfather left you was lost by the failure of your father's house, and that one of the *public* effects of this has been to impose on you the hard necessity of disposing of a part of your library,—a sacrifice on your part which those only who know your habits and pursuits can sufficiently appreciate. It is most extraordinary that *you* alone will not believe what all the world knows and believes. I have, I hope, said enough, in this individual instance, to show you the groundlessness of your suspicions. I cannot, however, suppose, or even hope, that every instance of a similar kind which may waken similar feelings in your breast will admit of being as easily refuted as this has been.

"The fact is, that with many excellent feelings which would, but

painful subject to Mr. Thomas Thomson, and also the kind and judicious reply of that venerated friend; but neither that nor the reiterated and affectionate assurances of many others, could stay disease or avert the sad catastrophe that resulted. Life became intolerable, and he would fain have yielded it up, but the unhallowed offering was refused, and given back to him, to be lived under different relations to God and to his neighbour.

By many my brother was perhaps henceforth regarded as "under a cloud," but they were altogether at fault in judging thus, for he was taken *into it*, he saw its silver lining, and when it had passed, though he was found un-

for that unfortunate tendency to suspicion, make you universally loved and respected, you do possess that one to a degree which, unless subdued and rooted from your mind, will be a constantly operating obstacle to your peace, comfort, and satisfaction. If you mean to be happy in this world, you must war against the indulgence of this tendency, as against your most deadly enemy, for such believe me it is, though one of your own creation in some measure, for whatever of it may be ascribable to natural constitution, it never would have gained so fearful an ascendency over your other and more kindly feelings if you had been at sufficient pains to repress it. It is a tendency that must necessarily embitter every moment of your life. The more intimate your friendships and connexions, the greater room for its operation. Is there a friend you love, whose actions are not sometimes liable to misconstruction, and if in spite of their asseverations to the contrary you persist in imputing to them unworthy motives,—will any man conscious of his own rectitude,—as conscious as you are of yours, submit to preserve a friendship which the lightest trifle may convert into deadly enmity? If you mean to be happy, Constable, you must repress this fatal tendency of your mind; your happiness will otherwise be the sport of every idle rumour, of every malicious voice.

"No man, I believe, has a better right to appeal for peace of mind to his conscience than you have. If you will only learn the wisdom of resting satisfied with its approving testimony to the rectitude of your

fitted for the ordinary work of life, through constant looking upward to Him from whom it came, he was clothed and in his right mind: of no man whom I have known could it henceforth be more truly said that his life was hid with Christ in God.

In 1828 he married, and in 1829 retired with his wife and infant son to Brussels, where they lived through the eventful period of the Revolution, of which I find interesting notices in his never-neglected journal. Another son was born to them there, and at Kensington a daughter, who died before she had completed her second year.[1] Relapses of disease occurred occasionally, but under judicious treatment these soon passed off, and it was not until he was left a widower in 1835 that his family or his friends felt much anxiety on his account. It then became neces-

intentions, I cannot doubt that you will obtain that happiness and peace of mind, which even the consciousness that all the world (a thing that is in itself impossible) gave you credit for the purity of your motives, could not bestow. That is the tribunal to which you must learn to appeal if you wish to be happy. If you choose another you will only be deceived. You know from experience that this is true.

"I have taken the privilege of friendship in speaking to you so very unceremoniously, on what I consider and have long felt to be almost the only failing I could point out in your character. I have done so perhaps at the risk of forfeiting that friendship, an alternative that I cannot regard without great pain. But as it has been tried in several ways, I thought you would perhaps be disposed to give me credit for the sincerity of the feelings which dictate these remarks, and accordingly bestow some thought on them. Painful as the alternative I have alluded to would be, I should prefer it to the infinitely more painful recollection of having neglected to discharge what in the sincerity of my heart I consider a duty most imperative on me, as I should anything else in which I could contribute to your peace and happiness."

[1] Of my brother's family his younger son alone survives.

sary to relieve him of the care of a household; he was removed to Scotland, his sons came under the charge of an uncle, and he himself resided for some years with a family in Ayrshire, where he lived in perfect retirement.

My brother passed some very peaceful years at Ladykirk, near Tarbolton, and as an evidence of the general tone of his mind at this period, I quote the following passage from a letter written in March 1840 to a sister-in-law whom he highly valued :—

"MY DEAR L——,—Your most welcome letter afforded me much pleasure, but my conscience has been fretting me for several days past that I did not immediately thank you in the best manner I could for your remembrance of me. I can only apologize by telling you the truth, which is, that my brains were so steeped in the contents of some of the volumes which Tom sent me, as to hold me by a sort of spell whether I would or no. Your good-nature however will, I hope, pardon me, seeing that here I am at last, ready to make amends by telling you all the news which can be expected from a solitary hermit who converses much more with books and the running brooks, and with the wild 'wheelt' of the curlew and the cry of the plover, than with the other bipeds of his own species. Last night and during the past winter I have had great pleasure in listening to the fierce and ominous shout of the owl 'too-whooing' over the ancient Golgotha of Ladykirk, and scaring the ghosts of the former men of Kyle, whose mortal part lies mingled with the dust of their fathers and mothers, beside and about the only remaining tower of 'Our Lady of Grace,'—for such was

the name by which this old place was known in the days of yore. You will regret to learn that the old window at the west end of the hall of Cragy Castle is no more, some evil-disposed Goth or Goths unknown having blown it up with gunpowder for the purpose of getting 'a wheen stanes to ruckle up a stane dike,' as the country folk would describe the operation. For the credit of our countrymen of Ayrshire, however, I believe had they been aware that Blind Harry the Minstrel had in all probability recited his lay of Wallace Wight from that same window to the old Laird of Craigy whom he mentions in his interesting poem, they would have allowed it to stand for the sake of Wallace (who was related to this family), if not for the sake of the venerable bard who has celebrated his deeds in rhyme. After all, perhaps, it is folly to regret these things, since earth saith daily to the earth, 'All shall be ours.'

"You surprise me when you say that you are generally quite alone, but I am not at all surprised that you agree very well with solitude. It is a good sign of your spiritual condition. In this respect solitude has been likened by some of the older writers in Divinity to the night, which has also its peculiar advantages, as the darkness then 'enlightens' us to see those stars which are hid in the dazzling sunshine of our vain world, those beautiful letters of shining light, written with the hand of Omnipotence in the heavens, and upheld by that arm of might which holds them in their various spheres with the same ease that it sustains the summer fly on the breath of His eternal and all-pervading Spirit. It is in

solitude that we are brought into converse with our own souls, and, through the medium of the Word, with Heaven. This is not a fancy or fine airy nothing of the imagination, as a certain class of philosophers would try to persuade us. You will perhaps remember a couple of Wordsworth's verses, where he is writing of St. Mary's Loch; his words, if I remember right, are these:—

> 'The swan on still St. Mary's lake
> Floats double—swan and shadow.'

Now, it is in the stillness of the glassy waters of the lake that the pleasing appearance which the poet has caught in these two verses is alone perceived; ruffle its surface with the prosperous breeze or an adverse gale, and the beautiful shadow of the floating swan is hid for a season from the sight. Somewhat after the same manner we are enabled in the stillness of solitude to see and converse with our own souls—to hold communion with the Father of our spirits; and perhaps it is there we are most likely to perceive that 'the Lord is our shade (or shadow) on our right hand,' 'a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat, when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall.' When all other props or false supports or refuges are removed, it is then that the strength and all-sufficiency which is in Christ Jesus is made manifest, or, as Caryl in his Commentary on the Book of Job expresses it, 'The people of God have never so much of the Word about them as when they have least of the world about them.'"

Public events occasionally excited him, but nothing

so injuriously as Mr. Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott. This work contained reflections on the character of his father, which he could effectively have answered but for the disturbance of the mental powers which they so seriously had aggravated.[1] It became necessary that my brother should be placed under permanent medical care. He was accordingly removed to Gartnavel, near Glasgow, where, after the first excitement of indignation had passed, the congenial society of the accomplished superintendent, and the occupation afforded by assisting in the treatment of some classes of the educated patients, almost reconciled him to the loss of unrestricted liberty. I know one case, and the superintendent has assured me there were several others, in which a patient who had been declared cured hesitated and delayed to leave the institution, because he did not expect to find anything in the world to make up for losing David Constable.

Years passed; his sons grew up to manhood, and set out on the battle of life. It became more painful year by year to think of my brother in his loneliness, and it was proposed to him that a small house should be built in my garden for his accommodation, and that he should live as much or as little with my family as suited his convenience and inclination. He was deeply moved by this proposal, but did not at once accept the invitation. On February 6th, 1850, however, he wrote me a long letter, the following extract from which will show that, though after mature consideration, the acceptance was cordially given :—

[1] See the Ladykirk Letters, in *Ayr Observer*, Jan. and Feb. 1838.

"My dear Brother, . . . A train of thought has sometimes passed before my mind, on those occasions when deep convictions of the sins of youth that are past have been crowding before the court of conscience in the reading and light of the Word; when even the imaginations of the thoughts of our deceitful hearts, and many a vain thought and former lodger there, long forgotten, seemed to be passed, by some mysterious process, in a few seconds of time, before the view and self-examination of the soul; with the remembrance of thoughts long past, and which could only come under the cognisance of the God of Knowledge; it was at such times that the following incident would sometimes form the matter of reprovable self-knowledge and examination:

"It must have been, as well as I can remember, in the autumn of 1814, that I visited Scotland, while at White and Cochrane's, acquiring a knowledge of old books. Our dear mother was at that time in very indifferent health, and our father, though stouter than he had been for the two or three previous years, owing to close application to business, and too little bodily exercise—for he had given up riding on horseback, and was driven to and from Craigcrook in a hired carriage—was also rather ailing. The nursery at Craigcrook was a very pleasant room, and looked into the old garden. There I used to amuse myself sometimes in playing with *you*, when you could just run about, and I remember well a train of thought of this kind passing through my mind:—It was a murmuring against the ways of Providence, from the probability of our mother's health continuing to decline, the uncertainty of our father's,

and the somewhat dark future which all these circumstances, together with your youth, presented to my contemplation at the moment; my own lot also appeared to me much more favourable than yours, as being the elder, and having, as it were, so many years the start of you. I can well recollect contemplating the great probability of your soon being left without father or mother, and forming the resolution in my own self-righteous and blinded heart that I would be a father and a mother to you.

"Observe how the all-wise goodness and overruling power of Providence has eventually ordered and disposed our lot. Instead of my being a father to you, He has made you to be, not almost but altogether, a father to me. We would all of us by nature glorify ourselves, but God, on the contrary, will have Himself glorified in us, and if we do not humbly accept, as from His own hand, the chastisement of our rebellion and disobedience in walking contrary to Him, He will vindicate His own glory by walking contrary to us, until our hearts shall be duly humbled in the spiritual confession of our sins. . . .

"I feel, that if in altering my present domicile the blessing of Abraham in Christ Jesus does not go along with me under your kindly roof, it would be far better for me to remain where His providence has placed me, and to close my eyes in peace among strangers, with no other perhaps than His own ever-present and fatherly eye beside me. Though by no means insensible to the brotherly affection which dictated your proposal to come and make my abode with you, I have also felt that should it appear to be our Father's will that I remain here and serve Him

in my present sphere—for through His grace my abode here has, I hope, been helpful to more than one individual —my heart is cheerfully conformed to His will. Were I at present to settle the domicile of my choice anywhere, and supposing my worldly circumstances to have admitted of it, the place of my dwelling would be upon Partick Hill, with my few books at my elbow, in immediate neighbourhood of our dear Minister in Christ, and the worshippers there.

"In as far as regards the world and the things of the world, my feelings are somewhat akin to those of the old man of whom it is related, that after having been shut up for the best years of his life in the old Bastile, and having recovered his liberty, on repairing to the street in Paris where he had left his wife and family, found that no one could tell him anything about them—they were all dispersed, or dead and gone! The house of his former abode was there, but the neighbours of his acquaintance had all disappeared, his friends and relatives had departed, and all was changed. So the poor old prisoner, finding himself to be a perfect stranger in the place of his former home, *returned to his cell*, beseeching the officials to let him die in the house of his captivity."

My brother had decided to come to us, and in the close of this long letter alludes to an earnest invitation sent to him by my daughter, then eight years of age:—"I was greatly delighted with Lizz's letter, by far the most valuable, and the kindest and most affectionate I have received for many a day. The style and composition natural and delicate in the highest degree, and the passage, 'and if

you are not too old we will play with you, and we will be good friends,'—we sometimes shed what may be called tears of natural feeling and affection, but Eliza's letter drew deeper upon my heart,—they were tears of spiritual gratitude—'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise.'"

He came; and for seventeen years he lived with us, in daily companionship with our children, a most useful element in their education, both for this world and the next; and a well-beloved uncle, till the day he died.[1] The disease which had this fatal issue was cancer of the tongue, about the most painful, I believe, to which our flesh is heir; but though apt to be impatient under even slight contradiction at the hand of man, he was never heard to murmur, and one day when I had asked him how he felt, he said, "The pain I feel is beyond expression; but, shall a living man complain?" On the day he died, while I was sitting in an adjoining room, I heard my son, who was watching by his bed, repeat the text, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee," and an immediate earnest reply, almost in a tone of triumph—"Yes, *perfect* peace!"

My brother's ecclesiastical predilection, especially in later years, was decidedly, perhaps exclusively, Presbyterian. The following catholic admissions were however called forth, in 1840, by a letter of mine, in which I had told of a young Scotchman in Manila, who having been carried into a convent there after a fatal accident, had been led to become a member of the Church of Rome:—

[1] January 4, 1866.

"You observe that Mr. Smith died in a convent, and in the spirit of a faithful son of the Reformed Church you add, 'And I am sorry to say, was confirmed in the Catholic faith before his death.' Now, although in the main I entirely agree with you, yet it is with reservation of the judgment of charity. For my own part I would rather at all times drink of the pure fountain—if not at the very spring-head, certainly as near to it as possible; yet if in the course of our Christian warfare expedition required that we should drink of the muddy brook in passing, I would take that rather than go without. On Wednesday the rain came down in abundant showers with us here, and so continued during the night. On Thursday the Pol Burn was running as red as the clay out of which the Rabbins say Adam was created, and also full and rapid like a broad river. On Friday the stream was not even drumlie, and, except in the deeper pools, you could everywhere see the gravel or sandy bottom as the burn ran purling over it. It was the first favourable weather for the angler we have had this season. In the course of my meditations while angling down the stream, I could not help comparing the state of Christians under the Reformed and the un-Reformed Church to that of the trouts in the river Pol. The full stream, when it is running red and turbid and broad, resembles the Church of Rome with all its mixture of errors, corruptions, or abuses, where the adversary may readily catch the trouts, which in this state of the water are easily taken with almost anything, from a black beetle to a green slug. The clear purling stream, as we had it yesterday, I liken to our

Reformed Presbyterian Kirk, where the trouts, swimming in the purer waters of spiritual life, are more circumspect and watchful, and therefore do not so readily fall a prey to the angler who seeks to devour their souls. The stream, however, was still the Pol Burn, and originally descended in perfect purity from the bounty of Heaven. It is one Lord, one faith, one baptism. The Church of Rome is larger and fuller, but the trouts in that stream are too secure in the mere externals of salvation. The waters of our Scottish Judah, though smaller, are safer and purer for those watchful trouts who live in them. Let us in the meantime pray for the arrival of that happy period (printers, you know, are fond of periods) when all the rivers of Judah and Israel shall flow with untroubled waters, when Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim, and when judgment shall run down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty river."

TO THE SPRING AT SCHAARBECK NEAR BRUSSELS.[1]

ADIEU to thy waters! pure fountain, farewell!
Amid war and confusion still calmly they swell,
While Princes with People for empire contend,
Still gently they murmur and gladly ascend;
Thy war-note, O Liberty! breathes in the gale,
Each tyrant shall tremble and freedom prevail.
Flow on, limpid stream, like that river of old,
Which, rising in Eden, salvation foretold,
When the Jew and the Gentile, the bond and the free,
Should journey together to far Galilee:
When Judah's and Benjamin's portion are given,
The heathen and Turk from fair Palestine driven,
Shall humbly submit to the mandate of Heaven;

[1] Written during the Revolution of 1830.

Then kingdoms and rulers, embracing the rod,
Shall distrust in themselves, looking upwards to God,
And Messiah again, in His glory confest,
Descend on the earth from abodes of the blest.

Then, O Zion, rejoice, for, rising once more,
The towers of thy temple shall gladden the shore,
And springing within it, a pure stream shall flow,
To refresh and enliven the nations below.
The presence of Heaven shall hallow the spot,
And, war and confusion for ever forgot,
The lamb and the lion shall fondle and play,
And the darkness of night be dispelled by the day,
Calm peace be proclaimed to the children of men,
And the garden of Eden shall flourish again.

CHAPTER VI.

Barthold George Niebuhr—Thomas Thomson—Lord Glenbervie—Malcolm Laing.

BARTHOLD GEORGE NIEBUHR, the son of a celebrated traveller, was himself still more distinguished, as the historian of Rome, and as a statesman and political economist. In 1798, when a young man of twenty-two years of age, he came from Copenhagen to spend some time at Edinburgh University, and my father had the privilege of making his acquaintance.

Mr. Hunter, in one of his letters from London in March 1807, mentions a library at Kiel, the property of the Rev. Dr. Hensler, a Professor in the University there, which had been offered to his firm, and a portion of which was eventually purchased by them for £500. He gives also some particulars[1] of a Highland tour, in which he accompanied two young Danes, Count Ditten and Count Conrad Reventlow. These young noblemen were cousins, and visited this country, as Niebuhr tells my father in a letter of April 11, 1806, chiefly to study its agriculture, "which of course will bring them to Scotland and to your city; but I think that every part of that immense mass of political information which Great Britain offers to the mind of an inquisitive traveller will claim their attention,

[1] *Infra*, vol. i. p. 134.

as far as it is possible for young men during a comparatively short stay in the country to attain a competent knowledge of it; and you will greatly oblige me by assisting them to this and every useful purpose, as well by introducing them to the acquaintance of your distinguished literary men, as by giving them your advice how they shall pursue their studies and inquiries, especially as to those objects which will chiefly occupy their attention."

About the same time Mr. Niebuhr had brought under my father's notice the valuable library above alluded to, renewing in the following letter the pleasant intercourse they had maintained during his residence in Edinburgh six years before:—

MR. NIEBUHR to MR. CONSTABLE.

"COPENHAGEN, *4th March* 1806.

"SIR,—Though you have not heard from me since I left Edinburgh, about six years ago, I venture to presume that on seeing my name you will recollect that during my stay in your city I frequently had the pleasure of seeing and conversing with you, and I trust you will do me the justice to believe that neither the recollection of your country nor of any gentleman to whose friendly reception I felt myself indebted, can have been erased from my mind through silence and want of epistolary communication. And, notwithstanding that a perfect stranger might as well address you by a letter on a subject relating to your line of business as an old acquaintance, yet I owe to myself to tell you that it gives me a very particular

pleasure to find this opportunity of assuring you that at this distance of space and time I still preserve invariably those sentiments of gratitude and love towards your country, and of sincere attachment and esteem towards you and other gentlemen, which I felt more deeply than perhaps I expressed them while amongst you. I have learnt from the London newspapers that you have considerably extended your business, and concluding that, although principally concerned as an editor, you would not on this account lay aside the trade with books of older date and intrinsic value, I fancy you may still be inclined to purchase valuable collections of such books from the Continent. I recollect that you desired me to engage the King's Librarian to agree with you, as he had done with Mr. Laing, for the sale of part of the duplicates of the Royal Library, and I daresay, that whilst you thought of this business, you have been angry with me for not giving you any information about the success. As to my neglecting to write you about this business, I must of course plead guilty; but you must allow me to mention some circumstances that may extenuate the offence. From the moment I returned to this country I entered upon a path as different as possible from my former occupations, and, leaving my place at the Library, I became employed in a more advantageous way under Government; and having exchanged the care of books for accounts and official papers, I neither possessed the opportunity of opening a connexion between you and the Library, nor could I be equally interested in the concerns of the last. I mentioned your proposal to the librarian, Dr. Molden-

hawer, but finding him bent upon a project of his own, of selling all the duplicates to a Russian college, I was convinced that whatever I might say would be in vain, unless you, sir, would be at the hazard of a voyage to our country, the success whereof I could by no means anticipate. But, if you are still inclined to make purchases of this kind, perhaps the enclosed catalogue will satisfy you still more than the gleanings from the Library's duplicates might have done, and it is on this supposition that I send it for your consideration.

"This catalogue contains the classical authors, and what belongs to their critical explanation, as also the Greek and Roman physicians, the old translation of Arabian physicians, and physicians of the middle age, from the library of the late Doctor Hensler, medical Professor at the University of Kiel, a man of very extensive learning, and great celebrity among the learned in Germany and the North, and author, among other very esteemed and valuable books, of the History of Leprosy in Europe, and historical researches on the origin of the venereal disease, for which purpose he especially collected and studied those scarce and almost not to be got works of the Arabian and Western physicians of the middle age, which you will find specified in the catalogue that I submit to your attentive examination; which it deserves, as being one of the most ample and complete collections formed by any private individual in this country. It certainly contains most of those editions of ancient authors which the professional scholar can desire, and with respect to the medical part, already alluded to, I look upon it as being unrivalled, when com-

pared to all the private, and, with only one or two exceptions, even to the public libraries on the Continent.

"Among the ancient authors you will easily discover many editions which, in Britain, might fetch a very high price. To point out some of them may, perhaps, be superfluous, but you will certainly think worthy of particular notice such works as—the Aldine and second Basel edition of Plato, that of H. Stephanus, Casaubonus's edition of Aristotle, Sextus Empiricus, Plotinus, Chalcidius, Sylburg's most beautiful edition of Aristotle, Oudendorp's Apuleius, the Glasgow and Villoison's edition of Homer, Eustathius's Commentary, Cerda's Virgil, Alberti's Hesychius, Hemsterhuys's Julius Pollux, Sylburg's Etymologicon magnum, Schmid's Pindar (1616), Markland's and Taylor's Lysias, Hemsterhuys's Lucian, Petavii Themistius, Jebb's Aristides, Bentley's Terence, the Bipontine editions of Plato and Plautus, Burmann's and Brunck's Virgil, the four most valuable editions of Horace, Burmann's Ovid and Lucanus and Quinctilian, Sirmond's Sidonius, Valkenaer's Ammonius, that most scarce and important grammatical work Apollonii Syntaxis, Putschii auctores grammaticæ latinæ (a book when sought for almost not to be got at any price in Germany and our country), Reiske's Greek Orators, Ernesti's Callimachus, Manutius's beautiful edition of Cicero, Hoeschel's Photius, Euclid with Proclus's commentary, all the Greek historians. I am tired to extract what cannot escape your notice.

"All the medical works being extremely valuable, it would be useless to single out any of them.

"Mr. Hensler's children having resolved not to sell

his books singly, and being able to dispose of the remaining parts of his library, have desired that I, their friend and relation, should offer this part for sale to an enterprising British bookseller. If you are inclined to purchase either the ancient authors or the old physicians, or both classes, please to make a fair offer for each class separately, and to inform us of your conditions with regard to the delivering and to payment. I am sorry that the catalogue has not been made with more care, otherwise you would have seen that many of the copies are remarkable for superior beauty, and even splendour. You will find the dates of several editions very faulty; this must be a fault of the transcriber. Besides the catalogue, you will find a list of some English engravings, which perhaps might be sold to greater advantage in England than here. You will oblige me by mentioning the price at which you might dispose of them for my relations. I must beg your pardon for sending you this voluminous letter not post-paid. You know it is impossible to pay at our post-offices any part of the postage which goes to the English Government.

"If you favour me with an answer, which I must desire to receive as soon as you can have weighed the subject sufficiently, please to direct it as follows:—B. G. N., recommended to Mrs. D. Hensler at Kiel. Perhaps at the reception of your answer I shall be at that place, and at any rate this lady will be informed whither she ought to send your letter in case I should be absent from this city. —I am with sincere esteem, Sir, your very obedt. faithful servt.,

B. G. NIEBUHR,

Director of the Bank of Copenhagen, and Member of the Board of Trade."

MR. CONSTABLE to MR. NIEBUHR.

"*March 28th.*

"SIR,—I have great pleasure in acknowledging receipt of your very agreeable letter of the 4th, which came duly to hand now nearly a week ago. It would be extremely difficult for me to express to you how much I am flattered by this unexpected mark of kind remembrance which I have just experienced in your very flattering letter.

"Since I had the pleasure of seeing you in Edinburgh, I have made considerable progress as a publisher and bookseller. I have established and acquired some of the most valuable and, at the same time, most extensively circulated works ever published at any period of the literary history of this empire—some of them I have no doubt must have found their way into Denmark, though the state of the Continent has for some years been very unfavourable to such communication. The Edinburgh Review or Critical Journal, in particular, must have done so. It may, I have great pleasure in assuring you, be considered as having begun a new era in the history of literature, and in little more than three years from its commencement has much more than rivalled, both in fame and circulation, any other literary journal at present published in these islands. Such operations as these, as you very naturally guess, have no doubt considerably changed the nature of my trade, and instead of the small shop where I have often had the honour of seeing you, I now possess the most extensive and complete premises in Edinburgh.

"But amidst all the good fortune which you will say has been attending me, I must not omit to mention and to place in the foremost rank of all, that above two years ago considerable additional capital, great influence, and respectability were added to my concerns by my connexion, as a partner, formed with Mr. Alex. Gibson Hunter of Blackness, a gentleman who unites the important qualifications of a scholar and a man of business, and with whom I hope you will very soon have an opportunity of being acquainted.

"In this state of matters we have, you may be assured, given every attention and consideration to the important nature of your communication, as well as about the propriety of our immediately endeavouring to establish a connexion and correspondence with the men of our trade in the north, and of the purchase of Dr. Hensler's very curious and valuable library. We are going over the catalogue with all the care and attention possible, and shall very soon form some tolerable notion of its value; but as much depends on condition of the books, expenses of carriage, freight, and duties here and on the Continent, it cannot be done but with very great uncertainty. Under these circumstances, therefore, with a view to do our best for your recommendation, and besides, with the expectation of doing some business among the booksellers of Germany, it is resolved that our Mr. Hunter shall proceed early in May to Hamburgh, and from thence immediately to Kiel, whence it is likely he will go on to Copenhagen, for the purpose, in the first instance, of paying his respects to you, and of getting a sight, if pos-

sible, of the Royal Library. For his after movements he will, I am persuaded, be favoured with the aid of your friendly advice. We have not said one word of all these plans to any one, nor do we intend to do so until Mr. H. may be ready to set out, and then only to a very few.

"We have sent a duplicate of this letter to Copenhagen, and we shall be highly gratified by the favour of a few lines from you in answer, which we might hope to receive before Mr. Hunter sets out, or, if you should prefer it, by your writing a few lines to him at Hamburgh, addressed to the care of Messrs. Parish and Company, to remain till called for. In either case you could give us some notion of what you would consider a good price for Dr. Hensler's library.—I have the honour to be, with the highest respect and esteem, Sir, your most faithful and obedient humble servant."

I know not whether in later years this correspondence was ever renewed, but if it were, I have found no record of it either among my father's papers or in the interesting biography of this noble man.

THOMAS THOMSON, eldest son of the minister of Dailly, a parish in Ayrshire, was born there on November 10, 1768. He was admitted a member of the Scottish Bar in December 1793, and became so distinguished for his acquirements in some of the higher departments of his profession, that Mr. Innes in his interesting Memoir[1] characterizes him as "the foremost of Record scholars, the learned legal antiquary and constitutional lawyer, and

[1] Printed for private circulation in 1854.

the reformer of the conveyancing and of the Registers of Scotland." It may be added, that in charm of manner, warmth of heart, and refinement of feeling, he was unsurpassed in his day and generation.

My father's intercourse with Mr. Thomson began in 1800. Their intimacy was doubtless promoted by a common interest in the Edinburgh Review; and I possess abundant evidence, in the continual interchange of special acts of friendship, that it remained affectionate and unbroken throughout life. Mr. Thomson lost no opportunity of advancing the interests of his friend, and when my brother David had reached manhood, a similarity of tastes attracted Mr. Thomson so strongly, that in writing of him to my father he was wont to call him "our Davy," and for many years, when they were both in Edinburgh, few days passed without their meeting.

Literary undertakings of importance were seldom entered on by Constable and Company without previous consultation with Mr. Thomson, whose advice was invariably so judicious that it was usually acted on, and his assistance in referring to authorities where historical research was needed was invaluable to many authors. In the preparation, for instance, of Mr. J. P. Wood's edition of the Douglas Peerage[1] the learned editor confessed himself under frequent obligation to Mr. Thomson, and

[1] The Peerage of Scotland, containing an Historical and Genealogical Account of the Nobility of that Kingdom, from their origin to the present generation; collected from the Public Records, Ancient Chartularies, the Charters and other writings of the Nobility, Works of the best Historians, etc., by Sir Robert Douglas of Glenbervie, Bart. Revised and corrected, with a continuation to the present

it is to be regretted that he did not complete and publish the Biographical Memorials of the Bench and the Bar referred to in the following interesting letter:—

MR. THOMSON to MR. WOOD.

"CASTLE STREET, *Jany.* 1, 1817.

"DEAR SIR,—I owe you many apologies for having kept your manuscript so long. My wish was to be able to form a deliberate opinion on the plan of your intended publication.

"I certainly think that Lord Hailes's notes to the Catalogue of the Lords of Session are too scanty, and that a great deal more might be done with advantage for the Biography of the Scottish Bench. In such a work, which should be one for easy and useful reference, I would not wish for regular and formal lives of any individuals, however eminent, but for such notices as a lawyer might be desirous of having within his reach. The work should, I think, be altogether of a juridical cast, and the details should be confined to those individuals who have been eminent in the profession, whose memory is, or ought to be, held in reverence, the progress of whose professional and official lives it may therefore be desirable to mark, and whose characters, as drawn by their contemporaries, it may be useful and interesting to preserve. But this is a sort of honour which I should not be disposed to lavish indis-

period, by John Philip Wood, Esq. In two handsome volumes in folio, with the Arms of the Peers beautifully engraven on purpose for the work. Price £10, 10s. boards. Edinburgh: Archibald Constable and Co., 1813.—A few copies were printed on large paper.

criminately. The Lords of Session of the last three centuries are a numerous body, including a large proportion of insignificant or contemptible individuals. Why should such poor creatures be immortalized merely because they had the misfortune to be advanced to a station for which they were unfit? and who can care (I mean as a lawyer) when or where they were born, and what were their worldly acquisitions, or to whom they gave birth? Indeed, even as to the higher class of Judges, of whom every intelligent lawyer would like to be informed, I should be inclined to limit the range of detail to matters strictly professional or characteristic. Some deviations from this severity I should be glad to pardon, but it would be in those cases only where the matter was historically curious or valuable. To execute the work with uniformity and completeness, even on this contracted scale, would be a task of no small labour, and would extend to a greater length than one would at first be apt to suppose. But it would be a most valuable acquisition, and would entitle its author to the warmest gratitude of the profession, and even of all who felt a general interest in Scottish affairs. I have thrown out these general hints with great freedom, and this I have thought the most useful method of giving to you the thoughts suggested to me by the perusal of your specimen. I will not enter into any detail of either the retrenchments or expansions which the articles included in this specimen appear to me to require. Perhaps, if set to work, I should be more sparing of the former than would be quite consistent with the general opinions I have ventured to express; but a

good deal even in this way I should probably think expedient. This, however, is easy work compared with that of collecting and verifying the necessary facts and details; but with your vigorous and persevering habits of inquiry, I have no doubt that you would lay the deep foundations of a most useful work; and I am sure that all those who belong to the profession would owe you every aid and contribution in their power to give.

"The Catalogue of Advocates will make a useful addition to Lord Hailes's original plan, and a collection of Biographical Notes attached to it must of course be very desirable. Here, however, the same observations I have made on the Catalogue of the Lords of Session would, in my mind, apply still more forcibly to my brethren of the Bar. We are not to be treated like the privileged and ennobled caste with whom you have had formerly to deal, and whose most insignificant members must be set forth and blazoned into historical immortality. Lawyers are an ephemeral race of beings, who must be left to their natural oblivion unless they have done something for which they ought not to be forgotten. Characters of distinguished pleaders, such as those left us by Sir George Mackenzie, are exceedingly interesting, and would add a high value to a compilation of this sort; but where are they to be found, excepting in a very few instances?

"I hope you will forgive this rambling discussion, and believe me to be, with the most anxious wishes for the success of your undertaking, my dear Sir, your very faithful servant, THOMAS THOMSON.

"J. P. WOOD, Esq."

During a residence in England made necessary by the state of his health in 1821, my father did not correspond with many home friends, but I find an interchange of letters between him and Mr. Thomson :—

MR. CONSTABLE to MR. THOMSON.

"CASTLEBEARE PARK, EALING, 21*st Dec.* 1821.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Although I have nothing to say to you worthy of postage, yet according to use and wont of old, I feel a great disposition to give you the trouble of a letter. You have no doubt heard various reports from time to time as to the state of my health. I am glad to tell you that it has improved considerably since I left Scotland. I have been free from disagreeable symptoms, and have had no sickness for nearly the last three months. I can relish food, and drink home-brewed ale, which I am permitted to do, though not in vast potations. I read newspapers and amuse myself with an old book, when such comes in the way. I had, as you know, promised myself some pleasure from printing a Catalogue of my private library, but about one-half of the MS. was stolen from me the day after my arrival in London, and having no means of getting it supplied, my project is at an end. . .

"Before I left Clermiston, I think I sent you an old MS. of scholastic divinity, of which I was anxious you should give me some account. I could wish you would do me that favour now, returning the MS.; and I would be also obliged if you would send me at the same time, under cover to my address here, an original letter of Margaret Hartsyde, which I think I put into your hands two

or three years ago. The letter has a reference to the famous story of the Queen's jewels, stolen shortly after King James's ascending the throne of England. If you know any particulars of Margaret Hartsyde (I hope I have not mistaken the name), you would render me a particular service if you would communicate them, for a purpose which I must not at present name.

"It gave me infinite pleasure to hear lately such excellent accounts of Mr. Stewart's health. I have looked over the second part of his Dissertation with all the interest of which I was capable. It must have been well received, and I was glad to see the hand of a master employed in giving an account of it in the last No. of the Edinburgh Review.

"I hope your venerable and excellent mother continues to enjoy good health. Would you present my kindest compliments to her? and as I cannot now visit the good lady myself, I wish, with her accustomed kindness, she would send for my two boys, Henry and Thomas, to drink tea with her some afternoon during the High School vacation. This is taking a great liberty, but I may in truth add that it is not every friend with whom it would be used. Mrs. Constable bids me not forget her kind regards to you; and believe that I am ever, my dear Sir, respectfully and truly yours, ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE."

MR. THOMSON to MR. CONSTABLE.

"CHARLOTTE SQUARE, *January* 1, 1822.

"MY DEAR SIR,—It gave me most sincere pleasure to receive your letter; indeed, I was almost in the act of in-

diting an epistle to you, to request some account of yourself and of those now with you. On the whole, I am well pleased with what you tell me of your own health, about which I never had any serious apprehensions, but which certainly required extraordinary care and a cessation from the hurry of ordinary business. You have never been in the way of doing things by halves; and certainly a more violent contrast to your former active life cannot be imagined than that you have been leading in the quiet bosom of your family. I hope you will ere long come back to us full of vigour, and with unabated enjoyment of your friends. For one, I have sad missing of you.

"Our friend David continues to make steady advances into the good opinion and esteem of all who know him.[1] I imagine he has been prudent and well conducted in all respects, and of his ultimate success in his profession I entertain no doubts. He and the two younkers are to dine

[1] David's social charm, like that of Mr. Thomson, must have been exceptionally great, if we may judge of it by the urgency expressed in the correspondence of his friends for the enjoyment of his society; and the following note from Mr. Thomson to my father shows that his attraction was not limited to men within the ordinary circle of his acquaintance:—

"CHARLOTTE SQUARE, *Thursday* [1821].

"MY DEAR SIR,—Young Lambton intends by and bye to take a jaunt into the Highlands, to visit his cousin the Duchess of Argyll, etc. etc., and he has conceived a violent desire to have Master David for his travelling companion. Would you like this? for without your previous sanction I would not allow him to make any proposal to D. Lambton, who knows David at 'The Speculative,' is a very nice person, well-mannered, and with a great desire to keep good and instructive company.—Ever yours, THOMAS THOMSON.

The Hon. Hedworth Lambton was a brother of the Earl of Durham, and in 1832 was elected as representative in Parliament for North Durham.

with me to-day. Our party is to be *graced* by my wearifu' friend Duncan Forbes,[1] who continues his annual infliction of a Christmas goose.

"I have never till to-day obeyed your commands in writing a short account of your theological MS. This, with the MS. itself, and the letter from Margaret Hartsyde, shall be despatched to you without another day's delay.

"As David is probably a better newsmonger than me, I will not attempt to amuse you in that way. I forget if I had begun to print Lady Murray before you left Scotland. It will make a very pretty little volume.[2] The whole has been finished for some time, except an article for the Appendix, containing some account of Lady Murray herself. I should like to be able to say something of her husband, Sir Alexander, who was a remarkable person, though a most uncomfortable bedfellow. My ninth volume of Acts will be ready in six weeks, and would have been so before now, but for an unexpected discovery of new matter. The whole work, I mean the *text*, and an entire volume of index of matters, will extend to a *dozen tomes!*

"My mother has been much an invalid for about two months, but she will be gratified by seeing your little fellows. Mr. Stewart is certainly improving in general health, but does not venture to work much. I fear he has not been much flattered by the Review, which is more of a supplement to the Dissertation than an account of it.

[1] See vol. i. p. 466.

[2] Memoirs of the Lives and Characters of the Right Honourable George Baillie of Jerviswood, and of Lady Grissell, by their daughter, Lady Murray. Privately printed, Edinburgh, 1822.—This interesting volume was reprinted for sale in 1824.

Remember me most kindly to Mrs. C. and your young ladies. Many good New Years to you all.—Ever truly yours, THO. THOMSON.

"I shall get some particulars about Margaret Hartsyde from Charles Sharpe."

On receiving a copy of my father's Memoir of George Heriot,[1] Mr. Thomson wrote as follows :—

"CHARLOTTE SQUARE, *Feby.* 11, 1823.

"MY DEAR CON.,—I am very proud of your pretty little book, and very grateful too. I have not had it four hours in my possession; but I have already read it over from beginning to end. I was in hopes that your ingenuity and research would have procured us more ample details of the private life and conversation of Jingling Geordie; but still there is enough to yield *us* great comfort and consolation. Elizabeth Band and Margaret Scott are to me two most interesting and delectable little wenches—the one aged *ten*, the other only *four*, and the said Jingler, at the date of his last Will, in his *sixtieth* year. This makes the worthy Goldsmith a more amiable person than all the Elegies of Watty Balcanquel, or the grave Master Robert Monteith. We must drink to his *green* old age and memory on the first opportunity.

"*Query:* In Margaret Hartsyde's letter (p. 208, *note*), there are some words that puzzle me. Line 2, *advuis* should, I suspect, be *adoois;* as also that *aduis* in line 5 from the bottom should be *adois.* In line 6, *ionuel*

[1] Memoirs of George Heriot, Jeweller to King James I.; with an Historical Account of the Hospital founded by him at Edinburgh. Edin. 1823.

should be *iouuel*, being old Peg's way of writing double-*u*.

"These are criticisms in *my own line*, so deal kindly with them, and believe me yours most sincerely,

"THO. THOMSON."

The latter years of this estimable man were clouded by misfortune, induced by his too great facility of disposition, and neglect of his own affairs while serving those of others. He died on October 2, 1852. My brother David's veneration for Mr. Thomson was very great, and the following extracts from a letter written in 1853 to a common friend will, I believe, be read with interest:—

". . . It seemed to me somewhat mysterious that being a Whig, he did not take a more prominent part in politics. But I have since learned to estimate more highly the sound judgment, without any alloy of rashness or inconsideration, which, while he well understood and would willingly have lent his aid to guard and maintain all public right, led him at the same time to avoid whatever could be construed into factious impatience of lawful authority, or a mere political partisanship, and least of all being made by implication the passive tool of other minds. These were views which some younger spirits did not so well comprehend. Thirty or forty years ago, when party politics were urged with far more of a rancorous personal virulence and almost violence of spirit than they are at the present time, the younger and more active minds were too apt on both sides to rejoice on every opportunity of having a political demonstration, or

a reconnoitring of the enemy's position, or a scrimmage, or whatever you may call it. From that sort of warfare he kept altogether aloof. I do not remember ever to have seen him at any of the public political dinners. In the days when Fox dinners were not unfrequent, and were usually accompanied by a counter-demonstration of the same kind by the Pitt Club, the large class of more pugnacious politicians, of which the younger men always form so conspicuous and interesting a part, used to rejoice greatly in the war of speeches and pamphlets. For my own part, it was difficult, at that time, for me to understand why both our friend and my father would always rather try to dissuade from attending, and much more from taking any active share in such doings, while, nevertheless, it was very apparent that these two older gentlemen themselves took a very intelligent interest in those political forays. Yet that interest which they did take, whatever it might be, was better regulated by prudence and perhaps the more kindly and human affections, than it was when viewed in the light of mere Whig or Tory preferment, as it no doubt was by some of the more unscrupulous adherents of party, without any definite end or aim towards the advancement of the common weal, or the good old cause of constitutional Liberty.

"In all matters that concerned the formation and expansion of a sound public opinion, his notions as a subject, as a faithful and loyal adherent of the Crown and of our monarchical form of government as settled and established at the Revolution of 1688-9, were large and comprehen-

sive. He would have greatly preferred the principles of such men as John Locke and Lord-Keeper Somers in England, and of Sir Patrick Hume of Polwart, the Crawfords and Melvil, the Dalrymples, Baillies, and Johnstones of that period, in Scotland, to the men of expediency, or the time-serving politicians of either nation at that famous era. . . .

"By natural preference he would always have been a Scotchman. Indeed, he was a favourable, an excellent specimen of an educated well-bred gentleman of our country. In most things he preferred our hyperborean to the more sunny regions of the south. An instance of this, which I could not but remark at the time, has often recurred to my mind since. We were on the way from Town to Ealing, where my father was then residing on account of his health, and I remember happening to remark the richness and beauty of the scenery in the neighbourhood, that the landscape was peculiarly an English one—did he not admire it? His reply to my observation was, that he saw nought to admire about it. I replied, 'Is it not very rich and luxuriant?' 'And so is a dunghill,' was the response. His meaning was not, that he had no taste for the rich and abounding beauty of the English mead and woodland landscape, but rather that he preferred the wild heather-bell, the rocks and mountains, the streams and lakes and deep-resounding shores of Carrick. . . .

"The great work of the publication of our Laws and Statutes, which was made to pass under his review and penetrating and judicious supervision, as Depute-Clerk

Register, is that on which his claim does mainly and permanently rest to the commendation and gratitude of ourselves, and the certain recognition of posterity, as having deserved well of our common country. In this truly national work which was thus confided to his learning, sound judgment, and very correct taste, he has attained for Scotland, on a very complete scale, what I am not aware has been accomplished hitherto to the same extent, or so satisfactorily, for any other nation. The whole body of the Statute Law of the kingdom, together with all the relative records which were of a Parliamentary nature, and came properly under the strict character of a record, have now been printed under his care and superintendence, in such a manner as leaves nothing that I am aware of which remains greatly to be desired, so far as these muniments of our history have been preserved and have reached our own time uninjured or unimpaired. Those who have occasion to know, from personal research or inquiry, the state of our documentary historical literature, at all accessible either to the student of Law or History, previous to the commencement of the nineteenth century, and also within living memory, and specially of the generation which has passed, or which is just passing away, will be best able to judge, and can fully appreciate or put a just value on what has been accomplished. As a lawyer, his judgment was eminently sound, but it is not often that legal attainments and learning are united to qualities which enable the possessor to give judicious counsel in matters which lie beyond the territory of mere legal erudition. The personal friend of

such men as the late Dugald Stewart, Professor Playfair, Sir James Mackintosh, Lords Cranstoun, Jeffrey, Cockburn, among ourselves, as well as others no less eminent both in science and literature, in England as well as Scotland, was no common person; and if his name was not so loudly celebrated or so extensively known, that arose rather because he shunned popularity than because he did not merit or could not have attained to it, had that been his aim. His was none of the showy acuteness which is eager and ever on the stretch to set forth all its little wares to the very best advantage. The pleasing and retired gravity which might always be seen to mingle with his real and unstrained enjoyment of whatever was humorous or joyous, was diffusive and participant, rather than coercive of that happy element of social intercourse among others. Such genial meetings of cultivated and familiar friends form the very oil of friendly converse and of society, the true festivity of minds. . . .

"In matters of taste he was especially sound and correct. The enlightened interest which he took in literature generally, and antiquity—particularly in all that related to Scotland or her history, was very far removed from that of the virtuoso of a bygone age. In so far as associations were historical or worthy of being cherished, he certainly set a just value on such relics of the past, but not further. . . .

"As a pleader his judgment was too good, his taste too critical, ever to have permitted him to flatter like Tertullus, or to attempt that resistless eloquence that once

fulmined over Greece, and shook the Capitol; his manner as a pleader was plain and sententious, very much to the point in hand, nothing of mere *verbiage*, and on the occasions when I have happened to hear him he generally brought some stern principle of law for his opponent to grapple with, or some rigid point of practice which was not to be gainsaid. This was delivered in a somewhat energetic manner, with a kind of jerk-like, galvanic action. His style of pleading did not by any means correspond with his accomplished manner in other respects, or to his experience and learning in the law. The absence of all anxiety about display was very perceptible; his aim was evidently to be natural and not artificial. In pleading, however, he did not impress me with the idea of at all coming up to himself. That learning and aptness to communicate, the easy grace of manner which rendered his society and conversation so agreeable, was less apparent when he was addressing the Bench. Indeed, the gaining the applause of the world never appeared to be so much a motive with him as the pleasure of obliging and of doing kindness. He was singularly liberal and disinterested in communicating information with the view of helping forward the literary or legal inquiries of others, and readily confided the discoveries which his own accurate researches had enabled him to make, to those who applied to him, although their pursuits must often have crossed the path of his own inquiries. His manner in general society always struck me very much as that of a man of retiring gravity, without any of that anxious desire to please which is sometimes so dangerous a

stumbling-block in the straight path of sincerity and duty. There was great natural gentleness of disposition, and love might ride upon that lion with perfect safety, when bitterness or venturesome presumption would have been certain to encounter a sleeping strength which, once wronged, would make itself feared, though it was seldom used, like a lion."

Mr. Thomson's kindness to myself in all our intercourse after my father's death was truly paternal. When I began business, he dictated the circular in which I announced the fact, and was always ready to give his judicious advice and assistance when I required it. The last time I visited him before his death he said, "Come back soon; it does me good to see you, for it reminds me of old times."

The Right Honourable SYLVESTER DOUGLAS, created BARON GLENBERVIE of Kincardine in 1800, was born in Aberdeenshire in 1743. He was a man of considerable native talent and of extensive acquirements, an admirable linguist, and at the age of thirty-one years, after a career of gaiety and extravagance, had the force of character to devote himself with energy and severe application to the study of Law, in which he soon became so distinguished that he was made a King's Counsel; and in 1793, on the adhesion of a portion of the Whig party to the administration of Mr. Pitt, he entered on political life as chief Secretary to Lord Westmoreland, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. He had an ardent love of literature, and was more or less engaged through life in literary work, though

—strange to say—with the exception of a History and Reports of certain legal cases, he scarcely seems to have completed any work that he began.

On June 20, 1806, he writes as follows to my father on the subject of a projected edition of the works of his ancestor, Gawin Douglas; the Poems of his brother-in-law, Major James Mercer; and the Letters and Papers of Sir Andrew Mitchell, late Ambassador at the Court of Prussia, which he agreed to edit:—

LORD GLENBERVIE to MR. CONSTABLE.

"*20th June* 1806.

"DEAR SIR,—Our friend Mr. Thomson has informed me of what has passed between you and him, on the subject of my project of publishing an edition of Bishop Douglas's Works, with an account of his life, and I am much pleased with the fairness and liberality of your proposal. I should suppose the translation of Virgil would, printed in the manner of Sir W. Forbes's Life, etc., of Dr. Beattie, make alone a larger quarto than either of his volumes, and the other Poems, together with a Life, historical and critical, a Preface and Ruddiman's Glossary, *enlarged* (though our friend Chalmers's severity on poor Sibbald in his Dissertation in the third vol. of his new publication, is enough to terrify one from that part of the undertaking), would make another. Or perhaps the whole might be printed in 4 vols. of the size nearly of Tyrwhitt's Chaucer. There will be time enough to make our election in that respect. In the meantime, I will immediately set about collecting materials. One MS. Mr. Thomson will

tell you I have heard of in England. Ruddiman appears to have used one which belonged to the College Library. Is that still forthcoming? and will the College allow me the use of it? Is there any MS. in the Advocates' Library or elsewhere in Scotland that you know of? Pray show this letter to Mr. Thomson, and procure and take the trouble to send me what information you can. Inquire if there exists anywhere any picture or print of Gawin Douglas. . . .

"Believe me, dear Sir, yours sincerely,

"GLENBERVIE."

On the 4th October and 7th November in the same year his Lordship writes again, and seems anxious to be fairly at work on both his tasks, in which desire the reply from A. Constable and Co. should certainly have encouraged him; yet on July 10, 1808, nearly two years later, while still professing to think most highly of the prospects of the work, he returns all the Mitchell Papers, urging that Mr. Liston, afterwards Sir Robert Liston, should be intrusted with the completion of the undertaking.

LORD GLENBERVIE to MESSRS. CONSTABLE AND CO.

"*Oct.* 4, 1806.

"GENTLEMEN,—I shall take an early opportunity of examining the Letters and Papers of Sir Andrew Mitchell, and giving you my opinion. I am sure they are very interesting, and I have more reasons than one for thinking they will be very much demanded. Have you made

your bargain with Sir W. Forbes, and what is it? I hope to have leisure, and I think the arrangement, general superintendence, and the adding some necessary explanatory notes will amuse me very much. But it will be necessary to find here some careful corrector of the press, and transcriber (where necessary). Probably you or your correspondent here can find such a person. I will look at the last revises, and will take means to resort to genuine and authentic sources of illustration.

"As my only object would be to gratify my wish to procure for the political and literary world so valuable a publication, I should desire to be furnished with the various reputable works relative to the History of Frederick the Great, and to have a few copies to gratify myself and some friends. A print and some account of Sir A. Mitchell's life should be prefixed, and there should be a good index to each volume. You might publish in successive volumes. If Sir W. Forbes can furnish materials, perhaps I might undertake to write the life, and should like then to have leave to publish that also on my own account in a small separate volume. Pray think of all these particulars, and let me hear from you as soon as may be. If you have got the opinion or remarks of any literary friend in Edinburgh, I should be glad if you would communicate them to me.

"You have given me no answer yet about Gawin Douglas. I wrote to you the terms Mr. Thomson had mentioned to me. Pray let me hear from you on that subject, with any surmise of any change in the plan of which I mentioned an outline. I have procured from

Lord Bath a very curious and perfect MS., written and attested by a notary-public some time before the date of the first printed copy, and which contains many different and better readings than those of Ruddiman's edition.

"I think I could manage to get on with both these works at the same time, with the assistance of copies.—I am, Gentlemen, your humble servant, GLENBERVIE."

"PHEASANTRY, *7th Nov.* 1806.

"GENTLEMEN,—I received yours of the 27th ult., and have seen Mr. Murray since, I have also attended to the extract you sent me from a letter of Sir W. Forbes of Craigievar. I do not quite agree with him in his general opinion on the subject of Biography; at least as a matter of speculation for booksellers. Of this you, however, must be better judges than either he or I can be. A short sketch is certainly all that would be proper, and indeed all that there can be materials for in the case of Sir A. M. But as to the exact extent, when the materials are collected I shall have an opportunity of consulting many friends of acknowledged taste and competency, and with their aid I hope you and Sir William will confide in my judgment. Mr. Burnet of Bunarcey, who lived many years with Sir A. as secretary, is, I fear, dead. I know, from the information of foreign ministers and contemporaries and successors of Sir A. from our Court, that Mr. Burnet (who, I think, was a connexion of Sir W. Forbes's family) was in the intimate confidence of Sir A. Mitchell. If he left any papers or memorandums of him, I have no doubt Sir William could procure access

to them. I have always understood that Sir Andrew Mitchell came into public life under the patronage of Sir Arthur Forbes, Sir William's father; and it was highly creditable to Sir Arthur's judgment and character (otherwise highly respectable) that he encouraged and helped to bring forward so able and worthy a man as Sir A. Mitchell is so well known to have been. The few circumstances, therefore, of Sir A.'s family, birth, education, original destination, early employments, representation of the Aberdeen district of boroughs (for which, I think, he sat in Parliament), etc., I should suppose Sir William could easily ascertain. Though the sketch of the life may be short, the treatment cannot be too ample.

"A like engraving from Sir A. Mitchell's picture by Ramsay would certainly be interesting. As to other prints (as of the King of Prussia), etc., you must judge. I should doubt whether it would be advisable to make the publication a work of much bibliographical luxury. If you should think otherwise, I could easily procure many original pictures, very like, and at different periods of Frederick's life, of that prince, and many authentic plans, etc. (besides those in Sir A. Mitchell's own papers). All this you must consider and determine upon, as well as on the other *editorial* points on which I touched in my last.

"I shall be furnished with ample historical and biographical notices and illustrations from various most authentic sources—much more so than any of the publications which, however, I have thought it necessary to call for can furnish.

"I shall write to you soon with regard to Gawin Douglas. I have begun to look over the Mitchell MSS. They are most interesting.—I am, Gentlemen, yours truly, GLENBERVIE."

MESSRS. CONSTABLE AND CO. to LORD GLENBERVIE.

"MY LORD,—We are very much to blame for not writing to your Lordship ere now, and we entreat you to believe that the delay has not arisen from intentional neglect.

"With respect to the Works of the Bishop of Dunkeld, we are of opinion they should be printed in 8vo, in the manner of the first edition of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales by Tyrwhitt, with a few copies on large paper. We should consider 8vo a preferable size to 4to; but we shall agree to whatever your Lordship may wish on that point.

"We are happy to find that you are disposed to honour Sir Andrew Mitchell's Papers by being their editor; as to the size in which that work should be printed, we shall be the better able to say when we know the extent of the selection you propose to give us. . . .

"We shall be anxious to hear when you think of having either work ready for the press, that the printer your Lordship would choose to have employed may be applied to.—We have the honour to remain, my Lord, your Lordship's most faithful and obliged humble servants,

"A. CONSTABLE AND CO."

LORD GLENBERVIE to A. CONSTABLE.

"PHEASANTRY, 10*th July* 1808.

"DEAR SIR,—I send you herewith a list of fourteen parcels which will be sent by the carrier of this place to-morrow to Mr. Murray, the first eleven containing all the Mitchell papers as I received them, and the three others the books furnished me for the use of the proposed edition. I also send you the catalogue I received with the papers.

"When you shall have fixed on our editor (who I hope will be Mr. Liston) I will send you, for his use, an abstract of the particulars I was able to collect concerning Sir A., and in the meantime I enclose a letter from Professor Ogilvie to Sir W. Forbes, which Sir William sent me.

"I cannot help, on this occasion, repeating my strong wish that you may proceed with this publication, and my persuasion that it will create a great interest, and be very successful. I have been much confirmed in that opinion by a cursory reading I have lately given to many of the letters, particularly during the period of the Seven Years' War. Some from Mr. Pitt (Lord Chatham) during the memorable 1759, are highly characteristic of him; and all the correspondence of that period will throw new light on the events, motives, and views, as well as on the tempers, talents, and characters of many of the most leading personages of the times, both at home and abroad.

"I have now found four MSS. of Gawin Douglas's Virgil, and have, by sacrificing two copies of the folio edition of 1710, prepared, by the advice of Mr. Todd, a commodious

way of collating them and the reprinted copies (of 1553 and 1710) together. Mr. Todd has promised to try to procure me a collator of sufficient skill and accuracy; but I wish you also would endeavour to find such a person in London.

"I have no knowledge of any MSS. of Bishop Douglas's other poems, viz., the Palace of Honour and King Harte. I wish you would inquire where they are, and whether, by the means of our friend Thomson, or any other of our literary friends, I could get the use of them.

"Pray, will you also remind Mr. Thomson of his promise to send me some particulars he has lately discovered concerning the Bishop?—I am, dear Sir, your humble servant, GLENBERVIE."

Among the letters of my father's firm we should probably find further particulars regarding the interesting papers of Sir Andrew Mitchell. These are unhappily beyond my reach; but the principal portion of the papers themselves, through the intervention of Lord Glenbervie, were sold in 1810 to the trustees for the British Museum, where they are now deposited. Two volumes, containing a selection from them, apparently of great interest, by Andrew Bisset of Lincoln's Inn, barrister-at-law, were published by Chapman and Hall in 1850.

With the Eneid and other works of Bishop Gawin Douglas, Lord Glenbervie continued to occupy his leisure from time to time, assisted in the collation of the various MSS. by Mr. Henry Weber, with the inefficiency of whose services he appears to have been much dissatisfied, and

he writes to my father on November 25, 1816, as follows:—

"PHEASANTRY, *November* 25, 1816.

"DEAR SIR,—I heard of your being in London only the other day from Mr. Chalmers, who perhaps will have told you that I have finished at last an entire copy, collated by myself with the three manuscripts at present in my possession (two from the Advocates' Library, and one from Lord Bath's) and with the two printed editions, besides the hasty and imperfect collation of the Lambeth manuscript by Mr. Weber, and this copy is almost in a state to begin printing it. But as my plan is to give all G. D.'s extant works, I have still to collate his poem called the Palace of Honour, and that ascribed to him also, called King Harte, and also to write out the introductory, historical, and critical discourse on his life and writings, which I mean to prefix, and considerably to enlarge Ruddiman's glossary to his edition. Till this is done, therefore, I should be unwilling that the printing of the text of his Virgil should be begun. However, I hope you will give me an opportunity of seeing you some day early when I come to town, to converse with you on the subject.[1]—I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

"GLENBERVIE."

[1] In August 1809 there had appeared the following announcement among the works in the press, and preparing for publication by my father's firm:—

"The WORKS OF GAWIN DOUGLAS, Bishop of Dunkeld, with Historical and Critical Dissertations on his Life and Writings, Notes and a Glossary. By the Right Hon. Sylvester (Douglas) Lord Glenbervie. 4 vols. octavo, elegantly printed. The whole works of Gawin Douglas,

His Lordship's edition of Gawin Douglas, after engaging so much of his time, his money, and his attention, has, however, never seen the light, and, intimate as my father's connexion had been with him, it was rather *circa literas* than *in literis*, for I do not find that he ever actually published for him.

In Mr. Wood's edition of the Peerage of Sir Robert Douglas, Lord Glenbervie, as his descendant, was naturally deeply interested, and suggested a motto for the title-page from a letter of Voltaire's,[1] which however was not adopted. In a letter to my father, of date August 8, 1809, he writes: —"I should wish to be allowed the perusal of the article *Gordon* in Mr. Wood's Peerage, as well as those of Douglas, Keith, Hamilton, and Forbes. *Gordon* was my mother's name, and there is in the history of that family a controverted point, which my ancestor, the learned and very accurate Sir Robert Gordon of Straloch, did not venture to decide, and which will require some delicacy, as

consisting of his translation of Virgil's Æneid, the Palace of Honour, and King Hart, are now, for the first time, collected into one edition. Two Dissertations, the one on the Family of Douglas, the other, on the Poet's Life and Writings, will be prefixed, and copious notes added. The text of Ruddiman's edition of the Æneid has been collated with the following five manuscripts: viz., two in the library of the University of Edinburgh, one in that of the Faculty of Advocates, a fourth in the possession of the Marquis of Bath at Longleet, and the fifth at Lambeth Palace. The excellent Glossary of Ruddiman is made the basis of that in the present work, but considerably enlarged, and extended to the other poems."

[1] "Des généalogies raisonnées, sobrement enrichies de faits intéressans, et ornées des caractères des principaux personnages, peuvent fournir un ouvrage utile à tous les hommes d'état, et agréable pour tous les lecteurs."

well as impartiality, in Mr. Wood, to handle with propriety. But if he blink such questions his book will not easily escape the discredit so generally incident to works of that sort."

A week later Lord Glenbervie wrote a letter, which will be found in the Appendix to this volume,[1] requesting my father to endeavour to obtain from any of his correspondents conversant in such matters, information regarding eight members of the family of Douglas, and my father appears to have written to Mr. Malcolm Laing, among others, on the subject. That gentleman sent the following characteristic reply :—

"DUNNINALD, *August* 26, 1809.

"DEAR SIR,—As I have neither books, nor inclination for investigating the points, it is impossible for me to inform Lord Glenbervie to what families Sir George Douglas and the Rev. Robert Douglas belonged. It is just as probable, however, that they belonged to the Glenbervie family as to any other of the name of Douglas. His Lordship is therefore perfectly well entitled to incorporate them among his ancestors, with whom, I take it for granted, that he has acquired a better connexion than his early pupil Lord Douglas ever did with the Douglas family.—Yours ever, MALCOLM LAING."

Lord Glenbervie's later years were clouded by deep sorrow, occasioned by the loss of his wife in 1817, and the death of their only son, a young man of brightest promise, on October 21, 1819; but his interest in literary

[1] Appendix, No. II.

matters suffered no diminution, and his projected edition of the works of Gawin Douglas, though never published, does not appear to have been formally abandoned. His Lordship died in 1822.

The correspondence of my father with Mr. MALCOLM LAING, the distinguished historian and controversialist, began in 1798, and on 10th April 1802 Mr. Laing gives evidence in the following letter of the confidence the young publisher had inspired :—

"DEAR SIR,—As I am not inclined to close with Cadell and Davies, I write to you *confidentially*, to give you an opportunity, while in London, to consider in your own mind whether a share in my History and Historical Dissertation on Mary Queen of Scots, etc.,[1] in conjunction with Mawman, Longman, or some other London bookseller, would suit your interest, that, if it does, you may propose—or sound them on—the purchase of those works. From our conversations on the subject, you know pretty accurately the terms I expect; and if anything like a liberal offer is made for my History and Historical Dissertation, with or without my share (a moiety) of the profits on the first edition of the former work, I shall close with it at once. I should prefer Mawman as a Whig, and Longman from his extensive connexions with the

[1] The History of Scotland, from the Union of the Crowns on the Accession of James VI. to the Throne of England, to the Union of the Kingdoms in the Reign of Queen Anne. With a Preliminary Dissertation on the Participation of Mary Queen of Scots in the Murder of Darnley. By Malcolm Laing, Esq., M.P. Four volumes, 8vo.

trade; but I trust to your discretion in proposing the purchase, that the work shall not be blown upon, as if hawked about.

"I have communicated nothing of this to Mawman, or any other bookseller here, that if you procure a liberal offer, to which I shall accede, you may regulate your own share in the work.—I am, dear Sir, yours sincerely,

"MALCOLM LAING.

"EDINBURGH, *April* 10, 1802."

In consequence of the above authorization my father appears to have entered into the arrangement suggested with Mr. Mawman, to whom Mr. Laing accordingly writes as follows:—

"EDINBURGH, *May* 4, 1802.

"DEAR SIR,—In consequence of your letter of the 30th ult. I agree to accept your conditional offer of £500 for the copyright of my History of Scotland and MS. Dissertation on the Accession of Mary Queen of Scots to the Murder of Darnley, with my half of the profits on the first edition of my History (provided that it consists of 1000 copies), all which I hereby assign and transfer to you. The terms which you propose for the payment, at six, twelve, and eighteen months from the day of publication, or from the 1st of August next, coincide, I suppose, with what my brother agreed to with Mr. Constable (who, I understand, is to have a fifth share in these works), and can be arranged between them on my brother's return to town this week. . . .

"I reserve a right, either to annex an Appendix

by way of postscript to the Dissertation on Ossian's Poems at the close of my History, or to reprint that Dissertation separately,[1] if I find it afterwards necessary. The reason is, that I expect a furious controversy next winter on the authenticity of Ossian's Poems, as the pretended originals are now in the press, and three answers to my Dissertation are actually on the anvil. If I can reply in a short postscript it can be annexed at any time to the Dissertation at the end of my History; but if the controversy become voluminous, it may be advisable to print the Dissertation, with the additions made to it, in a separate volume, which, in that event, will pass through your hands.

"My Historical Dissertation on Mary Queen of Scots will form altogether an octavo volume of about 500 pages, such as my History; and on this subject also I am threatened with a controversy by Whitaker, who was engaged by a formal challenge to answer and keep it alive. As I go to the Orkneys next week, it can be

[1] The Poems of Ossian etc., containing the Poetical Works of James Macpherson, Esq., in Prose and Rhyme. With Notes and Illustrations by Malcolm Laing, Esq. In two large volumes 8vo. Beautifully printed by Ballantyne. £1, 10s. boards.

"This edition of the Poems ascribed to Ossian is illustrated by notes, in which every simile, and almost every poetical image is traced to its source, thus serving as a commentary to point out the real originals from which the poems have been derived. Other pieces, authenticated as the early productions of Macpherson, are annexed. Some of them are highly descriptive, and others sentimental; but their chief value consists in the evidence they afford that his first and most predominating ambition was to become a heroic poet. From this early bias, the fabrication of the poems ascribed to Ossian may be distinctly explained."

printed and corrected in London from the MS., which is accurately revised; but the Appendix, which forms almost a third of the work, containing papers in old French and Scotch, must be corrected here on my return from Orkney in October. The book will require two, if not three, curious engravings, one of which, a facsimile, is in Longmate's hands, and the rest I shall arrange with Mr. Constable before my departure.

"I shall leave with Mr. Constable the MS. of my Dissertation and the corrected copy of my History to be transmitted to you. Before I conclude, I must observe that from the liberal mode in which you have conducted this first transaction, I trust, and am convinced, it will not be the last of the same kind in which we are engaged. —I am, dear Sir, most sincerely yours,

"MALCOLM LAING."

Mr. Laing may be regarded as the most acute historical "detective" and exposer of literary imposture that his age produced; but he appears to have been actuated rather by a love of truth than of controversy for its own sake, and he does not fail to give praise to merit, even when he finds it unexpectedly deserved. As an instance, take the following:—"I was much and most agreeably disappointed in M'Crie's John Knox, from which I had expected, as usual, little more than was contained in the Review. On the contrary, I found it a work of great merit and research, and written with the true spirit of historical inquiry."

In the following letter to my father, the last from which

I shall quote, Mr. Laing takes credit for the discovery and exposure of a piece of book-making in connexion with a Statistical Report on the County of Orkney:—

"KIRKWALL, *Sept.* 4 [1814].

"MY DEAR SIR,—I enclose a mandate for the Statistical Pyramid of Inquiry, or rather for the summit of that Statistical Pyramid, which is to confer something more than Longevity on its illustrious author. Send me also the Agricultural Survey of Orkney, which I have not yet seen; and thereby hangs a tale.

"I undertook seven years ago (in June 1807), to Sir John Sinclair, to procure £50 from the county, for an addition to the contribution of the report on Agriculture for the work. Five years afterwards I refused a draft of Mr. Sheriff's to you for £20, till he informed me that it was drawn on account of the intended Report. I received copy of the Report at the end of the year, and I found that the manufacture of the addition had been transferred by Mr. Sheriff to Mr. Brown of Markle, who had never seen the county. Of course the Report itself was as incorrect and, I will say, as impudent a piece of book-making as I ever met with, containing one long and entire section (on Grass), taken and reprinted, word for word, from Brown's own treatise on Rural Affairs, and other entire paragraphs and sections from different others, with as little relation to this county as to Kent or Cornwall. I gave intimation of the *ruse* to Sir John Sinclair, and have absolutely refused to Sheriff to pay the remaining £30 till I see the work itself. It would be too hard

to deprive Sheriff, in the end, of the money, which, I believe, he needs; but I wish my sentiments upon the passing of such a piece of bookmaking upon the country to be distinctly understood.

"I had a letter from Longman deferring the settlement of Ossian to Mr. Rees's arrival in Edinburgh, which of course will be soon. I am now in better health than I have been for many years past, but I never can venture to quit this country.—With best wishes for your health and welfare, I remain, my dear Sir, very truly yours,

"MALCOLM LAING.

"You will admit that I have still some talent for detection, when I discovered Brown's Treatise on Rural Affairs foisted into our County Report.

"Send me a handsome octavo Bible for a present I must make, being no member of the Bible Society; also the last Review and Magazine, if not already sent to my brother.

"I observe there are two volumes of Appendix to the General Report, and one in 4to on Agricultural Implements,' all for four guineas. Pray send me the whole. The book is worth the money if half so good as the Husbandry of Scotland, which owes its great merit to not a syllable of it being Sir John's."

Mr. Laing also published a Life of James VI.[1] In his

[1] The Historie and Life of King James the Sext, written towards the latter part of the Sixteenth Century. Published from an original MS. By Malcolm Laing, Esq. 8vo. 10s. boards.

"The original MS. of the present volume is the one which Crawfurd

latter years he suffered much from ill-health, and retired altogether from society. He died in Orkney in 1818, deeply regretted by all who knew his worth.

the historiographer to Queen Anne employed in compiling his Memoirs of the Affairs of Scotland. Those Memoirs, which have been quoted as genuine by Hume and Robertson, are proved, by this piece of history, to be a tissue of fallacy and misrepresentation; and may hence be regarded as the earliest, if not the most impudent, literary forgery ever practised in Scotland."

CHAPTER VII.

Lord Woodhouselee—Patrick Fraser Tytler—William Tennant—
The Rev. Dr. George Cook.

ALL who have read Mr. Burgon's Memoir of Patrick Fraser Tytler must have been delighted with the charming scrap of biography that introduces it. Miss Fraser Tytler's family reminiscences make us regret that we did not live in the days and among the genial people she so well describes. Woodhouselee, with its loving inmates, and the friends whom their hospitality and other attractive qualities brought around them, must have been an earthly paradise. Eminent at once for refinement and intellectual culture, they were tenderly considerate of their humbler neighbours, and Miss Tytler tells us that when "on summer evenings we often walked out with my father, in whatever direction we first bent our steps, we almost always returned by the village, for there the cottagers' wives, with their children, would be seated on the green turf-seats before their doors, anxious to catch a few words from my father, who had always something kind for each as he passed along." It was this village, she adds, that induced Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton, on seeing "what might be done with a little care and encouragement," to write The Cottagers of Glenburnie.

Alexander Fraser Tytler, Lord Woodhouselee, the father of this happy family, was distinguished throughout life, not only for the industry and ability, but for the gaiety and playfulness of manner, which the Rev. Mr. Alison tells us characterized him as a youth, and which, retaining it through life, he seems to have left as a bright inheritance to his descendants. His correspondence with my father begins in 1801, when he had carefully read Sir John Graham Dalyell's Introduction to the Scottish Poems of the sixteenth century, and suggested "alterations and castrations" which he thought ought to be made on that production, calling forth thereby the indignant letter I have quoted at page 483 of our previous volume.

In 1812, until which time Mr. Creech had been his Lordship's publisher, he writes as follows to my father:—

"DEAR SIR,—Having just finished the printing of a very handsome edition (the third) of my Essay on the Principles of Translation, which I have greatly enlarged and improved by a variety of new illustrations, I send it to you before showing it to any other bookseller, because it would give me greater pleasure that it should appear under your auspices than any other person's whatever. I shall therefore be extremely glad if it should suit you to become the proprietor of the copyright, and I shall leave it to yourself to suggest what terms you think reasonable, with this assurance on my part, that I look for nothing more than what may just afford the gratifying reflection that my labour is not altogether with-

out its value. In this edition I have put my name to the dedication, because, as I was well known to be the author of the work, it would have had a look of affectation to present it again in an anonymous form.—I am, dear Sir, your obliged and faithful servant,

"ALEX. FRASER TYTLER."

On the 6th September in the same year, just four months before his death,[1] he writes from Woodhouselee the following characteristically kind letter, inviting my father's friendly offices for a young man whom he himself had never seen, and whose personal acquaintance he did not live to make. It is pleasant to know that this introduction bore good fruit, and that William Tennant, the subject of it, was worthy of the interest he excited.

LORD WOODHOUSELEE to MR. CONSTABLE.

"WOODHOUSELEE, *6th Sept.* 1812.

"DEAR SIR,—Your short visit along with our friend Professor Murray gave me great pleasure, and when I am a little stronger I shall hope for the greater satisfaction of your coming and passing a day with me. You have seen nothing of Woodhouselee, and I shall have much pleasure in showing it you. You would not readily suppose there was so much of the genuine features of rural nature within so short a distance of Auld Reekie.

"After you had left me, it struck me with some regret, that in talking over literary news I had omitted to mention to you a small poetical piece from which I have

[1] Lord Woodhouselee died on January 5, 1813.

derived more pleasure than from anything of a similar kind I have met with of a long time. This is a composition called Anster Fair, a poem in the mock-heroic style, which I truly think displays very uncommon talents in its author. There is a wild richness of imagination, a very rare union of the beautiful and the ludicrous, and a classical tincture over the whole, that render, in my opinion, this little work a most singular production, and almost an *unique* of its kind. It struck me so much that I wrote to the bookseller at Anstruther who publishes it, and I have learnt from him that the author is a young man of the name of Tennant, unknown and unfriended, dependent on a father in very moderate circumstances, lame from his cradle, and unable to move without the aid of crutches. My informer adds that he is a young man of extreme modesty, of great acquirements as a scholar, and of the most unblemished character in point of morals. All this creates a strong interest in his favour, and I own I feel it warmly, but how to befriend him effectually is the question. The first step assuredly is to make him known, and in that material point it occurred to me that there is no person who has so much the power and, I really believe, the disposition to be the friend of indigent literary merit as yourself. Put his poem into the hands of your friends, and talk of it a little among those who frequent your shop. Boldly assert it to be a work of genius. I am much mistaken if you hazard your character as a man of taste in doing so. This will give the piece some circulation and notoriety, and may lead to good consequences for the deserving author.—I

am, dear Sir, with esteem, yours very sincerely and faithfully, ALEX. FRASER TYTLER.

"*P.S.*—It was the specimens in the Scots Magazine that first attracted my attention to the poem of Anster Fair."

The pleasant intercourse begun with Lord Woodhouselee was continued with his son PATRICK FRASER TYTLER, the distinguished historian, who inherited not only the talent but the genial nature of his parent.

In January 1816, Mr. Tytler, who had been meditating a volume of poems, wrote as follows to my father:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—After taking a day to consider with myself about publishing the poetical trifles which I mentioned to you on the 1st of January, and which you were so good as to say you would look over, I own that when I think of the hurt which it might occasion to my prospects at the Bar (bare enough certainly at present, but I trust improvable) to be looked upon as a lover of literary or poetic leisure by the men of business, and when I consider that concealment would—from many of the poems having been already seen by some of my friends—be almost impossible, I have been so startled as to renounce for the present all ideas of making them public. I may add that should at any future period this determination be changed either in regard to the above trifles or to any other literary production, it would be my first and anxious wish to offer them to Mr. Constable.—Believe me, dear Sir, your most obliged and obedient servant,

"PATRICK FRASER TYTLER."

On the 9th April 1825 Mr. Ballantyne gave my father an estimate of the expense of printing Mr. Tytler's Historical and Critical Introduction to an Inquiry into the Revival of Greek Literature in Italy after the Dark Ages, an extension of a Paper read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh, but I cannot find that it was ever published, except in their Transactions.

On September 29, 1825, Mr. Tytler writes:—"I am just finishing a popular Life of Wickliff—by popular I mean *not a learned* work, full of notes, but one more fitted for this age of frivolous and light reading. When it is done I must have your advice about it." This work was published after my father's failure by William Whyte and Co.

WILLIAM TENNANT, the gifted author of Anster Fair, was even more distinguished as a linguist than as a poet, —worthy indeed in that capacity to be classed with John Leyden and Alexander Murray. His intercourse with my father was affectionate and uninterrupted from the time of their introduction in 1812.

Mr. Tennant was naturally much affected on hearing of the death of his earliest patron, Lord Woodhouselee, and expressed his regret in the following interesting letter:—

MR. TENNANT to MR. CONSTABLE.

"ANSTRUTHER, 16*th February* 1813.

"DEAR SIR,—I have now begun to reprove myself for my silence towards you, though I confess that when

hitherto I thought of writing, I was prevented by a diffidence and timidity which to you need no explanation. I cannot say how much I was affected by the news of the death of that honourable man who deigned to correspond with me, and to take an interest in my welfare. The feeling excited within me was not that of disappointment to any selfish hopes I had formed from his patronage—no, that consideration was too cold and illiberal to be once conceived by me. It was an emotion of that genuine sorrow which is excited by the loss of a friend. For though I had never seen his Lordship, though he was separated from me by a dissimilarity of age and condition, yet I sometimes (perhaps too proudly) thought that we possessed a congeniality of mind and humour that brooks no opposition from a difference of age or station in society, but, surmounting such accidental obstacles, is content only with the nearer approaches and intimacies of friendship. Perhaps I am to be blamed for such rashness of expectation, but shall I be excused when I say it was involuntary, that it sprang from the warmth of my mind, and, from its very presumption, gave greater keenness to the sorrow for his loss?

"I still remain at Anstruther, doubtful what to betake myself to. I have little literary society here, and for want of a lettered friend or two am obliged to let my impatient fretful spirit gnaw upon itself. I sometimes think of going into a family as tutor, as the situation may be comfortable, and the duties of it will be easy. In such case I should prefer to be in Edinburgh or its neighbourhood. Should you therefore know of any re-

spectable family where you think I may be useful and comfortable, I will thank you to inform me.

"I do not know how Anster Fair is coming on with you. I never hear a word about it, and am beginning to be careless of its success. It is perhaps too extravagant a production to take well with the public.—I am, dear Sir, yours very truly, WM. TENNANT."

In 1813 Mr. Tennant was appointed teacher in the parish of Denino, near St. Andrews, whence in 1816 he writes, with reference to his candidature for the office of House-Governor in Heriot's Hospital,—"I hope you will bestir yourself to accomplish my transplantation to Edinburgh, a soil in which learned and literary industry are much more likely to thrive than in the barren, bleak, inhospitable climate of the Kingsmuir." The application was unsuccessful, but shortly afterwards he was removed to Lasswade, and thence in 1819 to the Academic Institution of Dollar. In 1835 he at length obtained the object of his life's ambition, in being elected to the Chair of Oriental Languages in St. Mary's College, St. Andrews, which he occupied until his death in 1848.

Besides later editions of his first and greatest work, Constable and Co. published for Mr. Tennant The Thane of Fife in 1822, and in the following year the tragedy of Cardinal Beaton, neither of which attracted equal attention.

The Rev. Dr. GEORGE COOK, the historian of the Reformation and of the Church of Scotland, was, like William Tennant, a man of Fife, and a valued correspondent of my

father. He had been a successful student in the University of St. Andrews, his native place, and at the early age of twenty-two years he was appointed parish minister of Laurencekirk in Kincardineshire, where he remained until he was called, in 1827, to fill the Chair of Moral Philosophy in his Alma Mater, when vacant by the removal of Dr. Chalmers to that of Divinity in Edinburgh.

In 1803 Dr. Cook addressed my father with reference to his earliest published work, entitled Illustrations of the General Evidence establishing Christ's Resurrection, of which my father declined to take the risk. The book did not appear till 1808, when it was published by Messrs. Longman, and I am not aware whether my father's firm had any commercial interest in the undertaking; but all the later writings of Dr. Cook, with the exception of his General and Historical View of Christianity, which was published in 1822 by Messrs. Bell and Bradfute, appeared under my father's auspices, whose bibliographic intelligence and literary resources were found of important service in the researches necessary in writing his valuable Histories of the Reformation and of the Church of Scotland from the Reformation to the Revolution. On the publication of the former, early in 1811, Dr. Cook writes from Laurencekirk on the 30th March:—"I cannot deny myself the pleasure of expressing how highly I am satisfied with all the arrangements you have made with regard to my History. It appears with every advantage, and will be extensively circulated if the public shall think it worthy of being so. I am glad you think the Index a tolerable one. The work was

quite new to me, but I endeavoured to do it as well as possible. I return you my best thanks for your so liberally giving me four of the *fine* copies, which I could not have expected."

Dr. Cook was known to take an intelligent interest in agricultural matters, as indeed he did in all subjects that in any degree attracted his attention, and Mr. Brown, the editor of the Farmer's Magazine, who had been much struck by the literary ability displayed in the History of the Reformation, requested that he might occasionally write a paper for the periodical which at that period Mr. Brown conducted. I am not aware whether the request was actually complied with, but it was gratefully received and is modestly referred to by Dr. Cook in the following extract from a letter to my father, in which he acknowledges the flattering estimate of his History expressed by Mr. Brown:—

"A good many years ago I devoted some part of my time to agriculture, and to the study of those general and enlarged principles connected with it with which Mr. Brown is so familiar, and by the admirable application of which he has rendered so essential a service to his country. I recollect of having written a pretty long paper, with the design of transmitting it for publication in the Farmer's Magazine, but although I have had the hardihood to seek the notice of the public as an author, I did not send it, from a conviction that my subject would be better discussed by some other of the intelligent correspondents of that work. My attention has of late been devoted to studies connected with my History, studies

which I am still disposed to prosecute; but if I should at any future time return to agricultural speculations, I shall avail myself of Mr. Brown's polite invitation."

In the same letter Dr. Cook alludes to a projected continuation of his History. This work was one of much labour and research, and, with occasional digressions into kindred subjects, occupied the author's leisure from parochial duties until 1815, when it appeared in three octavo volumes, and was favourably received. Some years later a second and corrected edition was published of the History of the Reformation, and a Speech respecting Residence and Pluralities, delivered by Dr. Cook before the General Assembly.

In a letter of January 24, 1817, on the subject of these publications, he thus alludes to my father's helpful aid in literary labour:—"I cannot omit this opportunity of again expressing how grateful I am for the support you have uniformly given to me, and without which I could not have brought any of my Histories before the public."

The Life of Principal Hill appeared in 1820, and in writing to my father on the 25th August regarding that work, Dr. Cook refers as follows to another, apparently already written, but which did not appear until 1822:—"I regretted very much that you were unwilling to undertake the publication of my General and Historical View of Christianity, which—with the natural partiality of an author—I think contains matter of much interest, and appears to me to be a *desideratum* in our literature. Hill's people said they would willingly publish it, but I was not quite clear about giving it solely to them, and so closing

my life as an author under any other auspices than those to which I have been so much indebted."

The latest letter from Dr. Cook in my possession refers to a proposed contribution to Constable's Miscellany. The work projected, whatever it was, does not appear to have been written. Dr. Cook survived till May 13th, 1845, when his laborious and eminently conscientious life was ended by the rupture of a blood-vessel while walking from his house at St. Andrews to his beloved College Library.

CHAPTER VIII.

Lord Jeffrey—Lord Murray—Lord Brougham—Francis Horner.

THE relations between Mr. Jeffrey and my father, as editor and publisher of the Edinburgh Review, were so close, and their intercourse so uninterrupted, that I had expected to find many valuable records in their correspondence; all more important matters, however, appear to have been settled by personal communication, and there is little interest in the private letters in my possession. Before sailing for America, on 29th August 1813, on his matrimonial expedition, Mr. Jeffrey writes as follows with reference to the conducting of the Review, —a matter of the deepest interest to both :—

"I have had many anxious thoughts about the Review since the possibility of this measure occurred to me, and I have neglected nothing that I could think of to put it on as safe and prosperous a footing as possible during my absence. Sir James Mackintosh, with whom I have corresponded largely on the subject, is inclined, I think, to be very zealous; and if it were not for certain jealousies, and the risk of imprudence in other quarters, I should leave it without apprehension in his hands. As it is, I shall do what I can, though something must be trusted to

the prudence of those who remain at the helm. . . . You will consult chiefly with Mr. Thomson in any emergency that may occur. I have the most perfect confidence both in his judgment and in his friendship for me, and I believe you are sufficiently acquainted with the liberality of his character to make this reference more agreeable to you than any other I could have suggested. . . . I hope to find you less hurried and anxious and fat, and still more rich and famous on my return. If I have good luck I shall be back early in December."

Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey did not reach England till the 10th February in the following year, and their arrival was announced as follows by Mr. Morehead:—"This moment a letter from Mr. Jeffrey from *Liverpool*, and I suppose we shall see him in a few days. You should go to church to-morrow to return thanks." Whether this injunction was obeyed I know not, but of my father's gratitude I have no doubt.

In the following month of August an arrangement was concluded by which Mr. Jeffrey became my father's successor in the charming residence of Craigcrook, whose beauty and attractions were thenceforth every year increased by the exquisite taste and ever-mellowing character of its inmates. I quote the following extract from a letter to my father, 25th August 1814, to show the unfailing consideration and the liberal kindness that were Mr. Jeffrey's eminent characteristics:—"I could have no use for the place before next Whitsunday, except perhaps to begin the repairs, and I suppose I could pay the money at that time; but if the accommodation of my name

would be of any use to you for as much more, I should not hesitate to grant it. Indeed, that or any moderate accommodation in money I shall be very ready to grant for old acquaintance' sake, whether we make a bargain at present or not—I mean when it is at all in my power, and there is any exigency in your affairs that requires it. I only say this that you may not have any difficulty in applying to me."

A few other instances of Mr. Jeffrey's liberality I cannot refrain from adding. The payment for an article in the Review had been through negligence delayed:—"Here, by God's grace, is Mr. L.'s honorarium. Pray let it be sent off instantly to him at Longman's and Co., and desire them to pay him or offer him ten guineas for the delay and disappointment. I *mulct* myself in this fine, and you have nothing to do with it but to enter it to my debit in your account. I deserve this for my negligence, and besides it is right that the Review and its management should not be liable to the imputation of shabbiness, even from the shabby."

My father had been anxious to secure, and succeeded in securing, funds for completing the education of the son and only surviving child of Dr. Alexander Murray, mentioned at page 336 of our previous volume. To an appeal for help he received from Mr. Jeffrey the following reply:—"I shall willingly join in any good work with such coadjutors as you and Sir Walter. I have more of those things, however, upon my hands than you are probably aware of, and in general I do not like to engage for *future* gratuities. However, I will give £6 for the time you

mention, and more if you think it necessary. Certainly the son of a man like Murray should not be left without a liberal education."

As a model in style and spirit for editors at the present day, I cannot resist quoting here two letters from Mr. Jeffrey to Mr. Hazlitt, the first chiefly in answer to a request for advice, and the other with reference to an action at law which Mr. Hazlitt proposed to raise against the proprietor of Blackwood's Magazine. They are eminently descriptive of the generous yet wise and honest nature of the writer.[1]

MR. JEFFREY to MR. HAZLITT.

"EDINBURGH, 3*d May* 1818.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am sorry you ascribe so much importance to the omission of your little paper on Dr. Reid's book. I did certainly intend to have inserted it, but the monstrous length of some other articles, and your unavoidable absence from home when the No. was finally filled up, prevented me. I think I shall give it a place in the next, though there is not much interest in the subject.

"I feel that I am extremely to blame for not answer-

[1] William Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt, for whom, in 1818, Constable and Company published The Round Table, a Collection of Essays on Literature, Men, and Manners, were occasional writers in the Edinburgh Review, and contributors to other periodical publications of the house. They were men of great talent and of strong political sentiments, which they were not careful to conceal,—Mr. Hunt, indeed, as he expresses it in a letter to my father, having suffered imprisonment "for not thinking the Prince Regent slender and laudable," and they were both persons whom certain writers in Blackwood's Magazine specially delighted to dishonour.

ing a former letter of yours on a subject more personal to yourself, and assuredly I do not feel it the less for your delicacy in saying nothing about it in your last; but I can safely say that it was not owing to indifference or unwillingness to give you all the information I had, but to a feeling of great uncertainty as to the justness of any information I had, and the hazard of great error in any advice I might found on it. This made me hesitate, and resolve to reflect and inquire before I made any answer, and then came in the usual vice of procrastination and the usual excuse of other more urgent avocations, till at last it was half forgotten, and half driven willingly from my conscience when it recurred.

"Perhaps you care nothing about the subject any longer, or have received information to decide you from quarters of higher authority, but I still think myself bound to answer your questions as they were put, and therefore I say that in general I think Edinburgh the very worst place in the world for such experiments as you seemed to meditate, both from the extreme dissipation of the fashionable part of its population, and from a sort of conceit and fastidiousness in all the middling classes, which, originating at least as much in a coldness of nature as in any extraordinary degree of intelligence, makes them very ready to find fault and decry.

"Most Lectures have accordingly failed entirely in this place, and the only exhibitions of the sort which have taken have been such as pretended to reveal some wonderful secret, like Feinagle, or to give a great deal of information in a short and popular way, like some teachers of

Astronomy and Chemistry, though their success has been always very moderate.

"Estimating the merit of your Lectures as highly as I am sincerely inclined to do, I could by no means insure you against a total failure; but I think it much more likely that you might find about forty or fifty auditors — not of the first rank or condition—and be abused as a Jacobin and a raving blockhead by a great many more, if you seemed in any danger of—[*MS. torn here.*] We are quite provincial enough for that, I assure you, notwithstanding the allowance of liberality and sense that is to be found among us. If this prospect tempts you, pray come. I shall willingly do all I can for you, but I fear it will not be very much.

"In the meantime I am concerned to find your health is not so good as it should be, and that you could take more care of it if your finances were in better order. We cannot let a man of genius suffer in this way, and I hope you are in no serious danger. I take the liberty of enclosing £100, a great part of which I shall owe you in a few weeks, and the rest you shall pay me back in reviews whenever you can do so without putting yourself to any uneasiness. If you really want another £100 tell me so plainly, and it shall be heartily at your service. —Believe me always, with the greatest regard, your obliged and faithful servant, F. JEFFREY."

The legal action referred to is the subject of the letter which follows; but it was abandoned, the offence having been made the subject of a compromise.

"EDINBURGH, 20*th September* 1818.

"DEAR SIR,—I have just received your letter, and shall willingly hold myself retained as your counsel. It is quite impossible, however, that I should either employ or recommend a solicitor for you. It is against all professional etiquette, and would besides imply a responsibility and a personal concern in the suit, which it would be absurd for me to assume. I know you to be a man of genius, and I have no reason to doubt that you are a man of integrity and honour, and most certainly my good opinion of you is in no degree affected by the scurrilities of Mr. Blackwood's publication, but you are aware that I have no personal acquaintance with you, and that beyond what I have now stated, I have no power to testify to your character.

"I have scarcely read the libel to which you allude. From what you say I can scarcely doubt that it is actionable, and by our law the truth of the imputations would not absolutely justify their publication. At the same time, the question of truth or falsehood will be allowed to be gone into, as affecting the amount of damage, and the jury may give one farthing.

"It is proper that you should be aware that by bringing such an action you put your character in issue—at least as to all the matters alluded to in the libel, and therefore it will be of the utmost consequence to prove the statements to be false. Unquestionably it is *quite false* that you have been expelled from the E. R., though, as it is against our principle to proclaim or acknowledge any name among our contributors, I cannot give you a formal warrant for saying so.

"If I can find room for Reid I shall insert him, and if you have anything brilliant or striking to say on any other subject, I shall be very thankful for it. I am told you are profound on the Fine Arts; if you could get up a dashing article on that topic I should be glad of it.

"I shall always be glad to hear from you, and to do you any service in my power.—Ever very truly yours,

"F. JEFFREY."

In the correspondence of my father's firm many important letters from Mr. Jeffrey would probably be found; but I have given in these few pages all in my possession that I think would interest my readers.

The following sketch by my brother David was written a few days after Lord Jeffrey's death, and had been called forth by the inadequacy of a notice in one of our local journals:—

"This notice strikes me as scarcely equal to the occasion. It might easily have been more encomiastic and not a whit the less truthful as a picture or sketch of the individual. With what a different tact, and with how much more of heart-kindliness and delicacy of touch would the subject of it have put on record the leading characteristics of the man, had he been called to discharge the same duty to some departed contemporary of kindred ability and undoubted worth!

"Lord Jeffrey was no ordinary personage. His standing was high both as a public man and in the qualities which grace the more private intercourse of social life. There seemed to be a measure of his own sprightly and

vivacious temperament communicated to those highly polished and intellectual *réunions* where he delighted to relax himself sometimes, as well as among the fashionable and the gay. Wonderful was the ease with which he could mix business and pleasure. Without neglecting the serious realities of life and diligent attention to professional duty in the Parliament House during a long summer's day, he could find time in the afternoon to attend consultations and receive consulting clients, write law-pleadings, dine out, attend his evening parties, flutter with the lively and the gay, pay homage to beauty, till the night was far spent, and then return home to write an article for the Review, until the morning light found him still awake and working in his study.

"Together with undoubted professional eminence as a lawyer and pleader at the bar, he held a first rank in the literature of a period which was peculiarly fertile in men of genius and high talent. His intellectual features were of a pleasing kind—like the playful smile unmixed with bitterness which was the ordinary expression of his countenance—and animated that conversation which was the element in which he evidently delighted. But he was endowed with powers of a far higher order; his sound and discriminating judgment made him a lover of good men wherever he found them—whatever was generous and disinterested he could duly appreciate. He was a sincere hater of whatsoever was base, time-serving, or ignoble, but while he possessed powers of withering and contemptuous reprobation and reproof where it was due, these powers were always tempered by an amiable humanity,

and he could make full allowance for the ignorance and frailty and corruption of poor human nature. Though his love for his fellow-men sprang less, perhaps, from a divine principle than from the ideal or notional and airy region of the τὸ καλὸν, which seems to have been the floating isle, the Hesperian groundwork and criterion that regulated much of his philosophical as well as critical opinion, he may be commended as a man in whom the elements were so kindly blended and commingled, that take him for all in all, we shall find few survivors to equal, and still fewer to surpass him.

"As a lawyer—highly accomplished, though others were more profound—he well knew gracefully and judiciously how to wield an argument, and to make the best of it for the interest of his client. As a Judge, his decision in the case of the poor barber's apprentice at Dundee—were there none other to appeal to—proves that he knew how to apply a great principle *in radicibus*, we might almost say *in apicibus juris*, for the public good and for the protection of the humblest subject in the realm. His well-regulated but earnest zeal in the cause of constitutional liberty led him rather to favour the just claims of lawful authority, while he was nevertheless wisely jealous of the encroachments of power. When the occasion demanded, he was ever firm and resolute in defence of all lawful privilege, civil or religious, and ever ready to vindicate public or private rights on behalf of his fellow-subjects, when they appeared to be violated or tampered with by the political tools or underlings of a party in the State."

With JOHN ARCHIBALD MURRAY, afterwards the Hon. Lord Murray, another of the early promoters of the Edinburgh Review, my father continued on terms of friendly intercourse through life, but they were both resident in Edinburgh, and there is no written record of their correspondence in my possession that could interest the public. The letters of HENRY, LORD BROUGHAM, though in the early part of the century sufficiently numerous, are almost all on matters of merely commercial interest. That he was nervously sensitive with regard to his recognition as a writer in the Scotch Review will be seen from the following letter of Mr. J. G. Cochrane, who at the time of writing was agent in London for that Journal:—

"HILL STREET, 14*th April.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—The facts attending the circumstance which appears to have given Mr. Brougham so much trouble and uneasiness are shortly these:—

"In the month of November 1813 a foreign gentleman (a Russian, by name Biernowski) bought of us a set of the Edinburgh Review. He called a few days after to make some inquiries about English books, and took occasion to inquire of me the address of Mr. Brougham, of whom, by some means or other, he had heard as one of the writers in the Edinburgh Review. Knowing by experience the blunders which foreigners are apt to make, I endeavoured to ascertain his object in making the inquiry, and made it out (as much as his very imperfect English and not much better French would allow me) to be to consult him on a selection of the best English authors. I endeavoured to set him right in the idea he

had taken up, by representing to him that Mr. B. was the last man in the world to apply to for such a purpose—that he was not an author by profession—that he was a gentleman of high professional rank, etc. etc., and that he could not make an application to him with propriety, to consult him on any literary subject, without the etiquette of a regular and formal introduction by some common friend. He appeared perfectly to understand what I said, but stated in addition that he had travelled a great deal himself, and that he wished to make a communication to Mr. B. on the subject of Russia. (So I think he said, as far as my recollection now enables me to speak.) Upon this, I did not think myself at liberty to refuse a common act of civility, and gave him Mr. B.'s address. I heard nothing more of the circumstance, and had almost forgot it, when your Mr. Imray called on me a few days before he left London, and informed me that Mr. B. was in very high dudgeon about our having sent a foreigner to him as the editor of the Edinburgh Review. To prevent misunderstanding I immediately waited upon him to explain what I have here told you; before he would allow me to speak he entered into a long tirade about the presumption of sending such a person to him—a liberty which he would not allow Mr. Jeffrey himself to take—about the gossiping in booksellers' shops, which, although very proper generally speaking, was not, in the case of the Edinburgh Review, to be at all tolerated, and a great deal more irrelevant matter which it is needless to repeat to you. When he had done, I told him shortly how the circumstance arose, and imagine that he must have been satisfied

with the explanation I gave him on that head, but he immediately reverted back to a circumstance which he said happened shortly after the Review first came to us, viz., that one evening he had sent his servant for a book, and that one of my shopmen bawled out from the farther corner, 'Was it to be charged to Mr. B.'s private account or to the Edinburgh Review?' To this I could really answer nothing, not knowing whether it did or did not happen, and if it did, not thinking it of any consequence.

"You may rest satisfied that whatever gossiping there has been in our shop has been of harmless tendency, and that whenever we have been applied to (as we sometimes have) for information who has written such and such an article, the answer has been uniformly 'We know not.' All the world knows (at least the world gives him credit for it) that Mr. B. does write in the Edinburgh Review, and we certainly have not been authorized to say that he does not. Why he should be so anxious to conceal what, in the general opinion, does him so much honour, appears to me one of those caprices which great minds are occasionally subject to, but for which little minds find it difficult to account, among which, I am afraid, must be ranked that of, my dear sir, yours very truly, J. COCHRANE."

With all the principal contributors to the Edinburgh Review my father was more or less acquainted; with many of them he lived on terms of intimate friendship. He had for none a more reverent attachment than for the uni-

versally beloved and lamented FRANCIS HORNER, whose brilliant career closed at the early age of thirty-eight, after he had been already ten years in Parliament. On the envelope of his latest letter to my father, dated October 6, 1816, I find the following inscription:—"This is the last letter I received from Mr. Horner. He was then on his way to Italy, and, alas! never returned. He was a most amiable man, and in the high rank to which he rose did not forget those with whom he had been acquainted in early life. Edinburgh is honoured by being the place of his birth,—a circumstance which few of its inhabitants appreciate. This short tribute, though not needed, is sincere." The letter itself was as follows:—

"MORPETH, *Oct.* 6, 1816.

"MY DEAR SIR,—It was with much regret that I found myself unable, while I was in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, to pay you a visit. I have to return you my best thanks for the sheets of the Review which you sent me, as well as for the contents of your very obliging letter to my father. I hope to be able to avail myself of your kind offer, by making some arrangement, as soon as I have settled my destination abroad, by which books may be forwarded to me. Mr. (J. A.) Murray tells me you would have sent me Mr. Scott's History of the Campaign of 1814; I should like much to read it, if you have any early opportunity of sending it to London after me. I shall not stop there many days.

"On paying a visit not long ago at Exeter to the new public library, I was much pleased to find upon their

shelves your very munificent donation to that institution.[1] It was a gratifying proof of the liberal intercourse that unites the most distant parts of the country.—Yours, my dear Sir, with great sincerity and regard,

"FRA. HORNER."

The tributes to Francis Horner's memory, quoted by his brother, the late amiable and accomplished Mr. Leonard Horner, in the Memoir which he appropriately dedicated to their common friend Lord Murray, attest the high esteem in which he was held by men of all shades of political opinion, and the following characteristic paragraph from a letter of Sydney Smith seems at once to attest and account for the unanimous award:—

"There was something very remarkable in his countenance—the Commandments were written on his face, and I have often told him there was not a crime he might not commit with impunity, as no judge or jury who saw him would give the smallest degree of credit to any evidence against him. There was in his look a calm settled love of all that was honourable and good—an air of wisdom and of sweetness; you saw at once that he was a great man, whom nature had intended for a leader of human beings; you ranged yourself willingly under his banners, and cheerfully submitted to his sway."

[1] My father, through his friend Dr. Patrick Miller of that city, had presented to the Exeter Institution the latest edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, and I find that the letter from that gentleman in acknowledgment of the gift was *franked* by Mr. Horner on 10th August 1816.

CHAPTER IX.

James Grahame—Hector Macneill—George Dyer—Alexander Campbell—Bernard Barton.

THE Rev. JAMES GRAHAME, the amiable and sensitive author of The Sabbath, had attained his fortieth year before the publication of that work,—which secured his reputation as a poet, and at length gave him courage to avow his title to that reputation. While still at Glasgow University he had printed privately, and given to his friends, some of his smaller poems, but the drama "Mary Queen of Scotland" appeared anonymously in 1801, and I have found in his correspondence with my father interesting reference to another work printed, and *entered at Stationers' Hall* in 1799, though never published.

"Wallace, a Tragedy in five Acts," a copy of which now lies before me, has passages of considerable interest, but it does not appear to me that either the literary world or the author's reputation has suffered injury by its having been strangled at the birth. Mr. Grahame's letters of the period are, however, so biographic that I shall give a few extracts from them. The following, to my father, dated "Saturday morning," is unsigned :—

"DEAR SIR,—You will receive herewith the Play which I spoke of last night. I send also the last half of the

Preface, the first part of which does not quite please me. Whether the Play will do better with or without a Preface will be matter for after consideration.

"I have not a bit of india-rubber by me to rub out the scores of approbation on the margin. They are from the pencil of a too indulgent critic. You will not mind them. The Appendix, which will consist chiefly of extracts from Fordun, Major, Buchanan, Blind Harry, and Hume, will perhaps extend to ten or fifteen pages.

"Will you breakfast with me on Monday at half-past nine, that we may concert measures in case we think it advisable to proceed?—Yours, etc."

"To proceed" must have been deemed "advisable," so far at least as the *printing* of the work was concerned, for on the 26th August 1799 the author wrote as follows to his printer:—

MR. GRAHAME to MR. WILLISON.

"DEAR SIR,—I sent the last proof-sheets directly to you. I now send the remainder. I am sorry that you should have thought any apology necessary for the suggestions which you make. You will see that I have not been inattentive to them.

"I rather incline not to add any notes. I have not now at hand the books from which I intended to make the quotations. The material facts are known to every one who is acquainted with Scotch history.

"Now that I am come to the point of publication, I again hesitate. I should like to be more assured than I

at this moment feel myself, that the performance will please the public as much as it has pleased the individuals who have perused it. I beg it may not be advertised till I finally resolve. I presume you will immediately send a few copies to Mr. Constable in London.—I am, dear Sir, with many thanks for the very neat and accurate manner in which you have executed the work, and for the very great pains which you have taken in the revisal of it, your most obedient servant, J. G.

"I should be happy to have a line from you mentioning what is done, or what you think ought to be done."

On September 2d he writes again, to my father, then in London:—

"DEAR SIR,—I am again shrinking. A deliberate perusal of the printed copy has opened my eyes to many faults, particularly in the conduct of the piece. Some of the scenes are not neatly connected together. These defects I could easily remedy, but it is now too late. I have enjoined Mr. W. not to advertise till I finally order it. Perhaps you have received a few copies. If anybody has seen them, let me know what is said. I beg you would immediately write to me what you think.—I am, in great haste, yours truly, J. G.

"Address to me at Gilsland, by Carlisle."

Again from Glasgow on October 11th:—

"DEAR SIR,—I wrote to you the day before I received your last letter, and if I recollect right I requested you to let me know what steps had been taken in London for

keeping the publication completely in our power. I do not think that I shall come to a final resolution on this subject till I return to town. In the meantime, though I rather believe that I shall publish, I wish to have an option either to do so or not. I shall probably, too, make one or two alterations and add a few notes. I wish much to hear from you.

"The apology in your last letter was most unnecessary, and indeed was shown to be so by the letter itself, and by every one which preceded it.—I am, dear Sir, yours sincerely, J. G."

Nine of the copies that had been forwarded to London had meanwhile been deposited in Stationers' Hall, and to the infinite annoyance of the hesitating author, 'Wallace' had been advertised by Messrs. Vernor and Hood for immediate publication. "I entreat that you will write to Vernor and Hood to strike Wallace out of their future advertisements, and I wish every other possible step to be immediately taken for recalling what has been done."

By express desire of the author impartial criticism had been invited; the opinion of a certain Mr. Wood had manifestly been unfavourable, and although not accepted as just by Mr. Grahame, may very likely have led to the withdrawal of the publication. Be that as it may, the nine copies sent to Stationers' Hall found their way to the privileged libraries, and my curiosity having been aroused by the correspondence just quoted, I have discovered and read that which belongs to the Faculty of Advocates. The following letter shows that Mr. Grahame

was not devoid of parental affection for the child he had felt it prudent to disown :—

"DEAR SIR,—I was this morning favoured with Mr. Willison's note accompanying Wallace. Mr. Wood's slashing critiques leave it a mere *caput mortuum*. The quantity struck out was nothing. The judgment which he has displayed in *selecting* reconciled me entirely to the *extent* in which he has exercised his judicial powers. In my humble opinion he has struck out some of the passages which had a chance of rescuing the whole performance from condemnation. His mode of passing sentence in the form of lead-pencilled brackets I do not comprehend. I wish he had allowed some of his remarks or reasons to remain. You may easily perceive that I am irritated by his wholesale reprobation. I am open to conviction—I am not self-confident—but I am not to be intimidated by a solemn formal face, and a character for correctness of acting. Let any man read coolly the play, and consider what Mr. Wood has condemned compared with what he has left uncensured, and I am sure the critical powers of that gentleman will not be esteemed of the highest order. He may, however, be a judge of stage effect.

"You expected to be present at the Trial. I presume you were not. Will you let me know what has been done in the way of retracting? I wish much to hear from you.

"Present my best compliments to Mr. Willison, and thanks for the trouble which he has taken.—Yours most truly, J. G."

"The Sabbath," in spite of the faint praise of Mr. Jeffrey in the tenth number of the Edinburgh Review, passed through three editions during the first year of its existence, and established the fame of its author, who lived to win loving commendation from the same incisive but not ungenerous pen.[1] In 1810, little more than a year before his death, Mr. Grahame invited my father to offer for the copyright of his poems, and proposed to pay him a friendly visit at Craigcrook. Whatever may have been the reply to the invitation, the offered visit would, I am assured, be with pleasure accepted, for the author of The Sabbath was beloved by all who knew him, and the following lines from the monody by John Wilson on his death are equally descriptive of the poem and the man :—

"Methinks I see a fair and lovely child,
Sitting composed upon his mother's knee,
And reading with a low and lisping voice
Some passage from The Sabbath, while the tears
Stand in his little eyes so softly blue;
Till, quite o'ercome with pity, his white arms
He twines around her neck, and hides his sighs
Most infantine, within her gladdened breast,—
Like a sweet lamb, half sportive half afraid,
Nestling one moment 'neath its bleating dam.
And now the happy mother kisses oft
The tender-hearted child, lays down the book,
And asks him if he doth remember still
The stranger who once gave him, long ago,
A parting kiss, and blest his laughing eyes!—
His sobs speak fond remembrance, and he weeps
To think so kind and good a man should die."

[1] Mr. Jeffrey did ample justice to the genius of Mr. Grahame in his notice of The British Georgics, in No. 31 of the same Review.

HECTOR MACNEILL.—The fame of this once popular Scottish poet must be allowed to rest upon "The History of Will and Jean: Owre True a Tale," "My boy Tammie," and a few other lyrics of considerable beauty. The sale of 10,000 copies of the larger poem within five months attests its popularity, and it is not unnatural that the author's estimate of his own powers should have been elevated by so great success, though it is rather too much to find him quietly accepting and printing, as a sort of Preface to a collected edition of his works, a tribute from a contemporary poet, who consoles himself and the public for the loss of Robert Burns by the possession of Hector Macneill, whom he declares himself "Happy to see [thee] fill the place o' him awa." Porson said of some one that his works would be read when Homer and Virgil are forgotten,—*and not till then.* So may the fame of Macneill attain a resurrection when that of Burns has passed away.

The moral of "Will and Jean" was admirable, and in favour of temperance at a time when such advice was at a discount; but it is rather curious and somewhat inconsistent to find the author in the next poem of the series declaring

> "I am resolved, be't right or sinfu',
> To hae at least—a decent skinfu'"

of a large bottle of Jamaica rum, which accompanies a rhyming letter to his friend "Canty Chairlie."[1]

"The Pastoral or Lyric Muse of Scotland," published also

[1] The Poetical Works of Hector Macneill, Esq. 3d edition. Corrected and enlarged. 2 vols. 12mo. 1812.

by my father (in 1809), attracted comparatively little attention, and was not included in the collected edition of Mr. Macneill's works. In a letter dated 18th May 1811 he intimates that he is engaged in writing a series of "stories or histories illustrative of the effects of improper instruction to youth," which he intends to be an improvement on Miss Edgeworth. His "Scotish Adventures, or the Way to Rise," published in the following year, were perhaps the first and only fruits of this project. More than the half of his long life was spent in Jamaica as a slave-driver, and he is said to have been a zealous advocate of the system of slavery. Mr. Macneill died in poverty, at the age of seventy-two years.

With GEORGE DYER, author of "Poetics, a Satirico-didactic Poem," and many other works in prose and verse, which were read in their day, my father had much correspondence, and close relations. Mr. Dyer died in 1841, at the advanced age of eighty-six years. He had graduated at Emanuel College, Cambridge, and he assisted Mr. Valpy in preparing for the press his 8vo edition of the Latin Classics. Mr. Dyer's History of the University and Colleges of Cambridge was much esteemed, and Charles Lamb says of him as a cicerone, "Dyer is delightful everywhere, but he is best in such places as these. When he goes about with you to show you the Halls and Colleges you think you have got with you the Interpreter of the House Beautiful."

ALEXANDER CAMPBELL might justly have designated himself in the Edinburgh Directory of his day—like the

ingenious and lamented John Howell at a later period—as a *polyartist*, for he was at once a votary of music, painting, and poetry; he practised medicine, travelled, and wrote an account of his travels, bought agricultural experience dearly as a Highland farmer, at his own expense and that of others, and ended his life in May 1824 at the age of sixty-one, as poor as he had been at its beginning. He had, however, made kind and valuable friends upon his passage,—none more so than Sir Walter Scott, who wrote a characteristically warm obituary notice of him in the Edinburgh Weekly Journal.

Mr. Campbell's chief works were—a History of Scotish Poetry, a Tour through Scotland, and The Grampians Desolate: a Poem. We may infer that none of these had been eminently successful, for in 1807 he thus exhorts my father—"Exert your talents and influence in dashing off my unfriended bantling, The Grampians Desolate, and the few remaining copies of that *daft book*, as you call my History of Poetry." A letter to my father, written in 1823, a year before his death, concludes as follows—"I cannot refrain from acknowledging substantial benefits: as Shakespeare says in As You Like It—

> 'Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
> Thou art not so unkind
> As man's ingratitude;
> Thy breath is not so rude,
> Thy tooth is not so keen
> As benefits forgot;'

and when I forget your kindness, may my right hand forget its cunning, and you forget your old acquaintance, Alexander Campbell."

In the charming little Memoir prefixed to an edition of the Poems and Letters of BERNARD BARTON,[1] we are told that his bias towards literature, and his distaste for the routine of business, were so strong, that he had at one time thought of "trusting to his pen for subsistence;" but like his father, who records of himself that he "always perused a Locke, an Addison, or a Pope with delight, and always sat down to the ledger with a sort of disgust," Bernard continued to labour to the last at uncongenial work. Charles Lamb thus advises him, "Keep to your bank, and the bank will keep you;" and Lord Byron writes—"Do not renounce writing, but never trust entirely to authorship. If you have a profession, retain it; it will be like Prior's Fellowship, a last and sure resource." Barton himself says at length with quaint, if sad acquiescence, "I shall go on making figures till death makes a cipher of *me*."

On April 11th, 1809, from Woodbridge in Suffolk, he addressed the following letter to my father:—

"SIR,—I am this morning favoured with a very polite and obliging letter from your firm at Edinburgh, in reply to one which I forwarded some time ago, and understanding that you are likely to be in London for some weeks about this time, I am induced to take the liberty of addressing a few lines to you there, containing some additional remarks on the subject of my last.

"I feel myself much indebted for the information contained in the letter I have received, relative to the editing

[1] Poems and Letters of Bernard Barton. With a Memoir. Edited by his Daughter. London, 1853.

of periodical publications. As I before observed, I have not the vanity to imagine myself capable of filling an office of that nature; my principal object in applying to you was to learn whether there was not a probability of my obtaining a subordinate situation, in which I might qualify myself for such a department at some future time.

". . . When I last applied to you I made use of the signature A. B.—my motives for suppressing my name in an application of this nature are obvious,—but as I am now addressing myself to you, sir, in a more private and confidential manner, I shall, with that frankness and candour to which I consider you entitled, convey some additional information respecting myself. My father was a native of Carlisle, but removed to London some years previous to his decease; he has the honour (for such I consider it) of being recorded in Clarkson's History as a member of one of the earliest Committees who exerted themselves to procure the abolition of the African slave-trade. Mr. R. Faulder, who is, I believe, a considerable bookseller in Bond Street, married a sister of my father's, and though a variety of circumstances have prevented any recent intimacy between the different branches of the family, yet I have no doubt, if you would give yourself the trouble of calling there, you would be perfectly satisfied as to the respectability of my connexions; at the same time I must request you, sir, as a favour, to take no notice of any application from me, as it could be productive of no beneficial effects, and unless I had a pretty certain prospect of realizing my present plans,

I should much regret that any of my friends should be acquainted with my wish to relinquish my present situation.

"With respect to any assurances of my future endeavours to merit your confidence and repay your kindness, should you incline to admit me into your establishment at Edinburgh, I have purposely avoided any declarations of the kind; from an entire stranger they could have but little weight, and are peculiarly liable to be received with distrust and suspicion when urged by an individual soliciting a favour; yet I cannot refrain from observing that as it is my greatest wish to obtain a situation in your business, where, by my own industry, I may maintain myself respectably without being under pecuniary obligations to any one, I shall feel myself attached by the strongest of all ties (gratitude) to the person who affords me an opportunity of making the trial, and common sense, and my own interest, will naturally induce me to make every exertion in my power.

"I shall be very happy to hear from you, as soon as convenient to yourself, and if you think my meeting you in town may be attended with any advantage, I will do myself the pleasure of calling on you. I hope you will express your sentiments with the greatest freedom. I am aware that I need make an apology for having done so, but your letter appeared dictated by so friendly and polite a disposition that I have felt myself almost imperceptibly released from that degree of distant ceremony which perhaps I ought to have observed in addressing a stranger; if so, I must rely on your candour to excuse it,

and to give me credit for the sincerity with which I am, most respectfully, your obliged humble servant,

"BERNARD BARTON.

"My address is Mr. B. Barton, Merchant, Woodbridge, Suffolk."

To this communication my father sent the following reply:—

"10 LUDGATE ST., *7th May* 1809.

"SIR,—On my arrival here about ten days ago I was duly favoured with your letter, which you may be assured I shall preserve as most strictly confidential. You have given me such an interesting and candid account of yourself that I am really sorry to say that we have no opening at Edinburgh at present in any department of our business, and as I cannot flatter you with any near prospect of being able to advance the object of your letters, I have great difficulty in again proposing a personal interview, as the journey may be both inconvenient and expensive to you. I shall be in London all this month, and should business or any other object call you to town, it would afford me much pleasure to see you. Although I should not be able to contrive anything for your present advantage, I can at least promise you a hearty reception; and perhaps the opportunity of your being introduced to my partners here might on some occasion or other be useful to you; at all events, you may trust to my good offices if it ever should be in my power to serve you; and I remain with regard, Sir, your faithful and obedient servant,

"A. CONSTABLE."

Some months later my father received the following undated letter from "Everton, near Liverpool:"—

"MY DEAR SIR,—The length of time which has elapsed since I last did myself the pleasure to address you, and my long silence since your kind and friendly reply, must, I fear, have subjected me to the charge of ingratitude, or at least of very culpable negligence. I flatter myself, however, that your candour will readily admit, the reasons I am about to assign for my silence, if they do not fully excuse my apparent remissness, may in some measure palliate it.

"For some months after the receipt of your esteemed favour, proposing an interview in town, I was so unwell as to be incapable of using my pen, and on my recovery I was entirely engaged in winding up my business at Woodbridge, which place I left nearly two months ago. I am now situated very agreeably as private tutor to about eight or ten pupils, between the ages of six and ten. The employment is not unpleasant, and by allowing me more time for reading, is in some respects very agreeable; but although I am thus at present released from the immediate necessity of intruding myself on your kind and friendly regards, may I be allowed to indulge the hope, that if circumstances should at any future time induce me to relinquish my present situation, I may again apply, without the hazard of being thought impertinent or obtrusive, for your patronage and assistance? To a young man but slightly acquainted with the world, valuable connexions, friends who have it in their power to be serviceable, are

of more importance than can well be conceived. You must not imagine from these hints that I am desirous of attaching myself to you or to any one in such manner as to be an incumbrance, or that I wish to be indebted to another for what my own exertions ought to procure me; I only wish, in case a further change of residence should appear at any future time requisite, to be indebted to your kind and friendly interference for an opportunity of proving to you that you have not interested yourself for one who is altogether undeserving. If you incline to favour me with a line expressive of your assurance that my past silence has not forfeited your esteem —which will give me great pleasure,—you will have the goodness to direct it to Mr. Nich. Waterhouse, Everton, near Liverpool, for your much indebted and most obedient servant, B. BARTON."

Again on November 2, 1809, Mr. Barton requests permission to insert in a volume of prose extracts which he is meditating, passages from the Edinburgh Review. Two years later he desires that my father may interest himself in a volume of Metrical Effusions,[1] and writes as follows:—

"WOODBRIDGE, 27*th Feb.* 1812.

"MY DEAR SIR,—When I reflect on the length of time which has passed since I ventured to address you in this manner, and the variety of important subjects which must constantly engross the attention of one engaged in such an extensive concern as yourself, I am almost afraid that

[1] Metrical Effusions; or, Verses on Various Occasions. Woodbridge, 1812.

the slight interest which I once flattered myself you felt on my behalf may be entirely obliterated. As I have no reason however to think either your politeness or your kindness diminished, even should you have forgotten the individual who once felt himself honoured by them, I am induced once more to intrude myself on your notice.

"The compilation respecting which I wrote you while resident near Liverpool, was relinquished in consequence of my being compelled from ill-health to remove from that place, and all idea of fulfilling my intentions in that respect being resigned, I thought it unnecessary to trouble you with my thanks for the favour of your reply, though the very handsome terms in which it was couched claimed my gratitude. Since that time my leisure hours have been devoted to the service of the Muses, and a volume of poems, of which I enclose you a Prospectus, is now in the press, and will, I expect, early in May be published. My apology for what perhaps the poetical critic in your excellent Review would call this 'feeble outrage on the public,' may be found in the 'Advertisement,' which will occupy the place of a Preface; I have likewise transcribed the dedicatory sonnet to Mr. Roscoe for your perusal, and having thus introduced to you my first literary adventure, trust to your generosity to favour it with such a portion of your patronage as you may judge it expedient to honour it with, hoping that you will at any rate allow me to send you a copy as a trivial mark of my grateful remembrance of the interest you were once pleased to express in my literary pursuits. Although the impression is purposely small, to avoid attracting that notice which

a young and inexperienced author must contemplate with fear, yet I could much wish a few copies of it should reach Edinburgh.

"Would you, my dear sir, condescend to give the accompanying Prospectus such a degree of publicity as you may judge expedient? and if you can procure me any orders I shall be doubly obliged to you, for promoting my interest by its sale, and gratifying my feelings by your patronage. I do not make this request to you as a bookseller, but I request it as a favour of a gentleman from whom I have always met the most polite attention, and with whose name I have connected the idea of a Mæcenas. I do not suppose you can insure success to what is in itself undeserving of notice, but it may be in your power to bring forward my volume; if it has no merit, let it sink quietly into oblivion; if it have any, to you, sir, it will not be an unpleasing task to foster that spark of genius which, without the assistance of such a friend as you, must soon be extinguished. A volume of poetry without any name to give it weight, printed and published for the author at an obscure provincial press, in which no bookseller has any interest, cannot be expected to excite much attention; but if, under your patronage, a few copies could be thrown into the hands of such literary judges as your favoured metropolis boasts, it would soon be determined whether the author is deserving of the smallest encouragement or otherwise. I have understood that the different writers in the Edinburgh Review are by this time generally known, at least in the higher literary circles of Edinburgh; if so, you, sir, may be personally ac-

quainted with the gentleman who has favoured the world with so many able articles in the poetical department. To me, my dear sir, the private opinion of such a critic would be oracular. Would you kindly undertake, as a very great favour, to present the gentleman, whoever he may be, with a copy, if I forward it to you, requesting him at the same time to favour me by perusing it and acquainting you with his opinion of its merits? I am aware I am trespassing perhaps unwarrantably on your goodness, but I hope and am persuaded you will forgive me. Some allowance may be made for the presumption as well as the solicitude of a young author, especially one who does not confine himself to sober prose.—I am, my dear Sir, your most respectful and obliged servant,

"BERNARD BARTON."

There may have been later correspondence, but I possess no record of it. Bernard Barton was a member of the Society of Friends, and is very generally styled the *Quaker* Poet, as if it were wonderful that poetry should emanate from such a source; but there is room for every shade of feeling under the shelter of the broad brim, and in the letters I have quoted he even departs from the usual *thee* and *thou*, so that his religious denomination could not have been determined from his style. He was, however, steadfast in adherence to his sect, and one of his letters to the Rev. C. B. Tayler contains the following apology for sectarianism:—"In its purer and better element it is no bad thing—not a bit worse than patriotism, which need never damp the most generous and enlarged

philanthropy." The catholic Christianity of Bernard Barton may be gathered from the following lines written in a Prayer-book given to his daughter:—

"My creed requires no form of prayer;
Yet would I not condemn
Those who adopt with pious care
Their use, as aids to them.

One God hath fashioned them and me;
One Spirit is our guide;
For each alike upon the tree
Our common Saviour died!"

CHAPTER X.

James Montgomery—Sir Richard Phillips.

JAMES MONTGOMERY first claimed and attracted the attention of the public by the appearance, in 1806, of "The Wanderer of Switzerland, and other Poems," a work which had passed into a third edition before the first year of its existence had ended, and, by its success, had excited the vehement indignation of a writer in the Edinburgh Review, who characterized it as a "feeble outrage on the public," doomed to speedy and merited oblivion. Whether the writer of this savage "notice" lived to alter his opinion or not, the verdict of the public was opposed to him, and the issuing of the fourth edition by my father's firm is a sufficient proof that the condemnation in their own Review had not changed the opinion which the following letter shows that they had independently formed on the first appearance of the work. Mr. Montgomery writes from Sheffield, in reply to a communication from Constable and Co., on the 17th November 1806:—

"GENTLEMEN,—The kindness expressed in your letter which I received this morning, merits my earliest and warmest acknowledgments. Be assured that you have bestowed your attention on one who, though he may not have power or opportunity to prove his gratitude, will

always deeply feel and dearly cherish the remembrance of it. I am glad now—I was uneasy before—that I ventured to address you as I did, though an obscure stranger who had no claim on your liberality, except that he had need of it,—but that, to truly generous minds, is perhaps the best title. It gives me great pleasure to learn that my 'Wanderer' has already been favourably received among my countrymen, who are renowned for their love of the Muses. It was my anxiety to seize the first chance of being known at Edinburgh, that made the opportunity of writing to you on business an irresistible temptation to trespass on your goodness, by recommending my unpatronized volume to your protection. The press of Edinburgh, since the days of Burns, has had the great good fortune of introducing to the world some of the noblest poems of the present age—and not only of the present, but of every future age. It is true that England may boast of some very excellent living poets, but it would be difficult to name four of them that equal Walter Scott, Macneill, Campbell, Grahame, and perhaps I might add the unknown author of 'Home.' In the country (my native country) and in the city (second only to London) where these admirable writers were first distinguished and honoured, I should have been dead to every impulse of generous emulation if I had not ardently longed to appear, not as the rival, but the companion, or rather follower, however inferior, of their glory. Where they had their triumphs, I did secretly hope to be allowed an ovation. I am too prone to flatter myself unwarrantably, and to cherish romantic expectations, of which many

sorrows and sore disappointments that I have encountered in the world have not yet cured me entirely. But, in the present instance, gentlemen, whatever be my fortune in Edinburgh or elsewhere, neither success nor failure can change my sentiments of gratitude to you for the manner in which you have made me your willing debtor, as well as for the obligation itself. I trust I shall never degrade myself by stooping so low as to solicit the patronage of any persons, however rich or great, except noble-minded booksellers, and enlightened and candid readers, of whatever rank the latter may be. The friendship, recommendation, and support of these I do desire, and I shall never be ashamed, by honourable means, to obtain their favour. Your condescending notice of my accidental application to you convinces me that I did well in seeking your countenance; if it had been otherwise, you would have detected my meanness, and despised me for it. If I should, at any time hereafter, be called to Edinburgh, I shall be glad to express my thankfulness to you personally. Meanwhile, if I can on any occasion serve you here, pray command me freely.—I am, very respectfully, your obliged friend and servant, J. MONTGOMERY."

In addition to his other literary efforts, Mr. Montgomery edited for many years the *Sheffield Iris*, a weekly journal of liberal and enlightened views. No man, I believe, ever lived a more blameless life than he; but those were troublous times for all whose calling led them into the field of politics. Our Christian poet was thrice imprisoned for sanctioning, as editor, what was then regarded

as sedition, but might now have received an *imprimatur* from organs of Conservatism. The meekness with which he bore unmerited buffeting at length had its reward, in turning the hearts of his enemies, and the following allusion to the severity of his treatment in the Edinburgh Review, discloses a heart so free from rancour, and so wise a reception of the axiom, "Fas est et ab hoste doceri," that I must quote it for the benefit of other members of the irritable race:—

"SHEFFIELD, *May* 4, 1810.

"GENTLEMEN,— . . . It would look so much like meanness and ingratitude for your former kindness, expressed to me regarding 'The Wanderer of Switzerland,' if I were silent now on the subject of my poetry (condemned beyond hope of redemption as it is in Scotland), that I will venture to tell you that I have another volume in the press, which will make its appearance in the course of about two months, and which will include the poem intituled 'The West Indies,' so gorgeously apparelled by Mr. Bowyer in his late publication on the Abolition of the Slave-Trade.

"On this subject—which, indeed, I only mention here to prove that my confidence in your goodwill is unshaken, notwithstanding the severity with which your friends have treated me,—I will only add that I shall be very grateful for any little service you may have it in your power to render me, in giving my forthcoming volume an opportunity of being *read;* for, after all, it is the hardest part of an unfortunate poet's fate to be judged by quotations and parodies. I am far from pretending to insinuate

that the censures of my poetry in the Edinburgh Review were entirely unfounded; on the contrary, in my later productions I have endeavoured to avenge myself in the only way I ever wish to be avenged on the writer,—by profiting from his strictures, unmerciful as they were. As far as my personal feelings were concerned, it may be gratifying to him to know that he inflicted as much pain as he could have intended—perhaps more; for I am not ashamed to acknowledge to you, that it was only less excruciating than the remorse which I must have felt afterwards, had I been the author instead of the object of such unmerited suffering. I should not hesitate, even in his presence, to say that it *was* unmerited, not because I did not deserve the chastisement due to imbecility and presumption, but because I was visited with the punishment due only to turpitude.

"Thus far, then, my critic has been more than conqueror over unresisting weakness; how far he has succeeded in destroying my reputation with the public it becomes me not to judge. I have not a right to complain on this head, for I have many friends among those whose names rank highest both in poetry and criticism in this country,—though, when my poems appeared, I was not known to one person who had it in his power either to serve or injure me with the public. The success of those poems depended as little on me or my connexions as it did upon my Edinburgh critic; I was strictly amenable at his bar for all their faults; but it was hard indeed to be reprobated as a criminal for the favour with which strangers had received them.

"I must entreat your indulgence and forgiveness for this querulous language. I did not intend to say more than ten words upon the subject, and I have been betrayed into an exposure of bosom-sufferings which it would have been more prudent to conceal. But having written down the confession I will neither cancel nor qualify it. Were I conscious that I had wantonly provoked, or seriously incurred, the just indignation of critics so powerful as the Edinburgh reviewers, I would sooner pass through the fire than through the press again in the shape of a book. Once more I ask your pardon, and very respectfully I acknowledge myself your obliged obedient servant, J. MONTGOMERY."

Mr. Montgomery's latest letter in my possession is dated Sheffield, January 23, 1821, and is as follows:—

"Messrs. Constable and Co.

"GENTLEMEN,—Enclosed I send a list of publications with which Sir Richard Phillips has contrived to encumber me, in consideration of a long advertising account, which I could not get paid in anything except his own coin, and this might as well be cowries or wampum to me, as I cannot negotiate it at all in my little circle of commerce. I had employed my friends Messrs. Longman and Co. to obtain a settlement of the affair, but the knight was so shy of them that they could neither get money nor books from him, as he carries on a much pleasanter intercourse with them than discharging old debts, in which he is the receiver of very large sums for his various works to supply the orders of their correspondents. I then re-

quested them to furnish me with a list of the most saleable of his catalogue articles, which they did, and wishing still to serve me, they offered to take the whole amount that I might procure at the prices which they pay to Sir Richard himself. Accordingly I applied to another house in London, not booksellers, to weary him either out of the books or his life; the latter however was in no danger, for he could live through a storm that would wreck the British navy, and stand fire as long as the Rock of Gibraltar in any siege that I could lay to him. It pleased him to treat my new application very courteously, and in a few days I received advice that he had consigned goods for me, as per invoice, amounting to £46, 16s., to the care of the house above alluded to. This was unexpectedly good news to me, but it was too good to be unalloyed. In a conversation with the gentleman who transacted this business for me, and who knew nothing of the manner in which I had disposed of the bear's skin before I caught the bear, Sir Richard talked him out of some kind of promise, or assertion as matter of fact, that they should not be sold again by me in London, as it seems other newspaper publishers had served him when they could obtain no better terms for their advertising bills than I had done.

"Now, though in fairness I ought not to be held to this engagement, exacted in a most unhandsome manner, and made without my knowledge or authority, yet I am unwilling to depart from it, though the pecuniary loss will be very considerable, if I can dispose of his lumber in any reasonable way. Being no bookseller myself, and

having no connexions that could take off such a quantity of his publications, they will be waste paper to me unless I can find a wholesale purchaser of the lot as it stands. It has occurred to me that you might possibly serve me, without disadvantage to yourselves, by an exchange for the amount in your own publications, at your Catalogue prices, but with a discount—say 10 per cent.—which I would gladly allow you. Though in your regular trade you may deal in no works but your own, perhaps you might dispose of these among your large connexions without much trouble. If you can thus oblige me, please to forward a copy of your Catalogue, that I may select such articles from it as may suit me in exchange for the treasures which I offer you; and I will unhesitatingly pledge myself that I will not dispose of any part of them in London or Edinburgh, or indeed in any regular market of yours, as they shall either be added to my private library or bartered away among my own acquaintance. I have made this proposal without any previous apology, and I have no room to make any now; I only ask the further favour that you will reject it with perfect frankness if it does not meet your convenience. I have no claim for kindness upon you, but on the contrary I have reason to believe that I am under much obligation to you in my character as an author. It is not presuming upon this that I make such an application to you as the present, for that would be abusing goodness, but I have ventured to make it in the hope that knowing me, by name at least, you might be induced to give a patient hearing to my proposal, which from an utter stranger you would pro-

bably at once have rejected. I have no acquaintance with any Edinburgh booksellers, some of whom are in very extensive business, as I am informed. You are the first to whom I have offered my precious bargain, and if you are not the last, I fear I may go further and fare worse. The late Sir Vicary Gibbs, when he was Attorney-General, is reported to have said in open Court that Sir Richard was the weakest man that ever walked abroad without a keeper. Certainly he has all the cunning that is characteristic of persons that walk abroad with keepers; whether he has the other requisite qualifications for such distinguished honour I cannot pretend to say, but if any man living, by vexatious harassing, could drive another mad, it is this knight of the press. Your answer, as early as convenient, whether favourable or otherwise, will be esteemed by your obliged humble servant,

"J. MONTGOMERY."

SIR RICHARD PHILLIPS, to whom Mr. Montgomery refers in terms so uncomplimentary, was nevertheless a very remarkable man, and is described in the Autobiography of Mr. Timbs, to whom he stood for many years in the crucial relation of friend and patron, as a man of "humane and benevolent nature," with "sympathy for those struggling in the stream of life." He was ambitious of distinction, and achieved it, but the *auri sacra fames* does not appear to have been among his besetting sins, for at the age of seventeen years he left the brewery of a rich uncle who had intended that he should be his heir, in order that he might devote himself to the pursuit of

literature and philosophy. After a short experience as usher in a school at Chester, he endeavoured to establish one at Leicester on his own account, but not succeeding in this object, or in a shop he opened for the sale of hosiery, he entered on a political career, and in 1790, under the auspices of the celebrated Dr. Priestley, started the *Leicester Herald*, of which he himself for some time acted as editor, and in which he is said to have written "with infinite spirit."

In 1793 Mr. Phillips was imprisoned for more than a year for selling Paine's Rights of Man, and shortly after his release, in consequence of a fire which consumed his stock in trade, he removed from Leicester to London. In 1796, having determined on a publishing career, he issued the first number of the Monthly Magazine,—which we are told that he conducted for thirty years,—and became a general publisher. In 1807 he was elected Sheriff of London, and received the honour of knighthood on the expiration of his term of office. Sir Richard's earliest letter to my father is dated January 1804, when he had already attained some eminence in his profession, and has reference to an angry pamphlet called forth by Mr. Jeffrey's severe criticism in the Edinburgh Review of poems by a certain John Thelwall, who designates himself as Professor of the Science and Practice of Elocution, and seems to have tried many trades with equal success, from tailoring to high treason.[1] The letter is as follows :—

"DEAR SIR,—Happening to call this morning upon Long-

[1] See Edinburgh Review, No. iii. p. 197.

man and Rees, I was told by the latter that he had seen a pamphlet of Mr. Thelwall's in reply to some [*obliterated in MS.*] conduct of the Edinburgh reviewers, advertised as sold by me in London.

"Now although, dear sir, I feel as great an abhorrence of the scurrilous language and impertinent criticisms which disgraced the early Nos. of that Review as any man in Britain, yet I consider it my duty to disclaim every sort of connexion with a pamphlet to which my name has been affixed without my consent, and in fact after my prohibition to the contrary.

"The temperance of the late Nos. of the Edinburgh Review proves that the opinion which I entertain of the early Numbers has been felt by you and by some of the conductors. You possess too strong a natural feeling of equity (I judge by your urbane manners) to derive any pleasure from the sale of a work on the ground of its scurrility and its disregard of decency—for it may be received as an axiom that the sale of any work of criticism will be, for a time, in the direct ratio of its degree of scurrility.

"After what I have written, you will perceive that in disclaiming any connexion with Mr. Thelwall's pamphlet I have no view to the favour of the Edinburgh reviewers. As a publisher I am willing to suffer every work of mine to stand or fall on its own merits. Favours from Reviews I never seek; my knowledge of the chicanery and corruption with which many of them are conducted renders me personally indifferent to their crimes of commission and omission. The public, I thank God, do me justice, and I

generally find that my name in a title-page is as good a sanction for the respectable execution of a work as the *ipse dixit* of any anonymous critic.—Believe me, dear Sir, with unfeigned regard, to be your sincere friend,

"R. PHILLIPS."

Professor de Morgan says of Sir Richard, that he "had four valuable qualities—honesty, zeal, ability, and courage," but that "he applied them all to teaching matters about which he knew nothing." This is surely too severe an estimate; but the following letters, in which are introduced his Morning's Walk from London to Kew, and his Essays on the Phenomena of the Universe, would indicate that there are few things in heaven and earth that were not at least dreamt of in his philosophy. He invites the attention of the Edinburgh critics, and deprecates an anticipated accusation of plagiarism in the expounding of his scientific theories:—

"LONDON, 20*th February* 1817.

"DEAR SIR,—Will you exchange with me for a set of the Ency. Britannica? That amount of my wares would soon be vended in N. B. I would soon extend it to a set of the Edinburgh Review, clean or used. I want both for my own library, and not for sale, and my frequent consequent references to both would serve as valuable advertisements. I would send you, per sea, a fair and equal assortment of my books, and if you desired it, a set of the Monthly Magazine.

"I have been diverting the melancholy of a man of enterprise, who lives in bad times, by a piece of down-

right authorship (I don't mean my old trick of bookmaking), and in a few days it will see the light, under the title of A Morning's Walk from London to Kew. What a rare subject for your inimitable Jeffrey—a bookseller in the press, and playing the philosopher! What an exquisite subject for wit and raillery! Made the most of, it might raise the Review a 1000! Every author would enjoy the jokes, and every bookseller would feel a keen interest. A copy shall find its way to Edinburgh, but whether in the shape of a provocative to your great critic, or for a place in the library of Scotia's great bibliopolist I have not determined.—I am, dear Sir, truly, etc.,

"R. PHILLIPS."

"HOLLOWAY, *March* 17, 1817.

"DEAR SIR,—I received your delightful case of books, and I bear willing testimony that they are among the best in the English language.

"They reached my Tusculum on Saturday evening; on Sunday, city friends engaged me, but this morning I availed myself of the dawn of day to unpack the case, and like a glutton at a great feast I tasted of every volume with greediness.

"I take up my pen to address a few lines to you in consequence of my ambition to see my Walk to Kew treated in the Edinburgh Review. I care not for praise—I am either above it or below it; if the author and his book are condemned I shall be taught, and I am willing to learn; and in either case praise or censure will serve the public. In truth, my dear sir, I have long had in my head certain crotchets to which I am partial, and some of

them I have displayed at various lengths in that volume of the Walk to Kew. One of these is a theory of the cause of *Gravitation.* I published it first in the Monthly Magazine in October 1811, and I enclose the sheet. I have repeated it briefly in the Walk to Kew, page 329, etc., but on cutting open the pages of the Edinburgh Review, I find in vol. x., on Prevost's Le Sage, and in vol. xiii., Vince on Gravitation, something so like my theory, that a hasty and superficial reader would conclude that I had been pillaging and disguising Le Sage!

"I write then for the eye of the able, learned, and candid author of those articles, and I invite his attention to what I have done at page 329, Walk to Kew, and in the enclosed sheet. I never saw or heard of Le Sage till this day. Since I published in 1811 I have been told of Vince's book, but I never could get it; and I am anxious to invite the comparison of your learned critic between both my articles and my system and that of Le Sage. He will see that though alike they are essentially different; and I persuade myself that my theory is less complicated and artificial than that of Le Sage, and not liable to the strong objection at the foot of page 148.

"The same learned critic will not fail likewise to be struck with an observation at page 187, like another idea of Le Sage's, and he will observe a further coincidence at page 352-3, but without any likeness.

"I pray of you to do me the favour and the justice to show him this letter, and invite his attention also to my analysis of the doctrine of Prediction at page 243, etc.

"I conclude you and my agent will pleasantly arrange

the exchange, and I am, dear Sir, with increased regard, yours, etc., R. PHILLIPS.

"*P.S.*—As an excuse for not reading or seeing these numbers of the Edinburgh Review, I beg to explain that I was Sheriff in 1807-8, and too much engaged in other matters."

"HOLLOWAY, *Oct.* 17, 1818.

"DEAR SIR,—I have just been engaged in transferring your wonderful list of 'books in the press' to my Varieties. Your spirit of enterprise is ably directed, and every one of the works is most creditable to your taste and intelligence.

"Methinks you do not allow me to be as useful to you as my sense of your great merits would lead me to be if I saw more of your works as they appear. Most of them would command a column of my Proemium, and in general my warmest eulogies. I trust you now begin to know enough of me to be aware that I am the slave of no selfish feelings, and much disposed to do justice to merit wherever and however it appears.

"Can you ascertain for me whether your illustrious Playfair and your Professors and Societies received the copies of my essay which I addressed to them? I *defy* their objections, and *demand* their just concessions.—I am, dear Sir, very truly yours, R. PHILLIPS.

"*P.S.*—After I had wafered my letter I met with the essay on Probabilities in No. 46, and was surprised at page 335 to see an argument and a series of inferences about the uniform direction of the planetary motions.

"Now this uniformity the learned critic will observe is *on my system* a necessary consequence of the motion of the sun round its own centre of action. That motion is produced by the motion of the planets, while it also produces the motions of the planets, which of necessity are governed in their direction by the direction of the uniform cause.

"To the acute and candid mind of the critic I need not observe on the gratuitous hypothesis of Le Sage's moving atoms and of the absurdity of their producing their effects by impinging against the planets. The doctrine of an elastic medium, quiescent till disturbed by the foreign or novel bodies of the planets, is, I humbly conceive, far more probable, and equally applicable to all the phenomena.

"R. P."

"*Oct.* 24, 1822.

"DEAR SIR,—In a recent visit which I made to Captain Parry at Castlebeare, I found that you had returned to Edinburgh, and in better health.

"It was my purpose to have called upon you on the subject of a letter which I had received from your representative in Edinburgh, which betrayed very angry and foolish feelings, and to have urged a word for that liberty of discussion of which you and your friends have made such free and profitable use.

"On my part I must be regarded as a friend of the Edinburgh Review and its interests, but, on the other hand, I have not interfered in every case between the opinions of my correspondents and that work, in the

Monthly Magazine. I have often done so, but on some occasions it is inexpedient and impracticable.

"I learn, however, that a war or petty fire has been opened upon me in your Magazine. I am too busy to run after such things, though I always endeavour to amend from the observations of enemies.

"A fact, however, has come across me this morning—if it be fact—which displays an excessive malignity. A Mr. Campbell persuaded me last spring to bring out for him an edition of Ossian. Such a thing was not much in my way, and I do not covet miscellaneous works, or, as you may easily suppose, I could deluge the world with books. I could do all I pleased in that way, but it does *not* please me. Campbell, however, has been showing a letter, written, as he says, by Mr. Jeffrey, or by some one in his name or his authority, in which it is pointedly said that his Ossian cannot be reviewed in the Edinburgh Review, because it has my name on its title-page—that nothing of mine will ever be noticed there—that my name has damned the work, etc. etc.

"The impudence of this libel speaks for itself, and as words are cheap might be retorted, but I am for peace, and the object of this note is to appeal to your urbanity and good sense, and to arrive at a better understanding of existing differences.—I am, very truly, etc. etc.,

"R. PHILLIPS."

"EDINBURGH, 6*th Nov.* 1822.

"DEAR SIR RICHARD,—I have received your note of the 24th October. I returned to Edinburgh with improved health about three months ago. I should have been very

happy to have seen you had you come to the neighbourhood of Castlebeare before I left it, and to have talked over literary projects. I knew very little, however, of what had been passing in the literary world for the last two years, excepting the publications of my own house, which have, you are aware, been both numerous and popular. My state of health did not admit of my giving myself the trouble to know more.

"I have certainly not observed anything in the Edinburgh or Scots Magazine of the offensive nature as to your undertakings which you point at, and if such has appeared I hope I may venture to assure you that it cannot have proceeded from any malignant feeling, but from some accidental effusion of an occasional contributor. The Monthly Magazine, which originated with yourself, has always been a great favourite of mine; it possessed for many years an unrivalled place of excellence in British monthly literature, and even now, in spite of all contending opposition, still maintains its own rank in utility.

"With regard to the Edinburgh Review, you have not at this time to learn that it has ever been placed above the partiality and influence of booksellers. Works from your press, from our learned fathers in the Row, Tom Tegg in Cheapside, and those from my own, all experience the same independent treatment. I assure you that neither the name of author nor bookseller has the least sway with the editor in regulating praise or censure in the pages of the Edinburgh Review; it was begun on that principle, has been most usefully and successfully con-

ducted on it, and must continue for the present generation to be so. We cannot, you know, answer for those who may succeed us, more than we can at present for the foolish misrepresentations to which the projects, the conduct, and the motives of all of us are every day exposed. I have not kept any enumeration of the publications reviewed, but my impression is that there is a very fair proportion on the whole of works with your name on the title-page—this is my idea. But I am quite sure the letter which you point at, insinuating their total exclusion, was quite unauthorized by any person connected with the Edinburgh Review, and altogether unworthy of notice. I think, however, my good sir, you have sometimes been in the habit of attacking the Review in the Monthly Magazine. I don't mean to approve of this in estimating the character of your work, and although on the whole I have always considered it excellent as preserving a vast mass of useful information, yet has it not been sometimes illiberal, and even reckoned unjust? Perfection, you know, is not attainable.—I am, dear Sir Richard, your faithful and obedient servant,

"ARCHD. CONSTABLE."

The crisis of 1825-26 brought serious pecuniary losses to Sir Richard Phillips and commercial ruin to his correspondent, but in the midst of his own perplexities the former could still feel for the greater misfortunes of his friend, and the following extract from a letter dated 10th October 1826 proves him to have been a man of more than ordinary warmth of heart:—

"74 St. Paul's Churchyard.

"Dear Sir,—I have more than once within the last nine months taken up my pen to express my sympathy towards you, and in my own doleful story claim yours for me.

"I had retired to Brighton, leaving good working stock, which had cost me £70,000, in the hands of Whittaker; when in December last all my dreams of ease and comfort were violently disturbed, my stock blocked up, and engagements of all kinds reverting back on me. . . . Enough of myself, however. I wish you would put me in the way of proving my esteem for you. We have been contemporaries, and your talents have always extorted my admiration. I am qualified to judge of them, and I cheerfully testify in regard to your superiority, not only as a man of business but as a valuable pioneer of literature and a patron of genius. You have added to the glory of Scotland, and through its genius and industry have advanced the human race. On this point there is but one opinion, but how the sentiment can be made available to your future fortunes is a difficulty which ought not to be insurmountable. If it could be well directed, you would soon be among the most prosperous men of your time.

"I write in the dark, and perhaps my observations are unnecessary, and may be ill-timed. I claim credit only for the best of motives, and for being, dear Sir, truly and devotedly yours, R. Phillips."

The character of Sir Richard Phillips has been severely estimated. I prefer to think of him as depicted in the

Autobiography of Mr. Timbs and in the epitaph upon his tomb in Brighton (Old) Churchyard, which that writer tells us was written by the knight himself, with the exception of the concluding paragraph. Sir Richard died on the 3d April 1840.

Here rest the remains of
SIR RICHARD PHILLIPS, KNIGHT,
Born December 13th, 1767; died April 2d, 1840.

He lived through an age of remarkable events and changes, and was an active and anxious contemporary;

He was Sheriff of London and Middlesex in 1807-8, and an effective ameliorator of a stern and uncharitable criminal code;

He was, in 1798, the inventor and promulgator of the interrogative system of education, by which new impulses were given to the intelligence of society.

He also placed natural philosophy on the basis of common sense, and developed the laws of nature, on immutable principles, which will always be co-extensive with the respect of mankind for truth; in the promotion of these objects, and a multitude of others, he wrote and published more original works than any of his contemporaries, and in all of them advocated civil liberty, general benevolence, ascendency of justice, and the improvement of the human race.

As a son, husband, father, and friend, he was also an example for imitation, and left a mourning family little to inherit besides a good name.

He died in the enjoyment of that peace which is the sweet fruit of the Christian religion, and which the world can neither give nor take away.

CHAPTER XI.

Amelia Opie—The Hon. Lady Hood Mackenzie—Maria Graham—Madame de Staël—Lady Morgan.

AMELIA OPIE. — Miss Martineau, in announcing the death of Mrs. Opie in 1853, says, "Another of that curious class of English people—the provincial literary lion—has left us. Mrs. Opie is dead. The young, and most of the middle-aged of our day will say, 'What of that?' or 'Who was Mrs. Opie?' or will think of her only as a beneficent Quaker lady, whose conversion to muslin caps and silent meetings made a noise some good many years ago. But the elderly generation are aware that a good deal more than that is connected with the name and fame of Amelia Opie." She early manifested a taste for literature, and we are told that she wrote a tragedy when not more than eighteen years of age; but it was not till 1801, and in her thirty-third year, that she published her tale of Father and Daughter, which, along with a volume of poems that appeared in 1802, was favourably noticed in the first number of the Edinburgh Review by Dr. Thomas Brown —no mean authority.

Mrs. Opie kept her place in public estimation as an author, and by her personal attractions, charm of manner, and great musical talent, became a distinguished favourite

in society. In 1798 she had married John Opie, an eminent painter, and they rejoiced together for nine years, each in the success that crowned the efforts of the other, until their happy union was dissolved in 1807 by the death of Mr. Opie in that year. His widow then returned to Norwich, her early home, and devoted herself to the care of her father, Dr. Alderson, whose only child she was, and to whom she was tenderly attached.

In 1816, on the occasion of her first visit to Scotland, Mrs. Opie was my father's guest at Craigleith House, and although I was only at the time in my fifth year, I have a distinct remembrance of her bright and cheerful presence, and of the delight her singing seemed to give to others. In 1834 I saw her again, when under the attractive influence of the admirable Frys and Gurneys she had joined the Society of Friends. The lapse of eighteen years had carried her far beyond middle age, but her manner was cheerful as ever, and in her quaint and becoming attire of lavender and white she appeared to have gained instead of lost in personal comeliness. Her memory of 1816 was warm and fresh; my father's hospitality and kindness had made a deep impression, though, as will appear from the correspondence I am about to quote, he had not been so careful as he ought to have been to retain the good opinion of his distinguished friend.

The following letter was written a day or two after leaving Edinburgh:—

"Broome Park, 31*st of August* 1816.

"Dear Sir,—I am glad it rains! as the impossibility of going out (at present at least) gives me an opportunity,

which I have hitherto vainly wished for, of writing to you. But I really cannot express in language sufficiently strong the sense I entertain of your great kindness to me and my cousin, and of the varied pleasures which I enjoyed during my short stay in Scotland, owing to your skilful arrangements and judicious attention.

"When we found ourselves indeed on our road from Scotland, we seemed 'to drag at each remove a lengthened chain,' and though circumstances may prevent my revisiting your land of bards and heroes, the wish to do so will, I am very sure, end only with my life.

"It seems to me that hospitality, which is with many people amongst us a feeling, is with you not only a feeling but a principle, and as feelings are evanescent in their nature, but principles durable, it is very pleasant to be with those whose kindness one is not likely to be deprived of by anything short of ill-conduct in one's-self.

"I saw Alnwick Castle yesterday, with its noble exterior, and its gingerbread interior. The ornaments on the walls are as minute and gaudy as those of sugar stuck on a Twelfth Night cake. I ventured to sit in Hotspur's chair, without fear of acquiring his unfeminine violence of character, and alas! I am unconscious of having imbibed any poetical inspiration from sitting in the chair of Mr. Walter Scott, or any eloquence or profundity of thought from sitting in that of Dr. Brown, nor did I feel my intellect enlarged and myself raised in the scale of creation by visiting the study of Mr. Jeffrey. Ah! why are not such fine things catching, or rather to be caught? If they were, I would return to Edinburgh again directly.

I find that the rain prevented a joke being played on me for my passion for Scotland. A Major Frankland, who is staying here, was going to send his servant three miles off to procure me a Scotch bouquet, *alias* a thistle as high as myself. What a loss I have sustained! Last night I looked over some fine views of the Grampian Hills till they made me sad. Well, I will look forward, and hope to visit them one of these days. I expect to ascend Cheviot on Tuesday on foot—a painful walk I fear, but I am resolved to undertake it.—Believe me, dear Sir, your ever obliged and thankful servant, AMELIA OPIE."

This and subsequent kind letters appear to have remained unanswered, for on the 7th of October and the 27th of November Mrs. Opie good-naturedly remonstrates with my father on his silence :—

"NORWICH, *Monday Evening, 7th of Oct.* 1816.

"Where are you, and what are you doing, my dear sir, that my three letters (if letters they may be called) remain unacknowledged ?

"True, it is only five weeks to-day since I left your hospitable roof, yet still a few lines of remembrance from Craigleith would have been welcome to me. Well, I did not think you would have used a poor author so ill—'Tell it not in England, publish it not in the streets of London, lest the admirers of the Quarterly rejoice.' But I will not complain; on the contrary, I will, as much as in me lies, return good for evil, and write to you, as I promised to do as soon as I returned home and was settled there, and settled I have not been till now, as I was no

sooner returned than I was seduced again from the paternal roof by that gay deceiver—whom do you think? no other than Mr. Wilberforce, and I have been staying some days in the country with him. I cannot but laugh when I think of the contrasts with which the chances of life lead me to mix. However, I must think that a fortunate chance which led me to associate with Mr. Wilberforce, as his various powers of conversation, his great animation, and his winning manners make him a very delightful companion. In his wife—she is by no means a noun-adjective, but stands as much alone as any woman I ever saw—I fancied I saw a tendency to that religious gloom which I expected to see in him; but this might be only fancy, and she is certainly a very agreeable and sensible woman.

"But the Wilberforces are gone from the house at which I met them, and I am permitted to sit down quietly to my pen. In a few days I hope to be seriously employed in writing and revising, at least till next week, which is our Sessions' week, and I expect Mr. W. Smith, our Member, will be staying with us, and I, *par conséquence*, once more idle.

"So much for myself. I wonder, meanwhile, what you are about, and I should fancy some unpleasant domestic occurrence kept you silent, had I not seen your son so recently. Well, time will disclose; perhaps you are writing another novel like your former ones, Waverley, etc. If so, from my heart I forgive you for not writing to me. On the 14th of this month there is to be a meeting called here, to petition for a reform in Parliament, but at present the requisition is not, I believe, signed by any of that

class in society from whom such appeals are likely to be at all effectual. I am often curious to know what effect the death of the powers that be would have on the state of the country, and it really seems contrary to all human probability, when one considers causes and effects, that that event should be far distant.

"We have here incessant rains, which must have had a bad effect on what remained to be gotten in of the harvest, and I have heard fears expressed concerning your harvest, but I hope these fears are not well founded. By this time I conclude that Mr. Sanders is on his way to Edinburgh. Mr. Wilberforce thinks his head was a little turned in London. If so, I believe it will be quite turned in Edinburgh.

"If my father knew I was writing to you he would desire to be most cordially remembered to you, for taking such pains to spoil his only child, whom, though she always was an only child, he flatters himself *he* never spoiled, but, poor soul, he is sadly mistaken. To speak seriously, I never saw my father so gratified as he is by the attention paid me in your metropolis, and I can truly say that I never wished for him so strongly as I did at Craigleith.

"Remember me to Mr. Jeffrey, Dr. Thomas Brown, and a long etc. of those who make up the charm of your society. I hope Dr. Jamieson has recovered the loss of his child. And now farewell. If you really are in the land of the living, write to me from thence, but if you have crossed the Styx still write to me—a letter thence would be very interesting, though not welcome. I once read a

letter dated 'from the shades below' from Mr. Sydney Smith to Lady E. Whitbread.—Believe me, dear Sir, ever truly yours, A. OPIE."

"NORWICH, 27*th of Nov.* 1816.

"O Mr. Constable! Mr. Constable! what is become of you? and why do I not hear from you? I can't help writing to inquire, though I feel as if I were writing to the man in the moon, and not to a real corporeal existing substance.

"But now do tell me why you do not take any notice of my voluminous correspondence *à votre adresse*. I am sure you have not forgotten me, because, though it is but too natural, I fear, for us to forget those who confer obligations on us, we never forget those on whom we confer them; therefore I am very sure, though you are so unaccountably silent both to my letters of business and letters of good-will, you still remember your obliged servant, AMELIA OPIE."

My father's remissness as a correspondent appears to have continued; but before the date of Mrs. Opie's next letter, he had at least testified that she was not forgotten, by a liberal packet of popular current literature, which was highly appreciated, and her graphic repudiation of Mr. Beloe's assertion that she had *offered* a salute to the author of the Diversions of Purley at the conclusion of his trial for high treason will be read with interest:—

"PATERNOSTER ROW, 18*th of Sept.* 1817.

"MY DEAR SIR,—You set me so bad an example that you must not be surprised at my having so long neglected

to write to you, though I had to acknowledge the receipt of a very valuable present. I beg leave to return you my thanks for the admirable works which I owe to your kindness, and I believe, spite of your ungracious silence, that I cannot repay your bounty better than by telling you that your books reached me at a moment of severe indisposition and mental uneasiness, and that they interested and amused me so much as to banish for a while my consciousness both of bodily and mental suffering,—and yet I had read them all before. Would I knew to a certainty the name of this potent enchanter! but when he mounts his hobby (a war-horse) I feel assured that he is an old acquaintance.

"The brooch is so handsome that I suspect you exceeded your commission. If so, I will pay the surplus when we meet; *en attendant*, I enclose £1, 6s.

"Now to talk to you of business—the business of others—meaning to finish with my own."

Mrs. Opie here requests the exercise of my father's influence in procuring notice in the Edinburgh Review of two works lately published, written by persons in whom she is specially interested, and then proceeds as follows:

"As you, my dear sir, are a man of business, and do not, *I am sure*, like writing letters, perhaps some one of your family would have the kindness to answer what requires answering in this one. Mrs. Johnson, who is, I trust, still with you, owes me a letter, and truly glad should I be to hear from her, and of you all.

"Dear Edinburgh! how often have I been there in

fancy this autumn. I go about in Scotch bonnets, and have lately purchased Albyn's Anthology, which I first saw at your house. *Apropos*, pray thank Mr. G. Thomson for his present of Songs and Accompaniments. I value them much. Don't forget this.—And now for my own personal business—but I must take another sheet for it.

"I know not whether the Edinburgh Review will think that very amusing work, the Sexagenarian, by the late Mr. Beloe, worthy of its notice, nor, if it should do so, am I quite sure that the editor may think it advisable to redress an individual grievance at the representation of a complainant. Nor am I certain that it is ever right to notice and deny a calumnious report, because, as Lord Bacon somewhere says, a calumny is like a spark: if you attempt to tread it out it flies up in your face.

"Still, I wish to state, through your means, to Mr. Jeffrey, of whose good opinion I am, I trust, meritoriously ambitious, that Mr. Beloe in this posthumous publication has asserted of me a positive falsehood.

"I never saw Mr. Horne Tooke till I saw him on his Trial, and the charge of my having scrambled over chairs and tables to get up to him on his acquittal, and then kissed him in public court, is as false as it is malignant.

"Such conduct not even my youth could have excused, and never at any period of my life could I, I trust, have been guilty of such an outrage on the delicacy of my sex, and such a violation of my respectability as a gentlewoman. My friend Helen Maria Williams I never saw till the year 1802 at Paris, and Mrs. Wollstonecraft I only

knew first as Mrs. Imlay, when she seemed the deserted wife of Imlay, and subsequently as Mrs. Godwin.

"Now have patience with me while I tell you a plain and true tale, and one which I have often related to show Horne Tooke's self-possession at a moment of no small excitement and (one would have thought) of some considerable agitation.

"During his trial I was staying at the house of Mr. Boddington (a friend of his), and I used to accompany them every day to the Old Bailey.

"Mrs. Boddington (the frail and the beautiful) had then never been introduced to Mr. Tooke, and after the acquittal she was very angry with her husband for not finding out whither Mr. T. had retired, that she might be presented to him at once.

"This remonstrance induced Mr. Boddington to go in search of Mr. Tooke, and having discovered him in a small room waiting for his carriage, he took his wife and me into the apartment where he was.

"'This is my wife, sir,' said Mr. B. Mr. Tooke saluted her and exclaimed, 'Madam, you have made me hate your husband.' 'Why, sir?' 'Because I always hate the husbands of pretty women.' Mrs. Coverdale was then led up to him; she said, 'Sir, my father was one of your jurymen.' 'Then, madam,' replied he, 'you and I are brother and sister, for he gave you life, and now he has given it to me.' [She meant her father-in-law, as Mr. C. was her husband's father.] I was next presented, and having saluted me he said, 'I think, ma'am, I have seen you every day during my trial.' 'Yes, sir.' 'Then grant me one favour: when I am tried for my life again, which I

daresay I shall be six months hence, promise me to attend my trial again every day.'

"It was a justice I owed to Mr. Beloe to relate the above, as a proof that even the malignant lie in question was not without some foundation.

"Here ends my long epistle.

"Pray remember me in the kindest and most grateful manner to Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey, Mr. Miller, Mr. Simpson, Dr. Brown, and all that long etcetera in whose society I passed so many happy and never-to-be-forgotten hours last autumn.—And so farewell, and I hope I may add, *au revoir*. AMELIA OPIE."

On the 22d of June 1819 Mrs. Opie offers my father a new work to be published anonymously. He replies as follows :—

"EDINBURGH, 28*th June* 1819.

"MY DEAR MADAM,—I have great pleasure in acknowledging your obliging letter of the 22d, and although I have much to say, I shall for the present confine myself almost entirely to the business of yours. I cannot, however, proceed without assuring you, as I now respectfully desire to do, of my continued regard, and of how much I feel ashamed at not having written to you oftener, but believe me, a silence which even to myself appears at this moment altogether unaccountable, did not proceed from any want of respect. I shall say much more as to all this on some future occasion, for I hope it is destined that we are yet to meet, and often.

"With regard to the publication of the work you mention, I must tell you that I had almost determined to limit the number of my undertakings in that department

of literature to those of the author of Waverley, yet I cannot but say at once that you may send me the MS. in question, and I shall do my best for it in every way. In the meantime, however, I would mention that I doubt whether I could offer any fixed sum, as in the first instance I would not print above 1000 or 1250 copies, and on that number the profit would not afford much copy-money. You are aware, perhaps, that Mr. Walter Scott's anonymous Poetry did not succeed? A good title and a popular author does much with the public; but when I receive the MS. you shall hear definitively as to all the arrangements I should propose; the MS. will come with perfect safety in a parcel per mail.

"I have got a most admirable wife. If you will pay Edinburgh another visit I think I can promise you the kindest reception from her, and that you will find the comforts of my state greatly increased.

"Accept again the assurance of my continued regard, and believe me, my dear Madam, ever sincerely yours,

"ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE."

MRS. OPIE to MR. CONSTABLE.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for your letter and your kind invitation. Would that I could accept the latter! and if I live another year, perhaps I shall.

"The MS. is gone to be copied, and when finished shall be sent to you. I thank you much for promising to receive and read it. When I send it I will write further.

"The frank of this is written by the lineal descendant of Oliver Cromwell,[1] by his daughter Lady Rich. This

[1] R. G. Russell, M.P. for Thirsk.

gentleman is in treaty for the head, the real head, of his great ancestor, which was dug up, you know, and put on a pike and exposed at Charing Cross, then taken down, taken up again, disposed of by lottery, forbidden by Government to be shown, and now, after passing through various hands, is again to be disposed of for the benefit of the natural child of the gentleman to whom it last belonged.

"Mr. Russell has seen it, and is convinced, as well as others, that it is the real head; there are the wart, the tuft of hair, etc., and the spike-hole.—Farewell! Yours ever, A. OPIE."

The MS. was sent, and the patience of Mrs. Opie was severely tried by my father delaying to give his opinion of its merits, though instant attention is paid to a commission for Edinburgh ale. After repeated attempts—signed "Patient Grizzel"—to get his verdict in the one case and account of cost in the other, she begs him to return the MS., and thus concludes her latest letter in my possession:—"Let me take this opportunity of thanking you for your obliging present of *charming* Ivanhoe. I value it much; but you are *a sad offender for all that!* I wish to know how I can pay you for the ale, which was excellent, and cured my friend—at least she *thinks* so. Let me hear from you by return of post, as this is really *business*, and you have been silent *quite long enough*.—Yours truly,

"A. OPIE."

"Egotism," an unpublished tale by Mrs. Opie, lies in my desk. I know nothing of its history, and sometimes wonder whether it ought to be given to the public.

Another distinguished lady who corresponded with my father, and was once at least on the brink of authorship, was the Honourable MRS. STEWART-MACKENZIE, eldest daughter of the last Lord Seaforth, and, as his successor, Chieftainess of Kintail.[1]

Sir Walter says of this lady that she had "the spirit of a chieftainess in every drop of her blood," and certainly she nobly sustained the dignity of her family. The following extract from a characteristic letter, dated December 15, 1816, while she was still a widow, will be read with interest:—

"You very kindly promised me some time ago to endeavour to procure from Lord Kellie a picture of Lady Anne Mackenzie, Countess of Argyll, and also some curious letters and papers of her writing. She was a very clever woman, and her history a singular one. I have always thought her a great ornament to our family, and

[1] "Mary-Elizabeth-Frederica Mackenzie was born at Tarradale, Ross-shire, March 27, 1783. She married at Barbadoes, November 6, 1804, Sir Samuel Hood, afterwards K.B., and Vice-Admiral of the White. Sir Samuel died at Madras, December 24, 1814. Lady Hood then returned to England, and took possession of the family estates, which had devolved to her by the death of her father without male issue, January 11, 1815. She married again, May 21, 1817, J. A. Stewart, Esq. of Glasserton, who assumed the name of Mackenzie, was returned M.P. for Ross-shire, held office under Earl Grey, and was successively Governor of Ceylon, and Lord High Commissioner to the Ionian Islands. He died September 24, 1843. Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie died at Brahan Castle, November 28, 1862, and was interred in the family vault at Fortrose or Chanonry. Her funeral was one of the largest ever witnessed in the North, several thousands of persons being present on foot, and the number of vehicles about 150. The deceased lady is succeeded by her son, Keith-William Stewart-Mackenzie of Seaforth."—See *North British Review*, vol. xxxix. p. 321.

have been much pleased with your promise of the restoration of her picture and MSS. to the place of her birth. Lord Kellie is not descended from her, and I dare say would not refuse your request. 'Tis a curious thing that the other day there was dug up near this castle (Brahan), cut in stone, the cypher and coronet of that very lady's mother, Margaret, first Countess of Seaforth in 1625. This has rather awakened my zeal to have the memorials of the Countess of Argyll if possible in my possession. Pray don't forget your promise.

"By-the-bye, can you tell me how it comes that the Quarterly Review says the Mackenzies were once a *dependent clan* on the Macdonalds? I can assure you *such never was the case;* we were certainly a much younger clan, and fostered by the Crown to be a thorn in their sides. When we had grown into power we beat them out of Ross-shire, and the battle which completed their discomfiture was fought on this very property, *the battle of Park.*[1] Many people here have been quite shocked at such a libel on Clan Kenneth in this part of the world, and I lament it the more as that article, so deep in Highland lore, and so authentic in every other point, will always be quoted as infallible authority, and the poor Mackenzies be tied for ever to the chariot-wheels of the

[1] See Statistical Account of Scotland, vol. xiv. p. 255.—The battle of Blar-na-pairc was a fierce and bloody encounter, towards the end of the fifteenth century, between the Mackenzies and the Macdonalds, in consequence of the chief of Clan Kenneth, for some slight cause, repudiating his wife, who was a sister of the Lord of the Isles, and blind of an eye. He had returned the lady to her kindred, insultingly accompanied by a man and a horse, each, like herself, monocular.

Macdonalds. I wish it were possible to get a contradiction to a statement that every highlander knows to be incorrect.

"I am assured that our family never yet had a charter from any one of the Macdonalds, which is a proof *we never were dependent on them.* I have charters for full 400 years to produce."

During her first marriage, and as wife of Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, naval Commander-in-Chief in the East Indies, Lady Hood had made many excursions and almost royal progresses of much interest there. An account of these her ladyship had at one time contemplated giving to the public, and there lies before me, in my father's handwriting, the following advertisement:—"In the press, and speedily will be published, in quarto, Excursions in India during the years 1812, 1813, and 1814, by the Honourable Lady Hood Mackenzie of Seaforth." I have been told on good authority that her ladyship was dissuaded from publication by Sir Walter Scott, for what reason I am not aware, but it must have been a valid one, as it was not usual for him to give such advice.

It is not improbable that Lady Mackenzie's decision not to publish her Indian Journal may have been assisted by the fact that MRS. GRAHAM, in her "Journal of a Residence in India," and in her "Letters on India," had already occupied the field successfully, the former work, published by my father, having already gone through several editions. Mrs. Graham was the daughter of Admiral George Dundas, and her first husband was Captain Graham, R.N. When permitted by the Lords

of the Admiralty, she dutifully accompanied him in all his voyages, and generally found some material for graphic sketches of life and manners.[1] After the death of Captain Graham she married Sir Augustus Calcott, R.A.

On September 8, 1820, Mrs. Graham writes from Mardocks, where she was on a visit to Sir James Mackintosh.

"Sir James has been extremely ill, but has now nearly recovered. Nobody does, or says, or thinks anything worth doing or saying or thinking now. The Queen, I may say, is the *sponge* that wipes out all records, save those of Italian tales and Italian witnesses, and society has become odious in consequence.

"Sir James and Lady Mackintosh desire me to give you their compliments, and thanks for the Abbot, which they are now reading. I have read it, and like it better than the Monastery, but worse than any of the rest of these novels. It will not do, to put Mary Stuart's affairs as an episode in the loves of Roland Graeme and Catherine Seton. The country games at Kinross is a pretty and well-designed patch, but a patch it is—there—that is the worst to be said; the good qualities of the Abbot, and his family-likeness to his elder brothers, need not be talked of.

"How do the Scotch critics like Lord John Russell's little book of 'Essays and Sketches of Life and Character, by a Gentleman who has left his lodgings?' If I had not read, liked, and recommended it long before I knew who was the author, I should distrust my own opinion,

[1] Mrs. Graham was also the author of Memoirs of the Life of Nicholas Poussin, and of a work entitled Three Months passed in the Mountains East of Rome, both published by A. Constable and Co.

and fancy that the name of Russell had bribed my judgment. I don't always agree with him, but that is nothing to the purpose;—difference of opinion is the life of conversation and the bringer out of truth.

"Remember me to such friends as you may see who think of me, and inquire concerning me. Believe me, I have never been forgetful of any kindness received. Many a time the novels you sent me before I went away have beguiled moments that would without them have been very unhappy, and I feel that the only return I can make for such seasonable comfort is to let you know of how much value it was.

"Graham and Lady Wiseman, who are both here, join me in compliments.—I am, dear Sir, yours most truly,

"MARIA GRAHAM."

On the 9th of January 1817, M. Louis Simond, for whom Constable and Company published in that year a second edition of his Journal of a Tour and Residence in Great Britain, addressed the firm with reference to the publication in England of a work by MADAME DE STAEL, to be entitled Considérations sur les faits principaux de la Révolution de France, but which he suggested might with great propriety and more effect be called Mémoires de mon Temps. The minimum asked for the English copyright was £2000, and this large sum, which it is believed had already been refused by Mr. Murray and the Messrs. Longman, my father's firm agreed to give; but owing to what was probably a fortunate hitch in the negotiations the transaction was not completed.

Mr. Cadell, who happened to be in London about this time, writes as follows to my father:—

"While I was at Longman and Co.'s, yesterday, Mr. Brougham came in. Mr. Orme introduced me, and I was much pleased with his manner and conversation. He had called to talk about Madame de Stael's work, he also being commissioned to sell it in this country. He thought her views quite extravagant, and her idea of getting anything like £2000 quite wild."

On the 30th January M. Simond writes, "I have not a word to say as to the terms; you must judge for yourselves. It may seem strange that Madame de Stael should want money; but she has married her daughter to a needy nobleman, the Duc de Broglie, and has two expensive establishments to support. She read a few pages of the manuscript to me; it was a spirited description of the first sitting of the Etats-généraux, and if the rest is like that, which I do not doubt, it will do, certainly."

To M. Simond Madame de Stael wrote as follows:—

"I feel myself much indebted to you, sir, for the trouble you have had the goodness to give yourself, and for the obliging answer of your correspondents Messrs. Constable and Co. We are very near understanding each other, and I have only a few observations to make.

"My work is full of facts, and that part of it which particularly relates to Bonaparte's reign is in a great degree new. As to the title, I cannot agree to the addition proposed, as the one upon which I have fixed appears to me more suitable. A few days since, the Duke of Wellington, talking to me about this same title, advised me, on

the contrary, to abridge it if I could, observing, with great reason, that the shortest titles were the most striking;—a hero's opinion is entitled to some attention when the question is success.

"Respecting the pecuniary part of the business, which, as the mother of a family, I must not neglect. . . . The first volume will be printed, I believe, on the 1st of April, the second by the 1st of May, and the third by the 1st of November: it is only at this last-mentioned period that I can allow the work to be published, but I require the first payment of £500 sterling to be made on the 15th day of April, on Messrs. Constable receiving the first volume, the remaining £1500 sterling to be paid in three payments of £500 each at three months' interval. I publish on the same terms in Paris.

"I beg leave to propose, but without insisting upon it as a condition, that Messrs. Constable allow me for every subsequent edition of the work books chosen by me from their Catalogue to the amount of £100 sterling. If they are satisfied with the success of my work, they will, I hope, gladly contribute to the augmentation of my library.

"I think I may venture to say that Mr. Constable will find this work sufficiently stored with curious and important facts, as well as speculative opinions, to insure a considerable degree of interest and extensive circulation, and that he will have no reason to regret his having formed so favourable an opinion of it. It includes the battle of Waterloo."

This book was published in 1818 by Messrs. Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, on what terms I do not know, and my

only reason for recording my father's correspondence with regard to it, and that with LADY MORGAN respecting her first work on France, is that she and Madame de Stael were both remarkable women, who from the commercial value they attributed to their literary labour, evidently knew the fact.

From Professor John Playfair my father received the following letter:—

"PARIS, 23*d July* 1816.

"DEAR SIR,—Lady Morgan (formerly Miss Owenson), whom I have been so fortunate as to become acquainted with here, is engaged in a work that I am persuaded will be most highly valuable and interesting. It is on the present state of society, manners, and opinion in France, and I have no doubt that it will prove incomparably more just and impartial than any account of these matters that is yet before the public. She is a person of great observation; she has been in the best society here, both fashionable and literary, and of her talent for elegant and spirited composition it is unnecessary to speak. She is quite above the prejudiced and morose views that have disgraced the descriptions of so many of our countrymen. Knowing this to be the case, I was glad to hear from herself that she had some thoughts of applying to you as her publisher. Though an introduction to such a person was unnecessary, I was very glad to offer to be instrumental in any degree in bringing about an acquaintance that may be so much for the benefit of all concerned.—I am, dear Sir, with very great regard, your obedient servant,

"JOHN PLAYFAIR."

The above was enclosed by Lady Morgan, with a few lines from herself, in which she says that "if her work is not curious from its originality, and interesting from its communications, the defect must lie in the inadequate ability of the author to the task she has assigned herself; for her advantages during her residence in France were many and singular, and such, she has reason to believe, as few English subjects have enjoyed. Should Mr. Constable feel inclined to meet Lady M.'s proposals, she will have the pleasure of forwarding a *précis* of her work, which she thinks will make two or three volumes large octavo, and may be ready by February; and she begs to add that she will feel particularly gratified by sending her work into the world from the Scotch press, the *foyer* which originates at this moment all that is most liberal and enlightened in Europe."

These communications having reached Edinburgh at a time when my father was absent in London, Mr. Cadell writes to him that after consulting Mr. Napier, Mr. Thomas Thomson, and Sir Walter Scott, who all approved of the new client—the latter saying "her last novel (O'Donnell) was excellent, and her book will be clever, but it depends a good deal on how long she was in Paris," —he had written cautiously but cordially in my father's name, inviting Lady Morgan to send the *précis*, which accordingly she sent. In it she gives a full detail of the subjects she intends to treat of, and tells that her views of "the general feelings of the higher orders towards the late and present order of things are chiefly illustrated by anecdotes collected during a residence in the châteaux of persons of rank, of the most opposite

parties in politics, it being a singular thing that she went from the château of the republican La Fayette to that of the Marquis de Colbert, a decided ultra-royalist." Her *précis* concludes as follows :—

"Such is the roughest and simplest sketch of a work as yet but in progress, and whose interest after all rests chiefly in the nature and style of its details. Lady Morgan wishes that her plans ended here, and that the dignity of authorship was not of necessity sullied by paltry considerations of interest; but it is long since the Muses disdained an alliance with Cocker, since numbers only served the purposes of poetry, and 'pounds, shillings, and pence' had no connexion with the dreams of philosophy and the systems of science. These are days of mere calculation, and genius itself bows to the supremacy of the multiplication-table! Lady M. will only add, after this humiliating confession, that she has refused a thousand pounds for her work on France from Mr. Colburn of London (the publisher of O'Donnell) this day, and that she hopes a more liberal offer from Mr. Constable will belie all the unfounded imputations against Scotch liberality in pecuniary interests, which those who hate Scotland for her liberality on all other subjects have uttered against her."

On December 6, 1816, I find the following passage in a letter from Edinburgh :—"I shrewdly suspect that Lady Morgan's subject is beyond her powers, and her terms what I dare swear you will not give in to. I will act upon this supposition, and say nay. So much for Paddy Morgan!" Her Ladyship had the good sense to close with Mr. Colburn, who published her work in 4to in 1817.

CHAPTER XII.

Mr. Robert Cathcart—The Encyclopædia Britannica—Mr. Macvey Napier.

It was in 1811, on the secession of Mr. Alexander Gibson Hunter from his firm, that my father assumed as a partner Mr. Cathcart, whom Mr. Hunter elsewhere designates as "that most spotless and most worthy fellow alive," and of whom he writes, "the more I think of him the more I admire him, and wonder at him. It puts me sadly out of conceit with my own stupid self, to think of such men as Gibson and Cathcart. . . . Let us thank God, my good friend, that we have known both so intimately." The contract of copartnery—which, though executed some months later, dated from the 1st May 1811—was intended to endure for ten years, and at Mr. Cathcart's request was made to include his brother-in-law, Mr. Robert Cadell, who afterwards became my father's son-in-law, and continued to be his partner until the crisis in 1826 severed the connexion.

On the 26th of April Mr. Cathcart writes as follows:—

"Drum, *26th April* 1811.

"My dear Sir, . . . I send you enclosed some notes which have occurred to me, as the basis of a new arrangement of your concern. I must however again repeat that I think you should consider what is most

for your own advantage, whether by carrying on business on a less extended scale you may not best promote the interest of your family. I am anxious that Robert Cadell should have a concern with you, which I think may be highly useful to yourself; further I have no wish on the subject; indeed, until the balance is taken, and the stock and copyrights valued, no opinion can be formed whether it is expedient Mr. G. or I should be concerned, as our views must of course be regulated by what the business is likely to do, and how the stocks are balanced. I did not see Mr. G. after I was with you on Wednesday, but I suppose Mr. Hunter or you will have learned his own sentiments on the subject. With regard to myself, I have seen nothing to cause any change in my opinion that the business is most prosperous, that if Providence spare you it is likely to continue so, and that under this impression—which, however, must be governed by the balance—I will readily hold a share, if you consider an arrangement of this kind the best. The enclosed is made out under this idea. If R. Cadell and you only are connected a few alterations may be necessary.

"It occurred to me that you would wish to make a provision for your son coming into the business, but I do not think at his present age any express stipulation to that effect can be entered into, as young men turn out so differently, and a copartnership is so important an alliance. I am very happy to hear that he promises to do credit to his family, and will possibly rival his father in professional talent; and so far as my interest or advice go, he should be admitted so soon as his knowledge

and experience would render it proper, or, if any accident should happen to you, he should be provided for.—I am, my dear Sir, yours very truly, ROBT. CATHCART."

The following extracts, dated 3d and 6th July, show that the *balance* had been so satisfactory to Mr. Cathcart as to remove all hesitation in becoming a partner in what was evidently a very flourishing concern, and I have peculiar pleasure in introducing the passages in these and later letters which refer to mutual insurances on his life and that of my father, because they bring out the generous and unselfish natures of the men.

MR. CATHCART to MR. CONSTABLE.

"EDINBURGH, *July* 3.

"I had yesterday your note of the 29th, in answer to which, I do not mean to make any further insurances on your life in the common insurance offices, as I have a great dislike to have interest in the death of another, although, in the present case, it is not probable that it could ever influence my feelings; but it is safer to avoid temptation. If there were any assurance office established on the footing of the Equitable, and well conducted, I would gladly effect a further insurance on your life, as I am well aware of the success of the establishment at the Cross being very dependent on this event. But I feel no great anxiety on this score; you are at that period of life which is generally reckoned the least liable to casualty; you will take every care of your health, for the sake of your own family as well as your friends; and I have the most entire reliance on Providence ordering every event for

our happiness. An assurance on the principle of the Equitable I consider more as a kind of sinking fund for a man's family, which I think almost all should subscribe to. . . .

"I am glad to see that you are on so good habits with the house of Longman, which I suppose is without any competition the first in respectability in the island.

"Mr. Scott's *Vision* was published yesterday. I am afraid that this publication will not add to his literary fame: his name stands so high that it is a risk of your own reputation to speak slightly of anything from his pen, but this production seems to me quite unworthy of him, and if he does not pay more attention to his next effort of the kind, it will not, I should think, be very beneficial to the publishers."

"EDINBURGH, *6th July* 1811.

"Mr. Auchie has now finished the balance for 30th April last, on which Mr. Hunter entered. Robert Cadell will send you a copy of it. The result is certainly very creditable. I think it may be estimated at about £5000 per annum, since the commencement of the concern. I rather imagined the balance of 1808 had not been very correctly taken, and that it had then been overrated, as the business done since 1808 should have been considerably greater than the first years of the concern; but this does not appear upon the profits of the business. Perhaps the stock of goods had been valued higher then than now, as certainly it has been very moderately estimated. The surplus fund, about £10,000, will be more than sufficient to cover loss of bad debts and creditors omitted. These, I

suppose, may amount to about £1300, and Mr. Auchie seems to think that £4500 or £5000 would well cover bad debts, so that the new partners have come in on a safe footing, and at the same time Mr. Hunter has had a fair share of the profits made on the business while he has been a partner.

"Annexed is an abstract state of the affairs[1] as they should be at present. The goods are increased by about £10,000 in the hands of printers for works at the press, or books in the hands of booksellers on our account, and I have added to the stock the goods returned from London at a guess of £6000, being the amount due by the London

[1] ABSTRACT STATE AT 2d MAY 1811 :—

Goods as before,			£36,129 15	2
Ditto, Mr. Morrison's Dictionary,			5,000 0	0
			£41,129 15	2
Copyrights,			12,000 0	0
Debts due to the Company,		£31,921 4 9		
Bills,	£9139 18 3			
Do. and Cash,	7000 0 0			
		16,139 18 3		
			48,061 3	0
Houses,			1,132 14	6
Bank stock,			1,680 0	0
			£104,003 12	8
Bills payable as before,		£33,030 5 7		
Do. to Mr. Morrison,		1,121 5 0		
		£34,151 10 7		
Accounts,	£19,045 4 9			
Bond to Mr. Morrison,	1,500 0 0			
		20,545 4 9		
	Deduct,		54,696 15	4
			£49,306 17	4

house for goods. These swell the stock, as you will see, to a great sum, which, with the copyrights, amount to more than the Company's capital of a dead stock, and it will require considerable exertion to keep up the sales to respectable dealers, so as to support the charges of so great a stock. The former concern began with a stock of £5000; we have now ten times that sum, and the charge of interest must fall heavy if the sales were not in some degree proportioned. I quite approved of your idea of travelling the principal towns to the north and south of Tweed, and it occurs to me that you might take such of the towns as you may think any business can be done in on your route north; you can at least see what openings there are, and who are to be trusted; and I hope the journey by easy stages will lay up for you a store of good health. You need not hurry yourself, as I think everything regarding the detail of the business R. Cadell can manage. Nothing withdraws his attention from business for an hour; and we will do nothing out of the routine till we have the pleasure of shaking hands."

The feelings mutually entertained by these partners were those of perfect confidence and cordiality, while the commercial wisdom and personal considerateness invariably manifested by Mr. Cathcart throughout an intercourse which eighteen months brought sadly to a close, were such as to make my father value him each day more highly, and lament his loss more deeply when he was taken away.

The following extract shows at once Mr. Cathcart's high estimate of my father's sagacity, and anxiety for the preservation of his health. My father was about to set

out for London:—"I hope you will not think of hurrying yourself upon the road, nor travel too far without resting. I think R. Cadell and I will be able to carry on the routine of business while you require to be away; and in any transaction you think it for our interest to enter into, you may rest assured of my cheerful concurrence, as I have the most entire confidence in your ability and judgment, and whatever may be the result of any of our speculations, you shall never hear a complaint from me."

The principal object of interest among the publications of A. Constable and Company, during their brief connection with Mr. Cathcart, was the Encyclopædia Britannica, purchased by them early in 1812. The present chapter will close with a historical letter from my father regarding this important work, and I shall here only make the following quotations from letters of his partner, the first of which alludes to the project of acquiring the property:—

"If we make the purchase, I mean to effect a further insurance of £5000 on your life, as it is a work of such magnitude that, if we were to have the misfortune to lose you to conduct it, R. Cadell and I would not be able to bring it to the same beneficial termination which I have no doubt you will accomplish if it please Providence to preserve you."

Later, after the purchase, he writes on the 2d May 1812:—

". . . This undertaking will require an advance of capital. Our outlay this year will be about £3000, and next year about £11,000. After that we calculate that

the sales will pay the advance, and aid in repaying some of the outlay in 1812 and 1813; but if we all live and prosper, in 1814 or 1815 the improved edition will be getting into motion, and be beginning to take a considerable yearly outlay. So that to carry on our present publishing business to the present extent, with the addition of the Encyclopædia, we should require £10,000 added to the Company's stock; and I would suggest that on our next balance at August the capital should then be stated at £56,000 instead of £48,000, the increase being added in the ratio of the present shares, and we can make it up from interest, profits, and otherwise, as may be convenient.

"With regard to the plan of connecting a printing establishment with our publishing business, I think it is an object we must not lose sight of, and when any of the houses you have in view can be bought on reasonable terms, it may be done; but at present it would be carrying on rather too rapidly to embark in it. I suppose it would take an additional capital of £10,000; viz., the house and ground, say £3000; the printing presses, say £2000; and the workmen's wages, etc., which would be paid a year sooner than otherwise they would be advanced, at least £5000—that is, there would always be £5000 employed in workmen's wages, etc. This would be such an increase of capital, with the addition of the Encyclopædia, that I am sure you will see the propriety, for the present, of postponing it. The year 1813 will be a very heavy year. If the Encyclopædia were once published, and you had made your first sale of some hundred copies, we would then know how we were to proceed

with the improved edition, and might safely embark in preparing a printing establishment for it and our other business.

"I take the liberty of sending you enclosed the policy of insurance of the Equitable on your own life, with the conveyance to it; as I cannot allow myself to hold an insurance on your life in that Society, when you wish to extend your present insurance on your life, and the principles on which that Society insures are more favourable than any other. It would be something peculiarly hard that a man should not have permission to insure his own life in the office he wished, by a prior insurance having been made on it by another. You must therefore agree to my transferring this policy. Did the Equitable admit of your increasing your insurance with them, I would not ask this.

"I think of making an insurance on your life, or rather to insure your life against mine, as this is done at a lower rate of premium. If I die first—which is an equal chance, as we are within a few months of the same age, and the difference is against me—I cease to be a partner, or to have any interest from the period of the balance preceding my death. If you predecease me, the insurance will prevent a part of the loss which such a misfortune would occasion, and it would also be a fund in readiness to meet any demands which might in consequence be made on the concern, or enable the wheels to move should we be so unfortunate as to want the mainspring. The best way of accomplishing this insurance is for *you* to make it against my life, and then to assign the policy to me, and not for

me to insure your life against mine. Our engagements are so very extensive, and with the prospect of being greatly increased, that, did we want your head, money could not compensate. Our engagements in the course of a few months will amount to £45,000 of running bills, exclusive of the advance of partners. I would be disposed to insure £8000 or £10,000, and Robert Cadell said he would wish to insure £2000.

"I hope we shall all live long and enjoy the blessing of health; but while in health it is a duty, as far as possible, to provide for every event which may happen.—Yours most faithfully, ROB. CATHCART."

MR. CONSTABLE to MR. CATHCART.

"CRAIGCROOK, *Friday afternoon, 8th May* 1812.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I return you your calculations relative to the Encyclopædia. The cost, I am persuaded, is fully rated, and the progress of sales considerably under what the recent demand for the work would warrant us to estimate it. The whole 1700 copies, I am persuaded, will go off within four years; if an additional 500 be added, we may calculate on five or six years. From my present notion I have no doubt but the sale during the first year will nearly amount to all our previous outlays. In estimating the profit on the present impression, we must add the value of the copyright, copperplates, printing materials, etc., at the completion of it, and these, I think, should amount to six or seven thousand pounds, say—

Profit on 1700 copies, by your estimate, . .				£4,500	0	0
Copyright, etc., say				6,500	0	0
				£11,000	0	0
A. C. and Co., two-thirds, . .	£7,333	6	8			
5 per cent. on sales, say . .	6,375	0	0			
	£13,708	6	8			

from which deduct £1708, 6s. 8d. for bad debts, expenses of sales, etc., and we should have a profit of fully £12,000. If the impression be increased 500 copies the profit on our share would be fully £4000 more. In either case (future plans entirely out of the question) the return for the outlay would be very considerable.

"The Encyclopædia is no doubt the greatest speculation we ever made, and will require a great command of money; but should any doubts be entertained of the safety of it, we could have no difficulty in selling it in shares for a very great premium—certainly £5000. On the subject of our other publishing business being carried to its present extent, it would not be a very easy matter to curtail it; but my mind is decidedly against any increase, unless when we have an opportunity of obtaining the very first-rate kind of property, and this I am resolved shall be constantly my future study. Hitherto we have been tolerably fortunate and select in our undertakings.

"As to establishing a printing-office, I am perfectly of your opinion that it must be the work of a future day. I shall get estimates and plans, however, from Mr. Burn, which can be acted upon hereafter as occasion may require. The adjoining property can in the meantime be secured.

"I have thought a good deal on the subject of insurance, and have now a plan to submit to you, which I shall be very happy to find agreeable to your views. In the first place, then, I have no objection that £5000, or even a larger sum, be done on my life as a Company concern. I have also to propose that yours be insured to a similar amount. Individual insurances do not appear to me as at all necessary. If the copartnery (and it is only as such we can have any interest in each other's lives) should be deprived of my exertions, my family's interest in the business would suffer equally with that of my partners, and in the like case should any accident happen to you. My life is no doubt important to us all, but it may be overrated, and I confess my unwillingness to speculate too deeply on the subject. I hope to live an ordinary period of years; but should Providence have determined it otherwise, I have the comfort to think that we are not engaged in any traffic of uncommon hazard, or that other heads could not be found to carry on. If agreeable to you and Mr. Cadell, I would propose that the insurance on your life should be made in the Equitable, and on mine in the Royal Exchange, or any other respectable office. I intend insuring £3000 additional, entirely on my own account, purposely for adding to a fund of provision for my younger children, totally independent of my concerns in trade, and this £3000 I intend offering to the Norwich Office. I believe they do not take a larger sum.

"I return you the Equitable policy p. £3000, which, as I mentioned to you the other day, I really cannot

satisfy myself that it would be proper for me to accept. It is no doubt hard that a man should be shut out from insuring his own life in the most advantageous office, but I must not allow your kindness to suffer for the illiberality of former days.

"I have no doubt that it would be quite proper to credit an additional sum to our capital, but I would wish to delay fixing it till after our balance in August. In the meantime, I am duly sensible of the great obligations the Company are under for your late important advances, and shall only say further, that I will use every exertion to get them speedily repaid.

"I trust you will be satisfied of the propriety of my plans as to the insurance, and the sooner it is set about the better. When the sixth volume of the Encyclopædia has been reprinted, and the exact expense of it ascertained, I propose making up an accurate estimate of the expense of the present reprint, and I intend also to commit to writing an ample detail of all my plans as to an improved edition.—I am, with true regard, my dear Sir, yours sincerely, ARCHD. CONSTABLE."

Mr. Cathcart, in addition to being an admirable man of business, was a sincere and devout Christian, who recognised and exemplified the fact that Christianity is not merely a bundle of orthodox beliefs, but a life to be lived. And so great was his zeal for the truth, that he lost no opportunity of recommending religion by word as well as deed to those he loved. The following letter to my father will be read with interest, and was, I do not doubt, as

gratefully received as another had been, addressed a few months previously to a country gentleman for whom Mr. Cathcart was agent, and whose warm acknowledgment will be found as a footnote to this page.[1]

[1] "1*st Nov.* 1811.

"My dear Cathcart,—On my return home after a very fagging ride, I found your most excellent letter, and if I liked and respected the writer before, I may with safety say that I do so now tenfold.

"I am heartily glad of anything that has led to your writing to me as you have the goodness to do, because I hope to benefit from it; but I will tell you fairly that I do not feel myself deserving of Dr. D.'s support on the ground of my attention to the duties of religion, and I even doubt how far (were I more worthy) I would make so sacred a subject a ground on which to claim support to the attainment of what may be termed (and probably are) merely views of ambition.

"I regret to say that the line of life into which I have been thrown, and still more my own unworthiness, have estranged my thoughts too much from sacred subjects; but in that respect I hope to mend, and in the meantime trust that I may assure you that I am truly sensible of the beauties and truths of the Christian faith, and that I never suffer a day to pass without returning thanks to my Creator for the many blessings bestowed upon me, and for those blessings bestowed on all Christians in the redemption of the world by our Saviour. As far, too, as showing those feelings in my family, I hope I am not quite remiss, but humbly endeavour, by collecting all to private worship on Sunday evenings, to atone for my many failings by showing a good example to those placed by Providence in more dependent situations in life.

"You judge quite right in your opinion of my wife, who is a most religious and excellently well-disposed woman, and who has read your letter with pleasure as well as admiration. We shall endeavour, my excellent friend, to walk in those footsteps which you have traced out for us.

"I shall conclude this letter with begging you to accept of my best thanks for the marked instance of your regard which you have shown in writing to me as you have done. I shall endeavour to become more deserving of it, and in the meantime am truly sensible of my own good fortune in having obtained a friend in one of the best men I have ever met with.

"Lady —— sends her best regards to you, and I remain, dear Cathcart, most sincerely yours."

MR. CATHCART to MR. CONSTABLE.

"DRUM, 16*th May* 1812.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have perused attentively the ideas you favoured me with on the Encyclopædia and as to the life insurances; as to the first, I hope the success of it will equal your expectations. I think much depends on your continued enjoyment of health, which I am very glad you think has been improved of late. I hope it will long continue, and that that success which has hitherto attended all your pursuits shall still accompany you. But you are aware of the importance, and indeed necessity, of providing for every event. You have made a very ample and suitable provision for your family, should it please Heaven to remove you from your present active pursuits. I had previously executed a settlement, making the same provisions for my children as those you have done; and I have taken the liberty of adding your name to those friends to whom I wish to intrust my children should they lose their head. I know the readiness with which you will discharge that duty, should it become necessary, and I have joined your friends James Gibson and R. Cadell in the charge, with some others of my private friends.

"Will you excuse me for now calling your attention to an object of primary importance? When we are settling our temporal concerns, we should not neglect those of far more importance, but which, notwithstanding, are too apt to be forgotten. You will not suppose that I think you either unusually inattentive on the subject to which I allude, still less that you have more to repent of than

others. But the Scriptures teach that all have sinned and fallen short of their duty; that all must repent and believe, otherwise they are not Christians, nor interested in the death of Christ. It is humbling to the pride of man to confess his sins; and many who have never read their Bible with attention, nor looked into their own heart and reviewed the motives and principles of their actions, will reply that they have nothing to repent of; that they have been just in their dealings, and not been guilty of any breach of the law. Such have not made the first step on the road to heaven, as it is revealed in the Scriptures, and they have much reason to fear that, if they continue in the same state, they will have little peace or comfort at the close of life. A moral life without religion, however cultivated the mind, gives little support in the hour of trial; but a mind impressed with just views of duty to God is enabled to bear anything. I could give you some striking illustrations of these truths amongst your own acquaintances, but I daresay you must yourself often have made the remark. . . .

"With regard to the insurances you mention, I have not the vanity to think that my life is of any use to the concern, but I am quite ready to do anything that will meet your wishes on the subject.

"As this is a private letter I have not mentioned it to R. Cadell.—Excuse my having taken up so much of your time, and the freedom with which I have addressed you, and believe me, most sincerely yours, ROB. CATHCART."

Before six months had passed Robert Cathcart had gone to realize the objects of his faith. To his family

and his friends the loss of his love and companionship were irreparable.[1] From one of the latter my father received the following lines on the announcement of his death:—"MY DEAR SIR,—I wish you to come to York Place for half an hour, that I may mourn with you on the death of our most excellent friend.—JAMES GIBSON."

Mr. Cathcart's connexion with A. Constable and Co. was short, but far from unproductive, though the following letter from my father to Mr. Scott Moncrieff would indicate that some of his friends were inclined to believe that Mr. Cathcart's time and money had not been adequately rewarded for the alliance. His share in the concern amounted to three-eighths, that of Mr. Cadell to one-eighth, while the other four-eighths remained my father's property. I shall give in his words the anticipated result of the association.

MR. CONSTABLE to MR. SCOTT MONCRIEFF.

"EDINBURGH, 10*th April* 1813.

"DEAR SIR,—From an expression which escaped you the other day relative to the connexion of our late most worthy friend Mr. Cathcart with the house of Messrs. Constable and Co., I cannot longer refrain from addressing you on the subject. The expression to which I allude was this, 'that you did not consider it to have been any object for Mr. Cathcart to have been connected with such an extensive trade, when his share of the profits over and above five per cent. had in fifteen months only amounted to £1000.'

[1] Mr. Cathcart died on the 18th November 1812.

"I am well aware, my dear Sir, that you had no intention of saying anything disagreeable to me, but having at the moment felt unpleasantly at the remark, as conveying a reflection not only on the concern, but also on our departed friend, I wish now to explain that Mr. Cathcart's funds are, I trust, to be benefited by the partnership to a far greater amount than you seemed to allow.

"In the first place, Mr. Cathcart settled with the late Mr. Hunter for the balance of his interest in the Company at the sum of £17,000; but there was placed to Mr Cathcart's credit in the books of the concern, £17,964, 18s. 8d., being a difference in Mr. Cathcart's favour of £964, 18s. 8d. Mr. Hunter transferred to Mr. Cathcart a policy of insurance on my life for £3000, which policy I understood you had lately valued at £1800, therefore Mr. Cathcart's advantages greatly exceeded your estimate, thus—

Profits placed to Mr. C.'s credit, 1st August 1812,	£1350	0	0
Difference on settlement with the late Mr. Hunter, being a discount given by Mr. H., . . .	964	18	8
Value of policy in Equitable, £1800; deduct £91, 19s., one year's premium, paid by Mr. Cathcart,	1708	1	0
These three sums amount to . . .	£4022	19	8

and are ascertained advantages. Mr. Cathcart's trustees have besides drawn £3000 for the policy in the Norwich office, an insurance which, you are aware, was done on account of his having been a bookseller, and if this policy shall not be found to belong to his surviving partners, the benefits to Mr. C.'s family arising from the book concern may be fully *seven times the amount of your estimate.*

"I trust you will not misconceive my object in writing this letter. It would be ungrateful to the memory of Mr. Cathcart were his surviving partners to make any boast of the advantages accruing to his family from the connexion—short-lived as Providence had ordered it; but, on the other hand, we must not do ourselves the injustice to allow them to be too much underrated. I need not trouble you with any statement of the loss which this house has sustained by the death of such a partner, nor that the concerns of it had greatly increased in magnitude during the short period of the partnership,—as you can form some idea of them. I may add, however, that as the amount of Mr. Cathcart's stock account, £18,000, was made up of the accumulations of a very few previous years, and a part only of the profits of the partner whom he succeeded,—not capital advanced to the concern, but which it had actually made,—you will not, I am sure, impute any blame to Mr. Cathcart for having embarked in a concern which had yielded so much profit formerly, and with the affairs of which he had for some time been intimately conversant; nor will you rashly condemn him for being a party to the important and weighty speculations which followed his connexion with the business, and which, had it been the will of Providence to have spared us all, would, I am convinced, have turned out most advantageously. As the matter stands, Mr. Cadell and myself will not, I hope, fail to make good the engagements of the concern, as well as use our best exertions and industry to pay up the instalments of Mr. Cathcart's stock as they fall due. I know not whether the sentiments which fell

from you, and occasioning this letter, be those generally entertained by Mr. Cathcart's trustees; you need not therefore consider this as a private communication further than you may see cause.—I remain, dear Sir, yours most faithfully, ARCHD. CONSTABLE.

"William Scott Moncrieff, Esq."

The following account of the origin and progress of the Encyclopædia Britannica and its Supplement was addressed by my father to Mr Joseph Ogle Robinson in the autumn of 1821 :—

"The actual projector of the Encyclopædia was the late Mr. Colin M'Farquhar, printer in Edinburgh. In Ker's Life of William Smellie, a very singular performance, an attempt is made to give him credit for more than his share of the undertaking, which, as I have always believed, was merely that of a contributor for hire. Mr. M'Farquhar was, however, a person of excellent taste and very general knowledge, though at starting, like many others, he had little or no capital, and was obliged to associate Mr. Andrew Bell, then the principal engraver in Edinburgh, as a partner in his undertaking. The first edition consisted of three volumes; the impression I have understood was somewhere about 3000 copies; it was several years in progress, published in numbers, and completed, to the best of my recollection, some time in the 70's of the last century. A book was got up then at very little expense, and I believe this turned out a very profitable undertaking. A person of the name of Tytler, the inventor of

balloons in Scotland, and who used to compose and set the types at the same moment, was a large contributor to the three first editions of this work; he was a *red-wud* politician, and, if I am not mistaken, went to America about the year 1793, to escape being prosecuted for sedition.

"The second edition of the Encyclopædia was begun very soon after the completion of the first, was published also in numbers, and finished about the year 1785, in ten volumes; this edition was still more successful than the first, continued the property of the same persons, but was sold chiefly through the medium of the late Mr. Charles Elliot, then a bookseller of great respectability at Edinburgh. As to the impression of the second edition I am not certain, but it was considerably larger than the first.

"After more than a year's preparation, a third edition was announced in the year 1787, and the first Number of it published early in the succeeding year, about which period my acquaintance with the book commenced; the impression was begun, I believe, at 5000 copies, and concluded with a sale of 13,000. Mr. M'Farquhar, who had acted as editor of the two first editions, continued this laborious office to the third, but, worn out by fatigue and anxiety of mind, he died when about fifty years of age, before it was half finished. Dr. George Gleig of Stirling, a bishop of the Scottish Episcopal Church, and a person of some literary name, was from this period employed as editor; and for the times, and the limited sum allowed him for the reward of contributors, his part in the work was considered as very well done.

"Mr. M'Farquhar's family and Mr. Bell were the only proprietors of this great and lucrative concern. A person of the name of James Hunter, a bookseller of no character, but of considerable activity, was one of the chief vendors to the trade. He was cheated by a man of the name of Spottiswood, and his affairs got into disorder; he had a shop in Middle Row, Holborn, and died more than twenty years ago. Mr. Thomson Bonar, who had married the daughter of Mr. Bell, and was by trade a wine-merchant, became the seller of the book. He was the proprietor of the Supplement by Gleig, and made a considerable sum of money, but he had quarrelled with his father-in-law, and the consequence was that Mr. Bell would not see him during the last ten years of his life. Eighteen volumes of the third edition of the Encyclopædia were completed some time about the year 1796 or 1797, when, in order to wind up the concern, it was necessary to dispose of the copyright and the remaining books. Mr. Bell was the purchaser of the whole, and gave, I think, £13 a copy, copyright and odd volumes included. The demand for the book continued, and Bell soon disposed of the whole complete copies to the trade, printed up the odd volumes, and by this means kept the work in the market for several years.

"Towards the latter end of the year 1802 I became intimately acquainted with Mr. Bell. From this period till his death, which happened, I think, in the year 1809, I generally spent one afternoon in the week with him, and sometimes two—indeed, his calls upon my time were frequently a little inconvenient. I gave him a great deal

of advice, and if he had not had grandchildren and two or three writers as agents, besides other interested persons about him, the trouble I took in his service might have been more beneficial to us both. He made a proposition early in 1804, to give to me and my then partner, Mr. Hunter, for £20,000, the whole that was then printed of a fourth edition, and the copyright, printing materials, etc., and I have often regretted since that the speculation was not entered into. Mr. Hunter and I were in London in March 1804, when it was in agitation. We intended, if it did go on, that our friend Thomas Hurst should be one of the chief vendors of the work, as well as of our other publications.

"Mr. Bell retained the property, but he died before the fourth edition was finished, leaving two sets of trustees, one literary, to make the money, and the other legal, to lay it out after it was made. The trustees, as a matter of course, went to law to ascertain their rights. I know the expense on one side amounted to £5000. . . . We became the purchasers of the greater part of the edition, and the late Vernor and Hood transacted with Mr. Bell for the remainder. He commenced this edition at an impression of 1250 copies, and concluded, I think, at 4000, two-thirds of which passed through our hands. A fifth edition was then begun, and a transaction made for the impression after Mr. Bell's death, with *one of the sets* of his trustees; it was to be equally divided between Vernor and Hood and my firm, but no joint responsibility. The trustees quarrelled amongst themselves, and to relinquish this transaction the booksellers got £1000

each. The management of the edition, or rather mismanagement, went on under the *lawyer trustees* for several years, and at last the whole property was again brought to the market by public sale. There were about 1800 copies printed of the first five volumes, which formed one lot; the copyright formed another, and so on. The whole was purchased by myself, and in my name, for between £13,000 and £14,000, and it was said by the wise booksellers of Edinburgh and others that I had now completely ruined myself and all connected with me, by a purchase to such an enormous amount; this was early in 1812. None of them had dreamt of a Supplement; but in a happy moment, in contemplation that such a thing might happen, I had purchased the copyright of the Supplement to the third edition from Mr. Bonar, a gentleman with whom I found it necessary to be considerably connected, as I shall now explain; but before doing so, I shall give you an account of the mode in which the fourth edition was edited. Mr. Bell intended the fifth as a mere reprint.

"Dr. James Millar, who is now the editor of the Edinensis, was editor of the fourth edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. He was destined originally for the Church of Scotland; he afterwards studied medicine, and obtained a degree in the ordinary manner at Edinburgh a great many years ago. He was settled some time as a physician at Paisley, was partial to the study of natural history, and is said to be a very good chemist. He is a slow, dilatory person, and by no means very well qualified for the task he undertook.

The editorship was offered by Mr. Bell to Dr. Thomas Thomson, chemist, who declined it, and recommended Dr. Millar as a proper person, who accordingly commenced operations in the year 1800 or 1801. His allowance as editor, and his powers, were very limited. His temper was said to be indifferent, and the consequence was a quarrel between him and Mr. Bell, and I believe that for fully more than a year they had no personal communication. This happened after my intimate acquaintance with Mr. Bell, and I did all I could to have matters restored to a good understanding. Dr. Millar complained of small payment from Mr. Bell, and Mr. Bell alleged indifferent performance of duty. Perhaps there was justice in both. Dr. Millar appointed Mr. Napier, the present editor of the Supplement, as his friend to settle differences, and I was appointed on the part of Mr. Bell. Dr. Millar's acquaintance with Mr. Napier was entirely through myself. We got matters adjusted by a considerable increase of Dr. Millar's salary. A formal agreement was drawn up, in which I was named by both parties as the sole referee if any similar difficulty should occur, and I was to be entitled at all times to ascertain how Dr. Millar was going on. It is known to the Doctor how far a due delicacy was observed towards him.

"Mr. Bonar, who had long been well acquainted with the book, thought he could conduct it, and, living next door to where the printing was carried on, had resolved on the purchase. Being possessed of a good deal of cash, he appeared to me rather a formidable rival. Mr. Cathcart was then a partner in my house, and after some

consultation with him, and sundry interviews with Mr. Bonar, it was agreed that the purchase should be made in my name for the joint concerns, Mr. Bonar holding a third. I had purchased, as I have said, the copyright of the Supplement from Mr. Bonar himself, some years before, for £100. I believe it contained many articles of value, not in the fifth edition, which it was resolved at this time should be incorporated in any succeeding edition, or in a Supplement. It was consequently necessary that this Supplement should form a part of the transaction, and it was accordingly valued to the new concern at £600, and Mr. Bonar paid one-third of the amount. When Mr. Cathcart and Mr. Cadell were admitted into the firm of A. Constable and Co., the Supplement, for which I had paid £100, was what I then called a dormant property, and was valued in the stock at either £100 or £200, while the sale of one-third of it to Mr. Bonar about a year afterwards produced £200. The arrangements for the new Supplement had not at this time taken place, otherwise Mr. Bonar would, in all probability, have paid a much larger sum. We issued proposals for republishing the Encyclopædia, in Parts, in January 1813, and we very speedily, through my own plans in London and elsewhere, succeeded in obtaining orders for 1200 or 1300 copies. The announcement of the Supplement was the great means by which this was accomplished, and of this great work it was a matter of course that Mr. Bonar should hold a third share.

"The printing of the fifth edition now proceeded under a sort of superintendence of Mr. Bonar, who died just

before the conclusion of the printing of the fifteen volumes. His share of advances had been considerable, and his profit at this period, as fixed by the agreement, had to be settled for, as the whole fell into the hands of A. Constable and Co. Mr. Bonar's trustees were his brothers, the bankers of that name, men of the first moneyed influence in Edinburgh. In an interview with myself they offered either to continue the concern for the benefit of Mr. Bonar's family, or to close it on the terms of the contract, as I might wish and recommend. Mr. Bonar's advances at this time amounted to about £6000. His profit was to be on the literary property of the Encyclopædia, if his death happened before the edition was finished. There was no part of the Supplement then ready, but the £200 he had paid formed one of his items of outlay. The property of the Encyclopædia was purchased, I think, at £5500, which sum was to be doubled; consequently at this date the copyright, independent of the Supplement, was valued at £11,000. A third share of this was added to Mr. Bonar's outlay, but the book had been so extremely successful that I did not think it fair to close the transaction on these terms, and added £500 to the amount. . . .

"When I projected the Supplement, my object was to confine it to four, or at the very utmost five, volumes, and on these principles all my calculations of expense and sale proceeded. The first article arranged for was one on Chemistry by Sir Humphry Davy, but he went abroad, and I released him from his engagement, and employed Mr. Brand; the second article was Mr. Stewart's Dissertation, for which I agreed to pay him £1000, leaving the

extent of it to himself, but with this understanding, that it was not to be under ten sheets, and might extend to twenty. I need not tell you that Mr. Stewart's name stood in the first rank of the philosophers of the day, and it required the high premium of payment, my own intimate connexion and friendship with him, and a negotiation conducted with some address, to accomplish the important end in view.[1] He had never contributed to any work of

[1] In illustration of Mr. Stewart's goodwill to my father's great undertaking, while yet he hesitated to give practical aid in carrying out his own invaluable suggestions, I quote the following letter, in which these were first embodied:—

"KINNIEL HOUSE, 15*th Nov.* 1812.

"MY DEAR SIR,—In compliance with your request I sit down to put in writing the heads of our conversation yesterday with respect to the projected republication of the Encyclopædia Britannica, requesting you always to keep in mind that I come under no engagement whatever to execute any of the additions or alterations which I am about to propose on the former editions of that work.

"The excellent discourse prefixed by D'Alembert to the French Encyclopédie has always appeared to me to form one of its chief ornaments, and something of the same kind ought, in my opinion, to stand in the front of your intended publication. In consequence, however, of the rapid progress which various branches of science have made since the period when this discourse was written, it might surely admit of important improvements, and perhaps the whole might with advantage be thrown into a different form. If I had been a few years younger I would have been happy to have undertaken this article myself, more particularly as I had thought of introducing something of a similar description in the third volume of the Philosophy of the Human Mind. But at my time of life, although I have not abandoned this design, I have but little prospect of being able to execute it in a way corresponding to my wishes.

"If I were to attempt such a general map of the various departments of human knowledge, I should be disposed to add to it an historical sketch of the progress made since Lord Bacon's time, in

the kind, nor was his name to be found as a literary man, except in the title-pages of his own books, and perhaps to an article or two in the Royal Society Transactions of Edinburgh. Having got his name and that of Sir Humphry Davy, I could ask all the literary men of the day to unite in my undertaking, and I believe in this respect the authors of the Supplement will be found to stand pre-eminently in the first rank. Mr. Stewart found, as he proceeded in the article, that to do it justice—and in all in which he was concerned that was done—he must necessarily extend it greatly beyond the prescribed limits; a new arrangement was therefore made with him, by which the extent of the article was to be entirely in his own power, and the remuneration a matter of future adjust-

those branches of metaphysical, moral, and political philosophy to which I have more particularly directed my attention.

"In order, however, to render this preliminary part of your work complete, three additional discourses, at least, would in my opinion be necessary,—1st, An historical sketch of the progress and present state of the modern discoveries in Mathematics and in Physics; 2d, A similar sketch with respect to Chemistry; 3d, A similar sketch with respect to Natural History, comprehending under this title Zoology, Botany, and Mineralogy.

"Mr. Playfair is the only person in this country who can do justice to the first of these subjects, and also the best adviser you can consult about the writers to be employed in the two other departments. Sir Humphry Davy would, I should suppose, have no objection to undertake the second. The third would probably require the co-operation of different hands, and in selecting these it would be necessary for you to confine your choice to men accustomed not only to scientific details, but to general and philosophical views of their respective subjects. If Mr. John Allan could be bribed to resume for a time his old studies, he might furnish a most interesting article on that part of Zoology which relates to the animal economy and to Comparative Anatomy. Mr. A. Knight might perhaps be prevailed on to contribute an outline

ment. When the first Part was ready, Mr. Stewart would not have it printed in the ordinary manner, but in one certainly still more ugly, and valuable as the article was to many readers, yet extending it so far as to render its appearance in the work objectionable (perhaps) to no small proportion of its readers. The second Part has just appeared, greatly longer than the first, and the subject is not yet concluded. Among the last of my transactions in business in the High Street was fixing with a friend of Mr. Stewart the amount of payment for this second Part, which I think was £700. Thus we have paid £1700—perhaps it was only £1600—for the great ornament of our book, and certainly the finest piece of writing that ever appeared in any work of the kind. Both the first and second Dissertations were completely printed for correc-

of what is known of the Physiology of Vegetation, and Mr. Playfair would undoubtedly execute better than anybody else a historical and critical view of the present state of Mineralogy.

"After what I have already said you will easily enter into the delicacy I feel about committing my name at present in such a manner as to found any claim against you or myself, if circumstances should render it necessary to devolve my part of the task on other hands, and I suspect that the same scruples will operate both with Mr. Playfair and Sir Humphry Davy. If our friend Mr. Thomson could think of any mode of reconciling, in your Prospectus, these scruples with your wishes, nothing would make me more happy than to have it in my power to contribute something toward the success of an adventure which you consider as of so great moment to your family. At the same time I must again repeat that a conditional promise (if my health and other engagements permit) to set about my preliminary discourse as soon as I shall have completed the volume which I am about to send to the press, is all that I can venture to make, when I reflect on the difficulty of the undertaking and on the scanty materials which I have as yet collected for the execution.—I am, my dear Sir, yours sincerely,

"DUGALD STEWART."

tion and revision before going to press—occasioning an unusual and increased expense; but Mr. Stewart had everything his own way, and our right to the Dissertation is limited to the Supplement and the Encyclopædia.

"In arranging the materials for the work, my next application was to Professor Playfair, of whom no doubt you have heard much, but I cannot avoid here telling you that a man of higher talent, greater worth, and, in short, of purer integrity of mind in his intercourse with the world, never existed. He entered into my views in the readiest and kindest manner; usefulness was his object, money was little so, and I made a contract with him for a Dissertation, to be equal in length or not to Mr. Stewart's, for £250; but a short time afterwards I felt that to pay one eminent individual £1000 because he would not take less, and to give another individual, not perhaps so well known, but not less able, one half the money for the same work, would be quite unfair, and I wrote to the worthy Professor that I had fixed his payment at £500; but he was cut off before he had finished his task. The first Part, like Mr. Stewart's, greatly exceeded what was wanted as a whole, in my first view of the subject; but from such a mind as Playfair's the world could not have too much. The second Part, which was at press when he died, is also extensive. I paid him £500 for the first Part, and intended a like sum for the second, had it been equally long. . . .

"My next object, after these arrangements, was to find out what were the greatest defects in the work to which I proposed a Supplement, and I thought my best plan was

to get reports from different literary men. I accordingly employed Professor Leslie to go over the book and to give me his opinion. He made out a few memoranda in writing, which I believe proved of some use, and he was paid £200, I think, for his trouble—a goodly sum, but not too much for a man of his eminence, who would take the trouble of going over twenty volumes in 4to. I put another copy of the book into the hands of Mr. Graham Dalyell, whose payment was £100. Professor Wallace afforded me gratuitous advice, and Dr. Leach of the British Museum rendered me some assistance in regard to the Natural-History department, for which he got a copy of the book. After this I prepared a Prospectus. The first draught was entirely written by myself, and is still preserved somewhere among my papers. I submitted it in print to Mr. Stewart in the first instance, and asked him to correct it for me, but the cautious philosopher referred me to Mr. Playfair. To him, therefore, I applied, and indeed would have done so in the first instance, had I not dreaded offence to Mr. Stewart. Mr. Playfair kept the Prospectus, and returned it next day very greatly improved. For this piece of kindness I had the honour of sending Mr. Playfair six dozen of very fine old sherry. It was not to everybody I would have parted with such wine; but the only regret which I felt upon this occasion was, that I had nothing better to offer.

"Thus far advanced in the project, my attention was now directed to find an editor. My first plan was to have two—one for the strictly literary, and the other for the scientific department. I thought of various persons, in

the event of there being two. I thought of Cadell, whose recent work on Italy I believe has not been well received, though, as the saying is, it is better than it is bonny. I applied to the late Dr. Thomas Brown, but he was engaged in his own favourite pursuits, and would not embark with me. He preferred writing trash of poetry to useful and lucrative employment. It is fortunate all of us are not equally fond of money, or the scramble would be greater and hard blows more frequent.

"Various literary men were recommended and thought of; among others, perhaps in the first rank, was Mr. Napier, the present editor, who was then but little known among literary men, and not at all out of the circle of Edinburgh. My acquaintance with him commenced about the year 1798. I remember his first appearance in the High Street most perfectly; he was a genteel-looking young man, and asked for Huet on the Commerce of the Ancients, which I afterwards with considerable difficulty procured for him. From this period he became my daily visitor. He was always received by me with all the kindness I had it in my power to show, and it is due to him to acknowledge that I owed a good many of the early friends of my establishment to his introduction. My shop having become gradually the resort of the senior literati of the place, it was my pride to associate and to bring forward to the utmost of my opportunity some young men of great promise, who, like myself in regard to original patronage, had started as it were alone. Among these I may enumerate the late eminent Oriental scholars, Dr. Leyden and Dr. Alex. Murray, Professor Wallace, and

many others then in equal obscurity. Mr. Napier had been educated at Glasgow University; there was a dash of gentility and of aspiring consequence about him greatly beyond the eminent individuals just named, and I believe several years elapsed after their acquaintance in my place of business before they recognised each other elsewhere. Mr. Napier had been a hard student, and at College laid a good foundation for his future career, though more perhaps in general information than in what would be, strictly speaking, called scholarship; this however does not fit him the less for his present task.

"We purchased the property of the Encyclopædia in 1812, and it was towards the end of that year that the arrangements were made, of which I have just spoken, for the Supplement. I laid my plans before Mr. Napier, and offered him the office of editor, which after a good deal of conversation he agreed to undertake, requesting that I would lay before him in writing my whole plan, so far as it was formed, which I afterwards did in a long letter, whose contents form the ground-work of what he has since done, and, I must add, so satisfactorily; indeed, I have great pleasure in saying that he has proved quite fit for the accomplishment of the task confided to him. . . .

"In the letter to which I have alluded, the terms of remuneration were specified, and are, I believe, in all respects liberal—so far as the editor is concerned at any rate.[1] The allowances to him were made to suit what I

[1] The terms of remuneration I find thus stated in a letter from my father of 11th June 1813:—"The sum of £300 sterling in three pay-

conceived his then pecuniary circumstances, amply rewarding him, of course, for all his exertions and trouble. An agreement was immediately entered into with Mr. Napier in a very formal way. He went to London, was introduced to many literary men, most of whom could not decline giving their names to a list in which he could show those of Mr. Stewart, Mr. Playfair, Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Jeffrey, and many others. . . .

"After Mr. Napier undertook the editorship, his first object was, of course, to give the main book an attentive examination, aided by the reports of Leslie and others, which he had before him; and I have much reason to believe that no man could have been found to have performed this task, and to continue it to the best of his judgment, in a more conscientious way than he has done. I believe he found the defects of the work very numerous, and, extended as the plan has been, has not been able to incorporate in the volumes of the Supplement one-half of what he could have wished. . . .

"I do not at present remember if there be an article

ments, as you may require the same between the date of agreement and the period at which Vol. I. Part I. may go to press, and the sum of £150 on the completion at press of each of the eight half-volumes respectively, and a further sum of £500 on reprinting the work, or during the currency of the first edition, should the proprietors be encouraged to extend the impression of the same beyond 7000 copies. We would further agree to allow you the sum of £200 to defray all incidental expenses during the currency of the agreement, and to be paid as required. In this way the composition of the four volumes, including the introductory dissertations, will amount to considerably more than £9000." By a postscript to this letter the *certain* payment is increased to £1575, the *contingent* to £735, and the allowance for incidental expenses to £300.

'Encyclopædia' in the Supplement; if there be, the history of my book will certainly form a prominent part of it. I remember I wished short biographical notices of the first founders of this great work, but they were, in the opinion of my editor, too insignificant to entitle them to the rank which such separate notice, it was supposed, would have given them as literary men, although his own consequence in the world had its origin in their exertions.

"On completing the bargain with you and Mr. Hurst, I resolved on having the book revised by a literary man, with reference to the Supplement. In the course of my correspondence with Edinburgh I mentioned this, but it was strenuously opposed; considering, however, that it would not be a wise measure to reprint so large a book, year after year, without correcting at least its grossest errors, I persisted in my plan, and, I flatter myself, have carried it through with some success. On reaching home, I mentioned Mr. Maclaren, a proprietor and contributor to the Scotsman, as the person of my literary acquaintance, disengaged, most likely to do the thing well. Mr. Maclaren is one of the ablest men in Scotland, a good staunch Whig, particularly well informed in matters of history and general science—wrote the best character of Sir Samuel Romilly that has appeared, and was well fitted for the undertaking I proposed.

"I had then an interview with Mr. Maclaren, stated what was wanted, and, after some consideration, he undertook the work, and, I believe, has done it admirably. His attention was chiefly directed to the historical and geographical articles. He was to keep the press going, and

have the whole completed in three years, for which, I think, he received £500 in all—a very moderate payment; but on this being put in his hands he relinquished his situation in the Custom House;[1] and I believe all concerned are *now* satisfied of the estimate I formed of Mr. Maclaren. Besides these operations, many of the large articles, such as Chemistry, Conchology, Agriculture, etc., are either entirely new, or nearly so. The expense of the literary improvements on this edition will be about £1000, and I think the money well laid out.

"A new edition in which the Supplement was to be incorporated, has been of course long talked of, and Mr. Napier's intimate acquaintance with the work naturally pointed to him as editor; but before I left Edinburgh, towards the latter end of 1818, there was an application from him that we should enter into a regular arrangement on the subject, he alleging that he had other literary employment in his offer. To this, however, we at once gave the negative. . . . Mr. Napier's application was renewed shortly after my return from London in the beginning of 1819. I yielded to solicitations, and some time in February 1819 a missive letter was drawn out containing the heads of an agreement to employ him as editor of a new edition, which was not to be announced or made known till a certain fixed period after the conclusion of the Supplement. The book was to extend to twenty-five volumes, and to be published in Parts during a series of

[1] Mr. Maclaren at this time also resumed his work as editor of the *Scotsman*, which he had relinquished on becoming a clerk in the Custom House, feeling that "his position as a Government officer was incompatible with that of recognised editor of an opposition journal."

years. The allowances to Mr. Napier were to be extremely liberal. . . .

"The value of the Encyclopædia as a property must always be great. In June last, before writing to you on the subject of a third and fourth delivery which you had the power of taking, I made up a memorandum, as accurately as I could do, living in the country, in bad health, and without access to all the necessary documents, of the sales of the book from its becoming the property of my house in 1812, and it amounted to £60,000. We cannot have had less than a profit of £20,000 on these sales; we shall not, I think, under any circumstances, get less than £10,000 at the final close of the present impression; and we have the copyright free. In 1812, when the copartnery was formed with Mr. Bonar, the copyright was valued at £11,000; we have since laid out £1000 improving it, which makes £12,000; and at this time there was no Supplement to carry it through, nor did we know what success the book was to meet with in the new hands into which it had just come. The completion of 'Rees,' and two or three bad years after the war, have all operated against us; but the state of the book has been kept pure, and has been only in our hands and yours since the unlucky days of Fenner, on whose estate, after all, considering that we got about £40,000 of his money, our ranking was not an immense sum, and our ultimate loss will not be great. The Supplement has surely a present value—that is, for the volumes yet to come out,—and it will supply materials for at least an equal number of volumes of a new edition. You have not, I presume,

lost sight of the profit I would expect to make by the sets of the twenty volumes; and upon the whole, I dare-say, you will now be disposed to allow that to us, who know its value so well, the two properties will be worth what I estimated them at. We shall make from £20,000 to £30,000 by the first edition of the Supplement, and this we owe to being the proprietors of the greater work; but there has been another value connected with this property: it enabled us to pay large sums to deceased partners, which, without such a powerful magnet, might have been very difficult, if not impossible.

"I have now, my dear Sir, committed to paper all that occurs to me in the history of the Encyclopædia that it may be interesting and useful for you to know. It has been written at such various times,—the packets having been despatched without my even reading them,—that I fear you will meet with many inaccuracies of expression, and I should not wonder at repetitions also. If I have stated anything as to dates and sums inaccurately, the distance at which I am from reference is the excuse I would offer."

Since the Encyclopædia Britannica passed into the hands of Messrs. A. and C. Black, in the year 1826,—as was to be expected from the intelligence and liberality of that firm,—it has fully sustained the character it had acquired as a work of standard authority in all departments of knowledge; and it will be seen from the following supplementary statement, most kindly communicated by the present publishers, that the ninth edition, whose issue is

soon to be begun, may be expected to rival, if not to surpass, all those that have preceded it.

"The seventh edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica was commenced in 1827, and completed in 1842. It was edited by Mr. Macvey Napier, Professor of Conveyancing in the University of Edinburgh, who was assisted in the greater part of the work by Dr. James Browne as sub-editor. Nine years later, in 1852, the eighth edition was commenced, under the editorship of Dr. Thomas Stuart Traill, Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in the University of Edinburgh, who was assisted for some time by his son Mr. Thomas Stuart Traill, and after his death by the late Mr. John Downes, A.M., and others whose names are commemorated in the Preface. The eighth edition was completed in 1860. Both editions extended to twenty-one volumes quarto, and met with considerable success.

"Since the completion of the eighth edition, so many changes have taken place in all departments of knowledge, that it has been thought advisable to prepare for the publication of a ninth edition, the editorial charge of which has been intrusted to Mr. Thomas Spencer Baynes, Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of St. Andrews. A work of such magnitude, and comprising such multitudinous details, must necessarily occupy a considerable time in preparation, and it is in this state the work is at present. So far as the prospects of the forthcoming edition are concerned, judging from the talents of the editor, and his peculiar fitness for the work, it is expected that it will surpass in intrinsic merit and

systematic treatment all its predecessors. It is being compiled on the same principle as the former editions, viz., that of employing the best writers for all important subjects, so as to maintain its character as a repository of original writings, stamped with the authority of the authors' names."

In a short biographic notice of MR. MACVEY NAPIER now before me, his earliest connexion with the Encyclopædia Britannica is stated to have been as editor of the seventh edition, but we have seen that he had already edited the Supplement, which was begun in 1813. In 1809 Mr. Napier had projected a complete edition of the works of Sir Walter Raleigh, and a year later he seriously remonstrated with my father for delay in beginning the printing of it; but although advertised in 1814 as *in the press and preparing for publication*,[1] it was not until 1820 that The

[1] "The Works of Sir Walter Ralegh, Knight; edited, with Introductory Notices, and an Account of his Life and Writings, by Macvey Napier, Esq., F.R.S.E. Handsomely printed in seven volumes, 8vo, and embellished with a Portrait of Ralegh.

"Sir Walter Ralegh has always been ranked in the first class of our earlier writers. His History of the World is written with uncommon learning, sagacity, and spirit, and, in point of clearness and elegance of style, is allowed to excel every other work of its day. It was first published in 1614, while its unfortunate author was a prisoner in the Tower, and has gone through eleven editions, all of them in folio, and all of them greatly disfigured by typographical inaccuracies. The last, which was edited by Mr. Oldys, and published in 1736, has been commonly esteemed the best; but even in this edition (of which copies are now become rare) many errors of the press have been allowed to pass without correction. The collection of his Miscellaneous Works, published in 1751, by Dr. Birch, in two volumes 8vo, has also become rare, and it contains some spurious pieces, whilst others, of

History of the World made its appearance in *six* volumes, octavo, unaccompanied by the 'Miscellaneous Works,' and wanting the promised Memoir of the Author, which first saw the light in 1840, as an article in the Edinburgh Review, of which, on the retirement of Mr. Jeffrey, Mr. Napier had become the editor. The Life of Raleigh occupies 100 pages of Number 143.

Mr. Napier, who was born in 1777, became Professor of Conveyancing in the University of Edinburgh in 1825, and succeeded Lord Jeffrey in 1829 as editor of the Edinburgh Review. His active and useful life ended on the 11th of February 1847, in his seventieth year.

whose authenticity there can be no doubt, have been omitted. A correct and uniform edition of Ralegh's Works appears therefore to be wanted, and is now for the first time offered to the public. Each of the pieces which it contains will be accompanied with a short introductory notice, and to the whole there will be prefixed a new, and, it is hoped, a more interesting and discriminating account than has yet been given of the life of that extraordinary man, in the composition of which the author has been enabled to avail himself of some valuable manuscript materials, never perused by any of his biographers."

CHAPTER XIII.

John Home—Henry Mackenzie—Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe—James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd.

THERE were few among my father's contemporaries, distinguished either in science or in literature, with whom he was not led into correspondence at some period of his busy life, and though in many cases the records that have come into my hands are fragmentary and incomplete, they generally bear evidence of the esteem in which he was held for intelligence and for ability, as well as readiness to promote the circulation of works of merit, whether published by himself or not. On the 29th January 1802, I find John Home, the author of Douglas, writing to him from London as follows:—"The History of the Rebellion[1] is to be published on the 4th or 5th of February, and the booksellers are preparing a copy to be presented by me to His Majesty on the 3d. If anything prevents the King from having a levee on the 3d, that will occasion the publication to be delayed a week. I give you this notice, that if you desire, as you once did, to have a good many copies of the first edition, you may write to Cadell and Davies to furnish you with as many

[1] The History of the Rebellion in the year 1745; by John Home, Esquire, London: printed by A. Strahan, New Street Square, for T. Cadell, jun., and W. Davies, in the Strand. 1802.

as you wish to have, for it is the general opinion here that the History will have a very quick sale, and will be, as the booksellers say, soon *out of print*.—Wishing you all manner of success in everything you undertake, I am your sincere friend and obedient servant,

"J. HOME."

How many copies were ordered I do not know, but the work was generally considered unworthy of the author's reputation, and is believed to have suffered in interest, if not in accuracy, from the Hanoverian supervision of the royal personage above alluded to.

In 1822 my father published a complete edition of the works of Mr. Home, with a Memoir by his friend HENRY MACKENZIE, the distinguished author of The Man of Feeling, The Man of the World, and Julia de Roubigné, the most popular novels of their day. Mr. Mackenzie, who may be regarded as the Scottish Addison, also edited, between 1779 and 1787, two serial publications, *The Mirror* and *The Lounger*, to which he was himself a chief contributor. In the former was included the story of La Roche, in the latter his appreciative notice of the Poems of Robert Burns.

In 1808 my father published a complete edition of Mr. Mackenzie's works in eight 12mo volumes, after which date his contributions to literature, with the exception of his Life of Home, appear to have been limited to occasional papers in the periodical publications of the day. His intercourse with my father was cordial and unbroken till the close of life, though in the year 1818 there was a

threatened interruption of it from a source whence for a time there flowed much discord into many a circle—social, literary, and political.

Lord Byron, in his poem fitly titled "Darkness," describes two men raking together the expiring embers of the universe, that they may scowl once more upon each other. In briefly adverting to a lampoon which excited much bitterness of feeling at the time of its publication, I disclaim all desire to revive the memory of discord; but in literary memorials of a period in which my father was one of the central figures, it may not be altogether ignored, and the able Journal by which it was promulgated has atoned in later years for what may, without injustice, be regarded as the sins of youth.

The "Chaldee Manuscript" has been attributed to the pen of the Ettrick Shepherd, and I believe the original draft may with truth be laid to his account; but I have authentic grounds for the conviction that the more malicious touches were added by sharper wits and natures less humane than his.

Our humorous and sarcastic friend Mr. Punch, whose regard for what we may call moral etiquette is perhaps the best substitute for Christian charity that one may reasonably look for in such writings, has done so much to raise our standard of the quality of Wit, that were such a production as the Chaldee MS. to appear in these later times, it would probably fall still-born from the press. But, in those days of more general literary restraint, the easily recognisable caricatures of living notabilities, and the reckless and unfeeling portraiture of gait and person,

voice and manner, to which it condescended, attracted the attention of the public, amusing thoughtless persons, while it excited the indignation of all other classes in the community.

The choice of a scriptural style and method of division was certainly irreverent and reprehensible, and showed want of taste as well as reverence; but it is more particularly on the ground of inhumanity that I should be inclined to rest a verdict of condemnation; while the virulence of feeling manifested in other papers published at that period in the same Journal had most disastrous consequences, culminating in the duel and the death of Mr. Scott, the chivalrous editor of the London Magazine.

In the autumn of 1818 a pamphlet appeared which strongly condemned the offensive papers that had been printed during the previous year in Mr. Blackwood's Magazine,[1] and alluded with surprise to a rumour that Henry Mackenzie was a contributor to that publication. Mr. Mackenzie, who was in correspondence with my father at the time, wrote to him as follows after reading the pamphlet in question:—

"TAX-OFFICE, EDINBURGH, 28*th October* 1818.

"DEAR SIR,—When I came to town yesterday, after being confined for some time in the country by indisposition, the first person I met in Princes Street was Mr. Home, nephew of the author of Douglas, to whom I mentioned to you in a late conversation I should com-

[1] Hypocrisy Unveiled, and Calumny Detected, in a Review of Blackwood's Magazine. Edinburgh: Printed for Francis Pillans, 13 Hanover Street. 1818.

municate your proposal of publishing my Memoir of his uncle in an additional volume to a new edition of my works. He acceded very readily to the proposal, and said he would immediately put into my hands a MS. book containing some poetry of Mr. Home's, in case it might be of any use in revising or adding to the Memoir.

"Soon after this interview with Mr. Home I called at your shop, when I found that you were now in London. I thought it a good opportunity, while you were there, of communicating to you this acquiescence of his in the above-mentioned proposal (which, in all the circumstances of the case, he thought preferable to the former plan of publishing a second edition of the History of the Rebellion 1745), for the purpose of your mentioning this circumstance to Messrs. Cadell and Davies, whose consent I told you I thought it also proper to obtain to your proposal, and whom, you answered, you had not the smallest objection to assuming as sharers of the proposed publication. Be so good, therefore, to talk to them on the subject, and let me know the result of your conversation.

"There is another party, without whose acquiescence I feel a delicacy as to one part of the Memoir, namely, the letters, which it is probable you would think a material addition to it; I mean Mr. David Hume, nephew, and in some sort representative of the historian, some of whose correspondence, together with a curious journal of a journey made by him, attended by Mr. John Home, to Bath, I read at the R. Society, which letters and journal, if Mr. D. Hume had no objection to publish them, would be interesting to the literary world. I have been so much

out of society of late that I have not for a long time met with Mr. D. Hume, but I shall soon have an opportunity of seeing him, and of hearing his sentiments on this matter.

"In all this statement, however, I beg to be clearly understood that I don't absolutely pledge myself to the publication, which I cannot finally resolve on till I read carefully over the Memoir and all its appendages; but if I do resolve on publishing it, I hold myself bound to you and Messrs. Cadell and Davies, to put it into your hands for publication.

"In our conversation Mr. John Home accidentally mentioned a pamphlet, which he had just purchased, on the subject of Blackwood's Magazine (I forget its title), of which he then showed me one or two passages, but of which I have since procured a reading. I hope, from your absence in London, you are no party to it. Nobody could be more indignant than I was at some late abominable articles in the Magazine in question, particularly that, which I did not see till very lately, against my most respectable friend Mr. Playfair. I believe the general feeling with regard to that article accorded with mine.

"You stood on vantage-ground when you abstained from such personal scurrility, which induced the most respectable readers of Blackwood's Magazine to forbid it their houses; I was, and still am, of that number, but I am sorry that the anonymous author of this recent pamphlet runs a race with your opponents in scurrility. You will judge whether this is for the interest of those concerned in your Magazine. I only wish that while those gentle-

men, like blackguards in the street, are bespattering one another, they would not squirt their dirt (as the blackguards sometimes do) on quiet neutral passengers who are walking peaceably on the pavement. I had sent me, in a blank cover, printed copies of two ridiculous challenges sent by Messrs. Wilson and Lockhart to the editor of this same pamphlet. By whom they were sent to me I know not. I have had no communication with Mr. Blackwood ever since a conversation which passed between you and me in your shop, except calling at his shop to get the papers or little volume of Mr. Home's poetry, which he had got from Mr. Davies, and which Mr. Home's nephew was desirous to put into my hands. The conversation with you above mentioned, I told you at the time, was confidential. I am sorry to perceive from a passage in the pamphlet (at least so it appears to me) that you have not respected that confidence. This is a disgusting subject, which I shall never mention again, but in the way it came across me, could not avoid mentioning it to you now.

"I expect to hear from you after you have seen Messrs. Cadell and Davies, and am, dear Sir, your very obedient servant, H. MACKENZIE."

MR. CONSTABLE to MR. MACKENZIE.

"LONDON, 3*d Nov.* 1818.

"DEAR SIR,—I have only this morning received your letter of 28th. I am much obliged by your communication relative to the Memoir of the late Mr. John Home, and I shall take an early opportunity of speaking to Messrs. Cadell and Davies about it.

"I feel particularly hurt at one expression in your letter, and in consequence cannot delay writing to you on the subject, as I now do, in the full confidence that you will not refuse me the satisfaction to explain it. You state that in the last conversation you had with me, what you told me at that time was confidential, but that you perceive from a passage in the pamphlet on Blackwood's Magazine (at least as it appears to you) that I have not respected that confidence. In answer to this most serious charge I have only to say that you are completely mistaken. Since receipt of your letter I have read the pamphlet on purpose, and I am at a loss even to conjecture to what part of it you can allude. You called on me respecting the Life of Home, and to assure me if the work should come out from Messrs. Blackwood and Cadell and Davies, that your change of your Edinburgh publisher did not arise from dissatisfaction with me. In the course of this interview sundry observations and remarks dropped from both of us on the tendency of Blackwood's Magazine, but I am not aware of having repeated one word of what may have fallen from you on that occasion.

"I have no concern with the pamphlet in question, and whatever my opinion regarding it may be, I will not permit any one to insinuate that I am a party to its publication. I have, in almost every number of the Magazine for last year, been most grossly attacked both in person and in property, but though I possess the means I should consider it quite unworthy to retaliate in the manner of that work, or to permit any Magazine issuing from the presses of my house to follow an example so unprincipled;

and I am willing to believe that I shall not suffer in the estimation of those who know me, or those whom I respect, from any such interested and, as I trust, unavailing abuse.

"At this distance from home I cannot know what misrepresentations may be abroad regarding this said pamphlet, but should I find there has been any endeavour on the part of Blackwood or his crew to mix my name as furnishing information or otherwise, I shall undoubtedly adopt some plan by which I may counteract the effects of any such misrepresentation.—In the hope of hearing from you, I remain, most respectfully, etc.,

"ARCHD. CONSTABLE."

MR. MACKENZIE to MR. CONSTABLE.

"TAX-OFFICE, EDINBURGH, *7th November* 1818.

"DEAR SIR,—As in matters of that delicate and somewhat unpleasant kind which is the subject of your letter of the 3d, I am always desirous to have the thing settled and off my mind as soon as possible, I do not delay an hour in answering your letter, which I have this moment, on coming to town, received. Believe me I am as anxious to clear myself from the charge of unjust suspicion as you are to clear yourself from that of a breach of confidence, which, that I may not write a line further without satisfying you on that score, I now am quite ready to ask pardon for as ill-founded; but I will put it to your own candour whether I had not some reason for that suspicion, qualified, however, with the limitation of *its appearing so to me*, having no opportunity of and indeed avoiding all

communication with any one else on this subject. I had communicated my strong disapprobation of Blackwood's Magazine, or at least of the personal attacks which it contained, only to B. himself and to you. I thought B. would hardly, for his own sake, show my note to any one, and therefore naturally enough imagined that you had unguardedly mentioned it to some of the gentlemen who, as your managers of the Edinburgh Magazine, were implicated in those personal attacks. I now however repeat, that I fully acquit you of such disclosure, and suppose that the author of the pamphlet has hazarded that assertion, as he has done others, on slight and insufficient grounds. This he has, however, done in that passage, in which he accuses me, after I had publicly disclaimed the obnoxious Magazine, of being a favourer and supporter of this most scurrilous, and (I can truly say, as far as my knowledge of the parties reviled extends) most false and scandalous Journal, a crime (for I think it would deserve that name), I trust, as foreign to my nature as to my inclination.

"Of the pamphlet, I have given you my opinion in my last letter, as far as a very hasty perusal, while Mr. Home, who produced it, was standing by, gave me an opportunity of judging; and in that opinion, I understand, better judges and more deliberate readers of it concur. Of your having any concern in it, I had anticipated the denial by stating your absence, and from my belief that you would not commit yourself, nor lose what I called in my last letter the vantage-ground you occupied from keeping your Magazine clear of such gross and vehement scurrility, which,

though the defendant (to adopt the language of our law-shop) may deserve, the plaintiff always suffers by inflicting. But what had poor I done that I should be thus unjustly dragged from my retirement, which my health made necessary, on the banks of the Esk, before the public, as the supporter of this vile publication?—that I should be cited to appear and record my disavowal and censure of it; otherwise that I should be held guilty of giving it my support? I am associated indeed with most respectable company, Mr. W. Scott; but I think I know enough of him to believe that he will not answer this call, nor more probably will Mr. Playfair the suggestion of prosecuting the author of this scandalous article against him, which is the only one I have read of the last two Numbers, and for which, if he chose, I do, as a lawyer, hold that he would be found entitled to ample damages against the libeller. But enough of this subject, which I said in my last was disgusting, and which I believe every good man will think so.

"As to your proposal of making an addition of my Memoir of Mr. Home, and its accompanying documents, to a new edition of my works, I refer you to my last letter on that subject. I wrote to Messrs. Cadell and Davies about the same time that I sent you my last letter, and informed them of the very proper manner in which you had talked of their having a share in that publication, if it should take place, so that they will be prepared for a conversation with you on the subject, the result of which I expect to hear from you with your earliest conveniency. I shall be gratified if in the same letter you tell me

whether the above statement in the affair of the Magazine be fully satisfactory to you.—Yours, dear Sir, very faithfully, H. MACKENZIE."

The only other letter of Mr. Mackenzie which I shall quote, although not relevant to the subject in hand, will be read with interest as the tribute of an octogenarian novelist,[1] through their common publisher, to the so-called Great *Unknown*:—

MR. MACKENZIE to MR. CONSTABLE.

"CANAAN LODGE, *Saturday, June* 1825.

"DEAR SIR,—I return you my best thanks for the early opportunity you have afforded me of reading The Crusaders. I do this the more readily, as I can, with perfect sincerity, assure you of my warm approbation of it. Though neither my head nor my eyes are now so fit for reading as they once were, I could scarcely intermit a moment between my receipt of the book and my unceasing perusal of it. I have, however, with all my diligence, been able to peruse only the first story, The Betrothed, as I go to Fleurs early on Monday. It has, I repeat, afforded me the greatest delight. In this work the illustrious Author of Waverley has equalled, as far as my poor judgment goes, the best of his former productions. He has brought his reading and extensive knowledge of ancient customs and chivalrous manners to bear on the richest ground of feeling and imagination, and created in the reader an

[1] Mr. Mackenzie died on the 14th January 1831, in the eighty-sixth year of his age.

interest of the most powerful kind. The characters are drawn with the happiest pencil, diversified in the justest colouring, and their sentiments expressed in the most appropriate language; and the plan and conduct of the fable I think are more unexceptionable than that either of his own preceding works, or of any tale which has lately issued from the British press,—a quality which we of the old school lay great stress upon. If I may pretend to any literary skill, or venture any authorlike prediction, I will foretell this work's most brilliant success. I think it will equally interest the judgment of the critic and the heart of the feeling. But why do I speak of criticism,—I, who am now so much out of the world—an octogenarian invalid, remembered only by some partial friends, who look back on my trifling works with an indulgent recollection of their favourable reception half a century ago? Yet I hope the Author of Waverley will put some value on the impartial suffrage of one whose mind has been often delighted, and his weak and disordered body soothed, by the perusal of his works. He may be assured, that amidst the failures of ill-health and declining age, Henry Mackenzie can still feel the transcendent merit of his works, though sometimes not insensible to the little specks that occasionally overcloud their brightness.

"You have my leave to communicate to the author this frank and unbiassed opinion; not the less unbiassed, because formed on the instant perusal, and without communication with anybody. I shall be proud if it can gratify him; at any rate, I shall hold your communication of my opinion as a slight requital for the very great

pleasure which his work has afforded me.—Always, dear Sir, very faithfully yours, H. MACKENZIE.

"*P.S.*—I take the two last volumes with me to Fleurs, whence I propose to return on Friday or Saturday of next week. As soon as I come back I shall let you know, and will give you my opinion (candidly and frankly, as you know I always do) of these two last volumes. I shall be ready to fulfil my engagement of breakfasting with you at Polton, and meeting the gentleman whom you mentioned as doing me the honour of wishing to meet with me."

Sir Walter Scott himself has been represented by Mr. Lockhart as looking with great lenity, if not with absolute approval, on the Chaldee Manuscript, where his patronage is described as a bone of contention between the rival publishers; but the following letter from CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE contradicts this view of the case. Mr. Sharpe, who is held forth to ridicule in verses 63 and 64 of the first chapter of the MS., had been offensively described in another part of the Number; and the following letter, though less irate than others in my possession on the same subject from his pen, was evidently written in a mood far from complacency. Like many others of his letters, it is without a date.

MR. SHARPE to MR. CONSTABLE.

"MY DEAR MR. CONSTABLE,—I had received a frank from Lord John Campbell yesterday, in order to write to you before the arrival of your letter; and this I should have done sooner, had not rheumatism, after confining me

to my bedchamber for about ten days, ripened into a swelled face of such extraordinary dimensions, that I resemble a figure of Fame with the trumpet broken off, or one of those bagpipe-cheeked Winds that you see in the front of the Tempest in Dryden's Juvenal. However, I am resolved to make out my letter, though I am forced to write it put up against the wall, as my head will not permit me to stoop.

"To speak methodically, in the first place I did not deliver a certain letter, which you shall have as I received it when you return. I thought it quite needless to trouble Mr. G., after my mind remained satisfied that you had said nothing to Mr. Napier, whom I took to be the author of, etc., and who bears me no good-will, as we once had a *tiff*, as old maids speak, about the character of the Marquis of Montrose. Of your friendship I could scarcely doubt, for you have given me very good cause to think it sincere; and the only reason I can have for dubiety is the regard I entertain for you, as you may have observed that friendship in this world of contradictions is very often like love —the more one cultivates a friend the more he dislikes you.

"Witness ——; but I am not come to him yet. I had a very long letter from Scott about the affair of the blackguard Magazine, of which this is the substance. He calls the thing a piece of impertinence, and says that he has no attachment to the work, but through a friend and bottleholder of his, a Mr. Laidlaw, who is engaged in it. He gives this person, of whom I never before heard, a long eulogium, and then proceeds to state, that when

Blackwood applied to Laidlaw to write in his Magazine, the bargain was made under an understood condition that Scott would help him with a loose article now and then—'But you may imagine,' he goes on, 'how I stared when I first saw what sort of company I had got into. I had immediately an apologetic letter from B., stating that the offensive article had been inserted against his will, and so forth, and offering all manner of excuses. I replied, that in addition to the general objection of personality (which is of itself sufficient to deter men of character and honour from meddling with any publication conducted on such principles), there were parts of this unprovoked attack which referred to particular friends of my own, who had a right to expect that I should resent the injury done to them by at least dropping all connexion with a publication which had been the vehicle of such attacks upon them. When B. came to these parts he lodged at Mr. Laidlaw's, I myself being extremely unwell, and confined to my bed with a violent attack of my old enemy the cramp. I saw him for about half an hour only, and gave him my opinion of the article in question, and of the impossibility of my giving any assistance to a work conducted on such principles. The consequence was a promise to republish the work, omitting the offensive article,[1]

[1] The following "Note from the Editor" was prefixed to the October Number of the Magazine :—"The Editor has learned with regret, that an article in the first edition of last Number, which was intended merely as a *jeu d'esprit*, has been construed so as to give offence to individuals justly entitled to respect and regard; he has on that account withdrawn it in the second edition, and can only add, that if what has happened could have been anticipated, the article in question certainly never would have appeared."

and offering an apology to the parties aggrieved, with a solemn engagement that no personalities should disgrace the work in future.' Scott then pays me some compliments respecting my opinion, etc., and with another allusion to the situation of Laidlaw, who is the tye here, the letter concludes. This, of course, dear Mr. C., is all between ourselves, but you will see by and bye that Scott will be forced to detach himself entirely from this fellow B. Scott was to be in Edinburgh last night, and I should have put off writing to you till I had seen him, did not this tiresome swelled face forbid me hopes of getting abroad for some days.

"I am glad that Dalyell continues firm, but I confess I shall never be easy till you are safely here again. As to the authors, etc.,—from certain sly nods, winks, and whispers, I suspect this to be the true state of the case: Wilson wrote the letter to the High Constable, Lockhart the criticism on Hunt, somebody the groundwork of the other, but Wilson certainly made additions, perhaps Lockhart. ——, 'that fause loun,' approved of all; and as Candide was whipt in the Inquisition because he listened to Dr. Pangloss's philosophy with an approving face, so should he be treated. I was assured that B. erased much of what was afterwards printed by advice of the junto; and this I have every reason to believe. Since you went, —— called on me one morning, but when the name came up I said 'Not at home.' I then met him in Laing's shop, out of which he followed me and desired a conversation. I said I thought the less that was spoken of some things the better, but appointed next day. He

came, and was beginning to give details in the matter so very marked, that I cut him short by reminding him that we might be examined on oath, etc. Of course he could not pretend that he had made any efforts of consequence to prevent my portion of the abuse, and, after lingering a long while, and talking a deal of stuff that signified nothing, he wished me good morning;—and so exit a wretched character, the jackal of learned men, himself incapable of writing his mother-tongue—a sower of dissension, for the sake of strife—a would-be hypocrite, but no proficient in that contemptible trade. His sentiments are as mean as his pedigree, and his acquirements as empty as his title, and as he never read an English book in his life, so he thinks this Magazine in question the most delicate piece of satire that ever was penned.

"I think somebody, to mortify Lockhart in the tenderest point, should attack the criticism on Hunt *quoad* its own vulgarity, and the motto might be, 'Set a thief,' etc., for you will observe that the thing is written with an affectation of vast refinement. Now, in this tirade he talks of 'a man of fashion,' and 'people labouring to be genteel;' but in the London circle a man would be cut dead who used either of these phrases. The word 'genteel,' even valets-de-chambre sicken at. Again, he talks of '*My* Lord Holland!' No man of the world puts the *my* to a lordship now-a-days; moreover, his respect for lords is most vulgarly wonderful! I wish some witty wag would do this; it would have a very fine effect.

"I'm told that Blackwood has engaged half a dozen boarding-school girls, with Mrs. Grant of Laggan at their

head, or rather tail, to furnish his Magazine with poetry. Don't this remind you of the lines in Dryden's Mackflecknoe as descriptive of the work?—

> 'A nursery erects its head,
> Where queens are form'd, and future heroes bred—
> Where infant punks their tender voices try,
> And little Maximins the gods defy.'

Apropos of lovely ladies, I think Lizars has done Lady Cassillis very prettily. I intend to give you a much prettier for your Magazine shortly.

"Many thanks for your kind offer respecting anything to be done in London. All I want is a cheap copy of Wodrow, as I have that belonging to the Advocates' Library, per favour of Mr. Lockhart, and must return it very soon.—Believe me ever, dear Mr. Constable, your truly faithful friend, C. K. S."

Mr. Sharpe, a Memoir of whom, with a selection from his writings in prose and verse, and illustrations from his wondrous pencil, has lately been published by the Messrs. Blackwood in a splendid 4to volume, was a man of marvellous versatility of talent, fastidious to an unusual degree, but in all æsthetic matters endowed with perfect taste—just, and even generous, in his dealings with his fellow-men.

I remember to have seen a recommendation in *The Times*, with reference to a droll letter by Sydney Smith on the locking of railway-carriages, that a paid public servant should be authorized to pinch that reverend gentleman occasionally, because he squeaked so amusingly on slight provocation. The operations of such a functionary

on Mr. Sharpe would have amply repaid a liberal salary. His likings and dislikes were openly avowed, and his letters to my father in my possession bear evidence of the mutual appreciation entertained by them.

With THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD my father's correspondence began in 1804. In 1807 he published for him The Mountain Bard and the Shepherd's Guide.[1] For 1000 copies of the former he paid the sum of £90, an arrangement with which, from the following extract, the poet would appear to have been well satisfied:—"For this offer, sir, I thank you; it proves itself to be that of a gentleman and a friend, or at least one who does not wish any great advantage over a Mountain Bard, and I heartily accept of it. The copies are yours, only I expect that as my proportion of them will not supply all my subscribers, you will furnish me with such as I want at the lowest selling price."

The social deportment of the Shepherd has been severely depicted and commented on by Mr. Lockhart, but the absence of conventional good-breeding, at least in the earlier part of his life, is not to be wondered at, and the frankness of his confession and apology when made aware

[1] The Mountain Bard, consisting of Ballads and Songs, founded in facts and legendary tales. Archibald Constable and Co., Edinburgh, and John Murray, London.

The Shepherd's Guide; being a Practical Treatise on the Diseases of Sheep, their causes, and the best means of preventing them, etc. Archibald Constable and Co., Edinburgh, and John Murray, London.

By these two works we are told by Hogg's biographer that he realized at this time £300.

of any palpable transgression, more than atoned for such in the minds of his more generous friends. Take for example the following extract from a letter to my father :— "*Sept.* 26, 1808.—If you will be so kind as impute my behaviour at this time to the effects of your own hospitality, and not to any natural bias, I promise—nay, I swear —never to offend you again in thought, word, or deed." This promise was not kept, but the failure was acknowledged and repented of, as we shall see.

When about to issue in 1810 the first number of *The Spy*, a weekly journal of belles-lettres, morals, and criticism, Mr. Hogg wrote as follows :—

"*Monday morning.*

"DEAR CONSTABLE,—I was so warmly solicited by my friends last night to procure your name as publisher of 'The Spy,' and there being nothing I have such a desire for, I haste to make our wishes known to you, for, cross as you sometimes are, experience is beginning to whisper to me that there is as little selfishness and as much of the gentleman in your character as in any man of my acquaintance in Edinburgh. Now, as you have no risk (profit from us I know you don't want), and as your name alone is very likely to save the poor 'Spy' from public execution for a year or two, I beg you will not refuse it. A change next week, when the quarter is out, is absolutely necessary some way. I want your advice at any-rate.

"THE SPY.

"*P.S.*—The above not to be inserted among the literary anecdotes in the Chapter for 1810. J. H."

This overture was rejected. "The Spy" appeared under other auspices, and soon died what was deemed a natural death. Two years later Mr. Hogg offered my father the first edition of "The Queen's Wake," in the following terms :—

"DEANHAUGH, *24th Sept.* 1812.

"Mr. Constable.

"DEAR SIR,—Having now completed the Queen's Wake I must settle about the publication, for I am desirous that it should appear in Janr. or Febr. next. Of course, as your right, I give you the first offer of it. My terms are decisively as follows. The book shall be your property; only, on the publication of the first and all future editions, I shall receive a bill at six, nine, or twelve months for a certain proportion, which is all that we have now to settle about. In the meantime I engage to give you as many private subscribers as shall completely cover my quota of the first edition. You need not offer me below ten nor above twenty pounds per hundred copies, for I will neither accept of the one nor the other, but if you desire it I will read the poem, or a part of it, to any literary gentleman on whose judgment you can depend. In one word, say that for every 1000 copies, as soon as printed, I receive a bill of £150, the copyright of the book and subscriptions to that amount to be yours. Geo. Goldie requests a share of it; that shall be as you please. I will expect an answer with your convenience.—I am your obliged JAMES HOGG."

This offer also, for some reason unknown to me, was rejected, and the exquisite poem on which the reputation

of the Ettrick Shepherd mainly rests was first published by the Geo. Goldie above mentioned. Mr. Hogg's desire that my father should introduce his works to public notice remained, however, unshaken, as the following extracts from letters written in 1813 and 1814 abundantly prove.

MR. HOGG to MR. CONSTABLE.

"DEANHAUGH, *May* 20, 1813.

"DEAR SIR,—Exclusive of all other considerations than those connected with my own honour and final emolument, I have resolved to give you the first offer of every literary work which I venture to the public. I have for many years been collecting the rural and traditionary tales of Scotland, and I have of late been writing them over again, and new-modelling them, and have the vanity to suppose they will form a most interesting work. They will fill two large vols. 8vo, price £1, or 4 vols. 12mo, price the same. But as I think the Ettrick Shepherd is rather become a hackneyed name, and imagine that having gained a character as a bard is perhaps no commendation to a writer of prose tales, I am determined to publish them under a fictitious title. The title-page will consequently be to this purpose—The Rural and Traditional Tales of Scotland, by J. H. Craig of Douglas, Esq.[1]

"With regard to pecuniary concerns I am not at all greedy that way, and have not the least doubt of our agreement, only I should like to bargain so that the work, or at least the edition, should belong exclusively to the

[1] In 1814 "The Hunting of Badelewe, a Dramatic Tale," by J. H. Craig of Douglas, Esq., was published in 8vo.

publisher, that so he may have an interest in furthering it to the utmost of his power. As I really do intend to conceal the real author, that the critics may not suppose it is the work of a book-maker, and as no one in Edinburgh knows of it, save Mr. J. Grieve, you will easily see the propriety, my dear sir, of concealing this from all living. Send me your opinion in writing to his care, and believe me ever yours, JAMES HOGG."

THE SAME to THE SAME.

"*Monday, July* 12.

"DEAR SIR,—I have never received any definitive answer from you respecting the publication of my Scottish romances, for which I am still waiting before I mention them to any other. If you think the publication of the whole rather too high a venture at once, you may publish one tale in the first place as an experiment to sound the public, in a 6s. or 7s. volume,—for the truth is that I would rather give you a first edition almost on any conditions than intrust it with any other in Scotland. But I charge you, unless you think it a concern worth your while, not to let any regard for the author engage you in it.

"Do not send word for me to come and speak with you, for a quiet word with you is impossible, and I will not come nor attempt it, but write me your mind in a line or two frankly, as I do to you.—I am your obliged

"JAMES HOGG."

THE SAME to THE SAME.

"GRIEVE AND SCOTT'S, *Feb.* 1, 1814.

"SIR,—Excepting a few notes, etc., I have finished a

poem of 2200 lines, or thereabout. I intend it to be such a volume as the Queen's Wake—at least the same price, but not so thick; the number of pages, however, shall be at the publisher's option. Though I suppose it is in vain, yet, to save all reflections from my friends, and stings of my own conscience, I hereby make you the first offer of it. There is always one good thing attends our transactions,—when we don't agree about a book, we never cast out about it.

"As in reason this ought to be my best poem, so you may believe me, if I did not deem it so I would not publish it at this time; yet, as calculation on such a thing is impossible, I think the fairest way is to agree on a certain sum for each 100 copies that are published, the number of the edition to be always what the publisher pleases. Say that £13 is allowed me for every 100 copies that are published, and on the day preceding the publication a bill granted for the total at eight or nine months. These are my ideas of the matter, and on these conditions I offer you the work, the copyright not removable without your consent as long as the conditions agreed on are faithfully fulfilled. Let me have your sentiments in answer to this, which I like as the most concise way. By the by, as the only way left me of accomplishing a desired event, I should be very glad to bargain with you for a copyright of all my works hitherto published, but this must either be done instantly or never.—I am, ever your obliged and most obedient servant, JAMES HOGG."[1]

[1] In the opening of this letter Mr. Hogg states that the poem of which it treats was almost finished, and in the following one he writes

MR. HOGG to MR. CONSTABLE.

"EDINBURGH, *July 25th.*

"DEAR SIR,—I spoke to you some months ago about publishing a poem, price 12s., about which, I believe, we were mostly agreed; but, on mature calculation, I am resolved first to publish one not half so long, price 7s. 6d. This will be a less venture, and more will buy it; and if it sell very rapidly I can the sooner add another, the same length and price, which will come to 15s., whereas, were they both in one, they would be thought dear at 12s. The title of this will be The Pilgrims of the Sun, a poem in four parts, by James Hogg,[1] etc. It will not exceed ten sheets. I will give you an edition of 1000 copies for £70, at three months. As I want it put to press in a few days, before I leave town, I request your acceptance or non-acceptance of this by letter with your first convenience,—I am, Sir, yours ever most truly,

"JAMES HOGG."

Of the special circumstances that led to an estrangement between the Ettrick Shepherd and my father I have no record; but until October 30th, 1818, a year after the appearance of the Chaldee MS., which gave so great offence, there is no letter from Mr. Hogg in my possession. Then, however, he wrote from Altrive Lake as follows :—

that he and my father were "mostly agreed" about the publication of it; but I find no record of the appearance of the work, and do not even know its name. Probably it was "Mador of the Moor," published in 1816.

[1] The Pilgrims of the Sun: a Poem. Edinburgh: printed for Wm. Blackwood, South Bridge Street, and sold by J. Murray, London.

"ALTRIVE LAKE, *Oct. 30th*, 1818.

"DEAR SIR,—I was very happy at receiving your generous offer. I was afraid that you would not grant me the plates of the Harp, but I see that your good-nature has not yet forsaken you altogether, for all that's come and gane. I have always regretted the circumstance that parted two such good friends, as the man that 'aince cross'd is mair cross than the deevil' and myself, but though my lot is now cast in a different heritage, and though I maun do something for my bread,

> 'Why should hostility at heart
> Old friends from one another part?'

"I believe my subscription edition of the Queen's Wake is just to be 550 copies on royal octavo, therefore, if you will take the trouble of seeing them thrown off for me, it is much better than sending the plate to any other place, and I think it is best never to let my publishers know of it till the plate appear.

"There seems to be some terrible outbreak with my literary associates now. It is a mercy I am out of the way, else my simple snout should have been infallibly thrust foremost in the quarrel.—I am, Sir, your most obliged servant, JAMES HOGG."

Correspondence is again for a time intermitted; but on the 8th February 1822 I find Mr. Hogg replying to a letter to which I have unfortunately no access:—

"ALTRIVE LAKE, *Feb. 8th*, 1822.

"MY ESTEEMED OLD FRIEND,—And do I really see your hand again? Well, I am glad of it, with all my heart, as

it not only convinces me that you are quite well again, but also that you are going to 'let a' byganes be byganes.' I think the £150 rather little; I was expecting £200, for, in fact, they will not be small volumes,-they will be all rather thick, and, if printed in the elegant style of Sir Walter's last edition, the price of the set cannot be less than 30s., that is, 7s. 6d. per vol. However, I am so glad to be into your hands again that I would rather take your offer than give the edition to any other for a third more, because I know, and that from experience, that I would be the profiter in the end.

"I'll tell you what I'll do; for I know you do not want the edition as an object to your house, but to mine. I will give you liberty to print 1000 copies at 30s., on condition that you give me as an equivalent £200, to be paid at the time of publication in a bill or bills at six months; when due to be renewed for other six months positively; and when due at the end of twelve months to be renewed for other six months, provided the edition is not then sold off; and at the end of eighteen months the sum to be paid by your house. I think this is a fair bargain, and might be one between two brothers, and I will make up each volume to the size of the Queen's Wake, which must be the standard in size. The Poetic Mirror will need some additions. Write me in answer to this proposal. If you approve of it, which I think you will, you had better put the Wake to the press without delay, for it should be out by the 1st of May at furthest, and be sure to take either the fifth or sixth edition of the Wake for sake of the late additions, and also the second edition of the Poetic Mirror.

"I have a nephew in town, the best corrector of a press that ever was born, either in English, Greek, Latin, or German. I should like that he looked over the proofs, for I never yet have got an edition without blunders, and most gross ones, in my old language, such as The Witch o' Fife, The Gude Grey Katte, Hymns of the Fairies, etc. Robert is master of all these matters, and they are safe with him. I wish to God he read the proofs of the Scots Mag. Sometimes it almost drives me past all patience. By the by, you may tell the editor that it was unfair not to publish my New-year paper. I think it would have done him credit, for I never took more pains of a paper in my life. But the time is now past, and it is useless; he must, however, return it to me with next No., for I would not lose it.

"God bless you, and preserve you in good health. I do assure you that many literary men were quaking at the spauld for your life. They are afraid that my kind friend Bob will be a devilish hard one. Bridges says, 'He's a very fine fellow, but a real keen ane.' I have written a very queer paper for the Mag. just now; I am afraid Maga will hardly dare publish it, but if not, it will be highly acceptable to some of the Londoners.

"The rains here have been pro-di-gious. Ettrick and Yarrow have almost laid their banks waste. I built a small inn on my farm last year, that everybody who was thirsty might get a drink when he liked. About midnight on the 2d, the man who keeps it was alarmed by a rushing noise as of many waters, but as the Yarrow runs at the distance of a quarter of a mile from him, he

laid him down again. In a few minutes after, the waves began to break over the bedclothes in good earnest, on which he sprang up and carried out all his family, one by one, in water to the neck, and they escaped naked and in great dismay to my farm-house of Mount Benger. No lives were lost but the cat's. She was found drowned on the floor next day.

"Times are upon the whole looking very ill for the farmers. I think there is no more news going in the Forest.—Yours most truly, JAMES HOGG."

CHAPTER XIV.

Charles Maclaren—John Ramsay M'Culloch—James Mill—
Sir James Mackintosh.

CHARLES MACLAREN'S biographer in *The Scotsman* says truly :—"In him this country lost a man who did it great and brave service in evil times, and all privileged to call him friend mourn a loss which no other man can replace, no lapse of time repair." Mr. Maclaren, who had written the leading article in the first number of *The Scotsman*, January 25th, 1817, continued for thirty years to be more or less editorially connected with that journal, in honourable and friendly association with Mr. J. R. M'Culloch and Mr. William Ritchie, and never ceased to be deeply interested in the extension of its influence and in its merited success.

On the 27th January 1822, while engaged in the revision of the Encyclopædia Britannica for a sixth edition, Mr. Maclaren wrote as follows to my father :—

"I received both your letters, and would have written sooner, but thought it better to have everything settled with regard to the Preface before doing so. I hope you find your health improving. The literary corps of Edinburgh have good reason to offer up prayers for the prolongation of your life, for there is nobody has done them so much good, and nobody would do them half as much

if you were away. They may indeed consider a supplication for your health as included in the standing petition, 'Give us day by day our daily bread.' I hope you will soon come down stout and hearty. . . .

"I need not tell you of news. The new Police-Bill keeps everybody stirring here. The Town Council has been at its dirty work, labouring to juggle the citizens out of their rights, and render the Police establishment as close and corrupt as their own body. Parliament is only a rotten corporation of a larger size, and will probably act in the same spirit.

"I am reprinting my Essay on the site of Troy in a thin 8vo, chiefly by the advice of Professor Pillans. Reputation is of some value to a literary man, as well as money, and if I can get the credit of settling a question which has been agitated thirty years without effect, it will be a feather in my cap. It is almost a ridiculous subject, but such things often do better now than more reasonable works."

In the spring of the same year it had been proposed to Mr. Maclaren by my father's firm that he should write a geographical work in three volumes, one upon ancient, one upon modern geography, and one a Gazetteer. Of this plan he did not approve, but in a letter of May 27th, 1822, he propounded another, in the following terms :—

"There is a literary project to which I have sometimes turned my thoughts, and which I shall now mention, as not unconnected with this subject. The market is entirely unprovided at present with a *system* of ancient geography. Adam's book is but a compend; it is destitute of philosophy and general views—is mixed up with much incorrect

modern geography, and is deficient in many respects. There is not even a good one in French. The only one of much value is that of Mannert in German, in eight volumes. Yet, if well executed, there are few books, I think, that would sell better, and when I mentioned the thing to Professor Pillans, he said the demand for it would be great and constant. If you thought such a publication would succeed, and were willing to embark in it, I would engage in it—I may say with my whole heart. But I shall give you my notions of what it ought to be.

"The work should not be in less than two thick octavos of 600 pages, in a type like Mr. Black's Malte-Brun. If I had a name blazoned with literary honours to recommend the work, I think it might bear a couple of quartos. Taking Danville's maps as a basis, I would write the descriptive part entirely anew from the original authorities. For this purpose I would read over all the principal Greek and Roman writers, extracting, digesting, and systematizing everything that bore upon the geography and topography of the various countries, the policy, industry, arts, manners, and institutions of the ancient nations. I would consult, also, the best modern travellers into Italy, Greece, Turkey, Egypt, Persia, etc.; the dissertations in the French Academy's memoirs upon antiquities, and writers of all kinds whose works would throw light upon the multifarious topics discussed in the book. In short, my object would be not to pile together extracts and quotations, as some have done, but to make myself master of every subject I had to write upon, and to give the substance of a great extent of reading in a small compass. The public do not like large books, but a certain space is necessary to render a

subject interesting, and I think it would be impossible to compress the result of so much labour into less than two octavos of a large size. I think the work might be rendered highly instructive as well as amusing, and as it would have no rivals in the market, when it was once established, edition after edition would sell. An abridgement of it for the use of schools would secure another market equally extensive. The large system should be accompanied by maps. Perhaps the best thing would be an impression of Danville's Atlas reduced to a quarto size, with some small additions and corrections. Topographical plans of Rome, Athens, Constantinople, Jerusalem, etc., with a few *outline* figures of ancient ships, temples, etc., would be useful, besides serving as embellishments. But these, if expensive, are by no means indispensable.

"We have many advantages now for the execution of such a work which did not exist thirty or forty years ago. Great additions have been made to our books of travels—we are far better acquainted with physical geography—we have a much more accurate knowledge of the principles which regulate the production and distribution of wealth, the amount and effects of taxes, the increase or decrease of population—in short, of the causes which make nations flourish or decay. By the help of the new principles which are thus put into our hands, we are able to throw light on many subjects formerly obscure, to reject many alleged facts as fabulous, and to reason and speculate with greater security.

"It is impossible to calculate accurately what time the composition of such a work would require. I think I could not undertake to do it in less than four years. Of

terms it is needless to talk till you pass judgment upon the scheme. But it may not be improper to mention that as it would subject me to an expense of £100 for books, and as it would occupy a very great proportion of my time, some pecuniary advances would be necessary while it was in progress. Though not gifted with all the qualifications which would be desirable in the writer of such a work, I think I could execute it tolerably well. The subject is a hobby with me, though I have hitherto had little time to indulge it. Indeed, my greatest fear is, that if I were once engaged in it, it would, like Aaron's rod, swallow up all my other pursuits. The project is one which I had sketched out as an occupation for myself at some future period of my life, when I should be released from the turmoil of politics. I had no thought of submitting it to you or anybody else at present, but have been induced to do it in consequence of your communication. Deal with it as you see proper. If upon consideration you think it holds out a prospect of advantage to the bookseller as well as to the writer, I shall be happy to engage in it. If not, there is no harm done.[1] A work such as you propose I am rather disinclined to enter upon, because I do not think I could do any good with it, but still I am gratified by the fresh proof which this proposal affords of the share I enjoy of your confidence and good opinion."

Mr. Maclaren contributed to the Encyclopædia Bri-

[1] With reference to this proposal my father wrote as follows to his eldest son:—"Mr. Maclaren has proposed a work on Ancient Geography, in two large volumes octavo, which, if it were not for the times, might be undertaken; but I fear it must not be so at present; indeed I could wish to engage in nothing new that I can possibly avoid."

tannica, among others, the articles on America, Greece, and Troy. He was born in 1782, and died on the 10th September 1866. He was indeed, as his biographer says, "one of nature's gentlemen, whose kindness and politeness sprang from the depths of a most genial, noble, and sympathetic nature."

Two others of my father's valued friends and correspondents were Mr. JAMES MILL, the learned historian of British India, and Mr. J. R. M'CULLOCH, one of the most distinguished political economists of his day. With Mr. M'Culloch, resident in Edinburgh, and associated as they were, not only in literary enterprise, but in the promotion of local and national reforms, my father lived on terms of peculiar intimacy. He published for him, and Mr. M'Culloch was consulted regarding the more important undertakings of the firm.

In the following letter Mr. M'Culloch refers, among other things, to *The Beacon*, a disgraceful publication, which Mr. Lockhart calls "an unfortunate newspaper." This it certainly was; for, although it was soon extinguished, it had already injured the reputation of its supporters, and cost the life of one of the most distinguished among them, Sir Alexander Boswell, who fell in a duel with Mr. Stuart of Dunearn, occasioned by lampoons of which he had confessed himself to be the author.

MR. M'CULLOCH to MR. CONSTABLE.

"EDINBURGH, *9th December* 1821.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I cannot easily express how much I

was gratified by the letter I had the pleasure to receive from you in the beginning of last month. Nothing, I assure you, could give me greater satisfaction than to learn that you were recovering your health; and I trust that by Whitsunday you will have become completely convalescent, and that we may expect to see you here some time in the course of the summer. The mutton did credit to the pastures of England; and I owe you many thanks for this additional proof of your kindness and attention. Mr. David, Leslie, Ritchie, and Maclaren assisted me to discuss it, and we drank to your good health, and to your speedy return, in a bumper in which it would have been a good deal difficult to discover much daylight.

"Of course you must be acquainted with all the particulars respecting the demise of The Beacon. The action which Mr. Gibson has brought against the Lord Advocate, the Solicitor-General, your friend Sir Walter, and the other conscientious enemies of the licentiousness of the Press who signed the bond for its support, has been decided to be relevant, and these high personages are now defenders in an action in the Jury Court for publishing a base, and a false, and unfounded libel! If I were Jupiter, and had the selection of the jury, I would teach Sir Walter the expediency of sticking to his Poems and his Novels. We also are, or rather, I ought to say, are about to be, in the Jury Court. Ritchie, in a paper written by him, called a person of the name of Ayton,—a half-pay surgeon residing at Stockbridge, who said that the meeting at the Pantheon, for which you signed the requisition, was held

for a damnable purpose,—an idiot, and for this we are to be subjected to a claim for damages. We will get 500 persons who were present at the meeting to swear that they believed him to be either mad or drunk.

"Your friends here are all getting on much in the way you left them. —— is becoming more avaricious than ever, and has been for this some time past growling piteously at the number of applications for gratis tickets. It is really deplorable that a person with such fine talents, and withal so rich, should be so mean and mercenary. As usual, he either has delayed, or will delay, the publication of the part of the Supp. to the E. B. now in the press, for at least three months. Of Blackwood's Magazine nothing now is ever heard. I am told that Galt is now its ostensible editor. Its sale is declining all over Scotland; and Rees told me it was also going downhill in London.

"I have been very throng of late, and will be still more occupied for a long time to come. I am resolved to give a public course of lectures on Political Economy next winter, and I have three already written. This, you will think, is but a very small stock, and so it is; still, however, it is a beginning, and, with perseverance, I shall be able to accomplish the task I have undertaken. I have written an article on the one thing needful for your Supplement, which I flatter myself will not discredit that work.

"I once thought that I would have seen you in the spring; but I find that I must put off all thoughts of visiting London for the present.

"Make my kind compliments to Mrs. Constable, the

Misses Constable, and Miss Ramsay; and if, when you are unoccupied, you could spare as much time, or take the trouble of writing me a note to let me know the progress of your recovery, it will be extremely gratifying. Ritchie and Maclaren, and Hodgskin (who is very attentive in his inquiries for you), all join me in wishing you soon well and soon back. I supped with David last night. He is in great good health.—Ever faithfully yours, J. R. M'CULLOCH."

In the "Miscellany," the last great enterprise in which my father was engaged, Mr. Mill and Mr. M'Culloch were both much interested; and in the following letter to my father, and extract from one to Mr. M'Culloch, Mr. Mill gives his opinion of the project:—

MR. MILL to MR. CONSTABLE.

"EAST INDIA HOUSE, 18*th Oct.* 1825.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have just received, and with much satisfaction, your kind communication. Your project I think an admirable one, and I shall be very glad to converse with you about it, because I think it may receive important extension; and after publication of works which are your own, may reproduce many things which are of great interest, and are now to a great degree inaccessible. I even do not see why it may not become a vehicle of essays and fugitive pieces in general, which have never been published, and which it would draw out from the portfolio of your literary friends, with profit to you and great advantage to the public.

"It will give me great pleasure to take you by the hand once more; for I have never ceased to feel a deep interest in your successful career, both for 'auld lang syne,' and because you are the prince of booksellers.—With the most sincere regard, yours, etc., J. MILL."

MR. MILL to MR. M'CULLOCH.

"I am very much pleased indeed with that project of Constable's, of which you speak. Diffusion is now the most important thing to be done for knowledge. The two essays to be written by you, especially that on Wages, will render giant service. By the bye, the second will include the Corn-Laws, and strong things on that subject, thus diffused, will be invaluable. There was an excellent paragraph the other day in the *Scotsman*, stating the effect of the Corn-Laws in setting the rest of the community against the landlords, and showing the indispensable necessity of taking the monopoly of legislation out of their hands. The terror rising out of this view is the only thing which will work upon them. They must therefore be plied with it. I am gratified to learn that my essays are to be included. The information came in time to prevent another reprint, the second being all gone, and great demand remaining. It is much better they should be on sale. As I have made several corrections and little amendments for these reprints, Constable should print from the last; and I should like, if there is time, to go over them once more with care; if I can make a little more perfect that which was originally very imperfect, being all of them written against time, I shall be

anxious to do it for this occasion, which is an admirable one. As they are the text-books of the young men of the Union at Cambridge, their appearing early will contribute to advertise Constable's project in a quarter not very accessible to hawkers, though of first-rate importance. Speaking of the Union,—that Society, which owes its origin chiefly to you and John, is in a most flourishing way,—upwards of a hundred names, several members of Parliament, some Lords, all among the young men likely to have the leading influence in the affairs of the next fifty years of their country. The effects cannot but be important. Good principles and talents will be equally advanced.

"Does your article in the Supplement make part of this cheap publication? or do you still retain your design of making it a book? I suppose you have seen by this time the review of your Discourse in the *Westminster?* John expresses great dissatisfaction with the behaviour of the editors. The whole was the joint production of him and Ellis: but they say that several important things were left out, and the article, by that and other editorial operations, disfigured. I sent an extract of that part of your letter which related to the strange delay in transmitting that review to Edinburgh to Bowring, for the purpose of belabouring Baldwin. By the bye, I suppose (indeed I hear) your Edinburgh Review people are in great wrath on the subject of the Parliamentary Reform article. On that subject, however, you deserve no quarter. This is of too great importance to let either puerilities or sophisms be there taken for wisdom. Oh, Party! Party! what a corrupter thou art!

"I have two weeks more of holidays. The Grotes are to be here all next week, when the memory of you will be frequently revived. Mr. J. Smith's family are again all well; it was Martin alone who was in danger. By the way, Cameron is the author of the article on Duelling in the last *Westminster*, which I mention because I think you will be pleased, as I was, with such a proof of his talent. You promised me a prospectus of Constable's proposed adventure: will you have the goodness to write to me with it, or following it, what I may or may not do, as to correcting and amending my articles?"[1]

A Dissertation on the Progress of Ethical Philosophy, written by SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH for the Encyclopædia Britannica, and his contributions to the Edinburgh Review, were the occasion of intimate relations with my father, which their correspondence proves to have been of a warm and, I may say, confidential character. So fully did Sir James rely on the ready friendship of his publisher, that not only does he draw upon him without hesitation for personal aid in literary and other matters, but asks him to find suitable employment for authors less favoured than himself.

In a letter of December 1, 1813, he writes:—"Why

[1] Among the earliest works in the original lists of intended publications in the Miscellany, I find "Essays on Education—Government—The Liberty of the Press—Prisons, and Prison-discipline, by James Mill, Esq.," and "Essays on Political Economy, by J. R. M'Culloch, Esq." From later lists these titles were withdrawn. Of the motives for their withdrawal I am ignorant, and, from letters of two years' later date, I find that Mr. M'Culloch was exerting himself in London to promote the success of the undertaking.

do you not establish a splendid bookseller's shop in the west-end of this town? It would eclipse Murray's now so agreeable rendezvous that it draws talent to the Quarterly." In a later letter he says, "I shall be much obliged to you for an occasional note with the literary news of Edinburgh, where I rather wish I had settled on my return from India. . . . A letter from Edinburgh is the more agreeable to me, because if I should at any future time apply myself solely to literature, I should retire into Scotland, and look forward to a closer connexion with you." In the same letter he writes, Sept. 21, 1817, with reference to the new series of the Scots Magazine—"This particularly interests me. Our parish minister, Mr. Grant of Dores, used to lend it to me when I was a very young boy, and I believe that the account of the Seven Years' War was the first historical composition I ever read. My old friend promises to have new respectability under your guidance. . . . Am I right in supposing that Mr. C. K. Sharpe was so good as to give me hopes of a copy of the Queensberry Papers when printed? Does he publish also Law's History of the Church of Scotland? With all his attainments, he is a sad Jacobite to be the editor of Presbyterian histories!"

In a letter from Mardocks, in Hertfordshire, in 1818, inviting a visit from my father, Sir James writes, "I hope to hear that our friends in Paternoster Row (Messrs. Longman), perhaps in conjunction with yourself, have outbid other competitors for Mr. Crabbe's poem. Him I just only know. But I cannot help saying that they sometimes appear not enough to feel the value of popular

names, and new works of the most general reading. With these, capital is irresistible, and command of market will be lasting. This is the opinion of others as well as mine."

In the summer of 1823, my father conducted from London to Edinburgh two Italian refugees, the Marquis and Marchioness de Bossi, friends of Sir James and Lady Mackintosh. They proved to be most interesting persons, and spent some days with us at Hatton, where we were then residing. In a letter, in which she thanks my father for his attention to these friends, Lady Mackintosh writes:—

"My daughter and I have been again to hear your most eloquent countryman, Mr. Edward Irving, lecturing the great and the gay of this great city to their evident astonishment, and, I trust, benefit. Lord Liverpool looked *alarmed*, but I was not near enough to him to hear what he said to Lord Aberdeen, who came in with him, about this very extraordinary preacher. There was *insinuated* praise and *prayer* for Lady Jersey, who seemed wrapt in devout attention. The *rush* when the doors were opened was to be compared to a great night at the pit door of the theatres. Lord Liverpool and Lord Lansdowne were only divided by the lady of the latter from each other. Liberty and the Spanish cause did not seem to be forgotten by the preacher, whose *speech* was *magnificent*."

On January 5th, 1824, Sir James writes,—"I should have answered your letter much sooner if I had not been unwell, and engaged in a violent effort on History. I am very glad to hear that your son is employed so well. I know of no original papers, but he should come up and

examine the Museum, the Bodleian, and perhaps the Records of the Diocese of Salisbury. I shall take every opportunity that presents itself of mentioning his work as it deserves, both in public and in private."

My brother, who was at this time engaged in a historical work on the Life and Times of Bishop Burnet, had been useful to Sir James in providing materials for his greater work.[1] My father's latest correspondence with this distinguished man was in February 1826, after the disastrous crisis, and is a high testimony to the character of each.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH to MR. CONSTABLE.

"CADOGAN PLACE, *4th February* 1826.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Few if any of your many and warm friends could have more lamented the shock lately suffered by Scottish literature than I did. I delayed writing to you from day to day in hopes that my writing would be rendered unnecessary by a resumption of your active and useful exertions. I have not yet relinquished that hope. But if I were to delay any longer, I fear that I might be most unjustly suspected of indifference to your interests. You have done more to promote the interest of literature than any man who has been engaged in the commerce of books. But I own it is not on this account so much as for the kindness, good-nature, frankness, and integrity of your personal character that I feel so much sorrow for the late unfortunate events. You will be best supported by the consciousness of such dispositions, and by the remembrance of the services which you have rendered to the

[1] See Appendix No. I.

public. But the general estimation in which you are held, and the regret everywhere avowed at the check which you have received, will be also considerable sources of consolation. The suffrage of every individual contributes to bring before you more strongly these general feelings; and in that point of view I venture to communicate mine.

"Let me add,[1] that I should consider it as a consolation under any reverse to have a son so much distinguished by sense, knowledge, industry, and honourable pursuits as yours. I cannot wish better to my own (yet too young to give more than promise) than that his talents may be as well directed, and as diligently employed, as those of Mr. David Constable.—I am, my dear Sir, most faithfully yours, JAMES MACKINTOSH.

"Tell me that your health is good."

MR. CONSTABLE to SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

"POLTON, BY LASSWADE, 17*th February* 1826.

"DEAR SIR JAMES,—In my present circumstances nothing could be more gratifying to me than to receive your letter of the 4th. Be assured I shall always value as I ought the kind and flattering expressions it contains of your concern for my late misfortunes. Nothing indeed can afford me greater satisfaction in my present difficulties than the testimony of one so distinguished as yourself, in favour of any exertion I may have been able to make in the cause of literature.

[1] This paragraph has been already quoted at p. 144 of the present volume.

"Literary property, even though of unrivalled excellence like that which belongs to me, in a crisis like the present, I need not tell you, is traffic of a tender kind. The large claims which I have on one concern, already under suspension of payment, and involvements in another quarter, respecting which neither my friends nor the public can yet form any true estimate, have induced me to place my whole property under the protection of the law,—a measure, however, which I trust will only require to be temporary. If my life be spared, and I am permitted to enjoy some years of tolerable health, when present distrust in the commercial world shall have subsided, I hope to be able to repair in some degree the evils which it has produced to me individually, though I have no desire to enter again into the general field of bookselling, but rather to confine myself to a few things, and endeavour to make up as far as possible the losses I have just sustained.

"The flattering opinion you express of my son affords me the highest gratification. He will, I trust, exert himself to continue in some degree worthy of it.—I am, my dear Sir, sincerely and respectfully yours,

"ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE."

CHAPTER XV.

The Edinburgh Gazetteer—Sir John Leslie—The Encyclopædia for Mechanics—Professor Playfair—Professor Wallace.

THE publication of the Edinburgh Gazetteer, which was projected by my father in 1814, began in 1817, and was completed in six octavo volumes in 1822. According to the earliest prospectus of the undertaking, the entire physical department was to be executed by Mr. John Leslie, the distinguished Professor of Mathematics in our University; the political and commercial departments by Messrs. J. G. Dalyell, W. A. Cadell, Joseph Lowe, Hugh Murray, Ralph Rylance, and A. Arrowsmith. The name of Mr. Leslie was eventually withdrawn—for what reason the documents in my possession do not enable me to state—but his work was satisfactorily performed by Mr. Hugh Murray, an eminent geographer, whose extreme modesty prevented his being known and honoured as he deserved to be. The work was generally edited by Mr. David Buchanan, who, during many years, conducted the *Caledonian Mercury*, one of the oldest of our Edinburgh newspapers.

Mr. Leslie, afterwards Sir John, was one of those remarkable Scotsmen of the last generation, who, originally intended for ministers of the National Church, either

stumbled on the threshold and declined to enter, or, soon after entering, turned aside into the paths of literature and science, to their own satisfaction, and perhaps also for the advantage of their fellow-men. The bent of Leslie towards science was so decided, that in his first session at the University of St. Andrews, while still in his thirteenth year, it only needed the bait of a ticket for Lectures on Natural Philosophy, to induce him to devote himself to the study of the Latin language, to which at the time he felt a strong repugnance, though, with this motive, he so thoroughly mastered it, that even in his latest years he not unfrequently turned to Lucretius for recreation.

My father's correspondence with Mr. Leslie dated from 1795, and their intercourse remained cordial till the close of his professional career. In all the undertakings of the firm Mr. Leslie took a friendly interest, in many of them an active and important share. To the Edinburgh Review he not unfrequently contributed, and, on 12th February 1814, I find him undertaking to furnish the first volume of the Edinburgh Gazetteer, and making a stipulation which was at once agreed to, that "the copy-money shall be one thousand *guineas*, instead of one thousand pounds," for, although very conscientious as regarded the quality of his work, he had a due appreciation of its value when executed. His contributions to the Supplement of the Encyclopædia Britannica were numerous and most valuable, and, Mr. Napier tells us, "displayed all the powers and attainments for which he was remarkable." Nor was it by his writings alone that he aided that publication.

His advice, his information, amazing alike for its minuteness and extent, and his exertions in procuring useful assistance, were always at the service of its editor. His crowning benefaction to the Encyclopædia was his discourse 'On the Progress of Mathematical and Physical Science during the Eighteenth Century.'" This discourse was a continuation to that of Mr. Playfair on the earlier progress of these sciences.

The following letter might have been written by a traveller in France at the present day, and will, I think, be read with interest:—

MR. LESLIE to MR. CONSTABLE.

"PARIS, 18*th Sept.* 1814.

"DEAR SIR,—I set off for Brussels on the 22d, and I hope to be able to find a passage either at Antwerp or Rotterdam for Scotland, so that I may have the pleasure of seeing you in Edinburgh about the beginning of October. I have made a very pleasant and instructive visit to this country. I have seen the greater part of France, as far as the shores of the Mediterranean, and have gained everywhere a number of useful friends; nor have I forgotten your concerns, but have formed some arrangements by which we shall obtain not only for the Gazetteer, but likewise for the Encyclopædia, much valuable and original information.

"As soon as I have got settled again I shall proceed to work for you. The publication will be somewhat deferred, but this can occasion no inconvenience, for the Continent is still in a very embroiled state, and will

require some considerable time for the general division of the spoil. I am very far indeed from thinking that this peace, or rather truce, will last. The great powers have totally disregarded their professions, and occupied themselves solely about their own aggrandizement, as if France had been reduced to a state of utter debility. This, however, is far from being the case. The distress which we talked of in England seems to have been highly exaggerated. You see here a most fertile country, highly cultivated, rich in produce and arts—in everything in short but foreign trade, and France scarcely needs any foreign importation. The pressure of the war has prodigiously improved the agriculture of the country, and given a spur to her manufactures. The progress made during these twenty years of bloodshed and convulsion has been very great. France can raise corn at the third of the price usual in England, and she manufactures cloths and many other articles better, and some even cheaper, than England. Her debts and taxes are comparatively trifling, and the country is full of soldiers. You may judge, therefore, that she is not likely to sit quiet in a state of degradation. The general feeling of the country is, that it has been betrayed, and that it had force sufficient to repel all the attacks of the allies. In all probability, therefore, this feeble Government, without possessing either talent or influence, will soon be compelled to renew the war, or be overturned; indeed, it betrays all the symptoms of instability. It is curious that one never hears those execrations against Napoleon, so frequent in England. His name is always mentioned with respect, and even some latent

affection. The loss of men seems to be little felt, and not regarded; and it is admitted that more has been done in his reign for the embellishment of Paris and the general improvement of France, than for a hundred years before.

"I have many things to tell you, and adventures to recite, but I must defer them till I have the pleasure of seeing you.—I remain, dear Sir, ever yours,

"JOHN LESLIE."

Though occasionally blunt in manner, and never neglectful of his own interest when arranging business transactions, there was a vein of tenderness in Leslie's nature ready to flow in sympathy with the personal afflictions of his friends; and his letter of condolence addressed to my father, on hearing of the death of my eldest sister, Mrs. Robert Cadell, does honour to his heart. The following, at a somewhat later date, exhibits his character on more sides than one:—

MR. LESLIE to MR. CONSTABLE.

"EDINBURGH, 14*th Dec.* 1818.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have just returned from dining with Lord Erskine's son, who is now here, but I must have a few minutes' chat with you. Indeed, I long very much for your return, for though —— be an excellent man of business, he is certainly not a merry companion. I congratulate you on your magnificent transaction with the booksellers. You have now nothing to do in London but to seek amusement, and Murray and Wallace will furnish you occasion for sport. I could wish myself transported beside you to enjoy the fun.

"You will no doubt see the Somervilles frequently? Pray, do you hear anything of Miss Tunno? When you were at Leeds did you see the Gotts? Do you know that the third daughter is just about to be married to the son of Kinnear the banker here? Did you hear anything of the second (my favourite)? Is she now engaged? Do you return by Leeds, or Derby, or Manchester? If you come by Derby, try to get introduced to the great cotton-spinner there, a sort of correspondent of mine.

"When I saw Barrow's miserable book on the Arctic voyages, I was tempted to make a proposition to you through Cadell; but you seemed to listen to it coldly, as I find you generally do to all projects which do not originate with yourself. But I am perfectly indifferent. Indeed, I believe that it would be more profitable to me to confine my attention to my class than to drudge and plague myself with literary composition. I have 112 at my first class, and 63 at my second—no third class this year. If I could augment my classes, it would be of far greater consequence to me than anything you could throw in my way. This must, I believe, be my plan in future, and to devote any leisure I may have to the composition of some great work—probably Physical Geography.

"General Durham has been here some days, and brought some curious Roman antiquities dug up at Norrie's Law, behind Largo. He has left them to be engraved for your Magazine, and I have promised some account of them. It is probable that I shall go over to Fife at Christmas, but I expect to hear from you before that time.

"What do you think of a new Monthly Review by Waugh and Innes, a new Quarterly Philosophical Journal by Brewster and Blackwood—all to bear the name of Edinburgh, which I fear will be at last disgraced!

"I really think that Jeffrey should take some coadjutor, for his attention is too much distracted. I have sometimes thought, that if no better plan were devised, I could undertake to manage the department of science, voyages, etc.

"It is getting late, so farewell, my dear Sir, ever yours, JOHN LESLIE."

It was in the next year, 1819, that the chair of Natural Philosophy became vacant by the death of Mr. Playfair, and that Mr. Leslie was called, as in 1805, to succeed his amiable and distinguished friend. A renewal had evidently been feared of that clerical opposition, which had been most violent, though ineffectual, on the former occasion, for, on the 5th September he writes from Raith,—"You may easily conceive how anxious I am. Has the Provost[1] yet declared? Unfavourable reports have reached Kirkcaldy, but I hope unfounded." On the 10th of the same month he writes, with mind relieved,—"I am quite overjoyed, you may be assured, at our success. It is indeed complete, and does your friend, the Lord Dean of Guild,[2] immortal honour. Your own exertions have also been most unremitting and meritorious."

There is no evidence in written correspondence of any failure in friendly feeling on either side, and Mr. Leslie

[1] Right Hon. Kincaid Mackenzie. [2] Alexander Henderson, Esq.

shared the anxiety of my father's other friends when the state of his health in 1821 made it desirable that he should for a time retire from the cares of business; yet the following letter, written while his claim for damages against Mr. Blackwood on account of libellous assertions in his Magazine was in suspense, seems to show that Mr. Leslie felt the need of arguments to vindicate his having published the Elements of Natural Philosophy with another firm.

MR. LESLIE to MR. CONSTABLE.

"EDINBURGH, 13*th July* 1822.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I should have replied to your kind letter much sooner. It was most gratifying, I assure you, to all your friends here to know that your health was so thoroughly improved, if not completely restored. The birth of a boy is indeed better than any physician's bulletin. We are all anxious that you should come back, for your absence has really caused a great blank in the society of this place. Your son (who seems to be busy with his law studies) tells us that you will return by September;—the sooner the better. You will find a better tone I hope than has prevailed here for some years, for the enemy have by degrees exposed them in all their nakedness. The venom scattered by the Blackwoodians must be washed away, it seems, in blood.

"My cause, after very hard contention, was fixed for Monday, and I had got up the whole train of my defences and attacks; but on the pretence of J. Hope, the leading counsel, being called up by a messenger from the House

of Commons, they have made the most insidious attempts to have the trial put off till winter. It required the most strenuous exertions on our parts to resist this, and we have succeeded in getting it fixed for this day se'nnight (Saturday the 20th). I think that I must carry every point, and if I get tolerable justice, I shall obtain a signal triumph.[1]

"By the way, it was my connexion with you that first brought the Blackwoodians upon my head. You should still have been my publisher.[2] You should not have reckoned so near on small matters, but have considered the general balance, and likewise the sacrifices which I had on several occasions made to serve you. As a man I have always found you cordial and even generous, but let me tell you that in transactions of business the spirit of the trader sometimes gets a greater ascendency than suits your general character. You will forgive me if I remind you of two or three slight traits. I was the

[1] With regard to this trial my brother David writes to his father on the 15th July 1822:—"Leslie's prosecution against Blackwood and Co. comes on on Saturday next. It is expected to be very interesting; Principal Baird and some other divines are to be cross-examined on their knowledge of Hebrew, which is suspected to be rather scrimp:" and on the 23d, the day after the trial,—"Leslie completely refuted all the charges of ignorance of Hebrew, etc., and most triumphantly secured the honour of his own discovery as to the production of cold, against the charges which had been made, that he had borrowed it from some experiments of Dr. Nairne,—which it appeared had been known to Cullen and others long before. The jury have given £100 damages,—a verdict which appears to give general dissatisfaction to every one who wishes this slanderous system put an end to."

[2] The Elements of Natural Philosophy had been published by Messrs. W. and C. Tait.

original cause of the publication of Lamont's Diary, and you repeatedly promised me a copy, which I never received. When your Gazetteer commenced, my name appeared in the prospectus, in which I had a hand. Letters frequently came to me complaining of the slovenly way in which it was got up; but rather than injure the concern I suffered myself for some time to be a sort of stalking-horse to it, for which I was blamed by some friends in London. Yet I never received a copy of any part of the work, not even the small atlas. However, these are all little matters, which I will pass over. You are still the most spirited, enterprising, and liberal publisher we have. I expect to usher the great work to which I mean to bend all my exertions—Physical Geography, in two vols. 4to,—in your name.

"But I am writing in a very grave style. My mind takes the impress of the dull courts here. I wish I were beside you to laugh and talk nonsense as we did in our journey through England. We shall meet soon, I hope, and in joyous mood.

"I beg to offer my sincere regards to Mrs. C. and the rest of your family, and ever am, my dear Sir, very sincerely yours, JOHN LESLIE."

In the year 1824 my father had projected an Encyclopædia for Mechanics, and communicated his views on the subject to several of his literary friends, among others to Mr. Leonard Horner, who, by the institution of our School of Arts, had already done so much for the intellectual elevation of his fellows:—

MR. CONSTABLE to MR. HORNER.

"POLTON HOUSE, BY LASSWADE,
23*d October* 1824.

"When I had the pleasure of seeing you the other day, I mentioned my wish of communicating with you on the subject of a literary work, which I projected some time ago. The plan is not perhaps yet altogether complete, but in the confidence that its object will meet your approbation, I am induced to use the freedom of troubling you with a few lines, stating generally my design, and in the hope of your favouring me with your opinion and advice regarding it.

"The present desire of knowledge among mechanics and manufacturers in every part of the island, which you have yourself so greatly promoted, has occasioned the publication of numerous works of a class hitherto unknown in this country, but all of them of a description inferior to what I hope may ere long be done. My object is to publish an Encyclopædia or Dictionary entirely devoted to manufactures and the mechanical arts, to extend to about eight volumes of a size similar to the enclosed specimen, under some such title as the following:—'The Mechanics' Encyclopædia, or General Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Practical Science,' published at as cheap a rate as possible, and circulated in such portions as would meet the circumstances of every class of readers. I propose that the work should contain topography, statistics, and biography, connected with the subjects of the undertaking; these I conceive could not fail to pro-

duce both a general as well as a local interest in its favour.

"To execute all this, many contributors will no doubt be necessary, and, according to my views, scientific men planted for a time in various districts of the country, with one directing hand at head-quarters; in short, the plan which I contemplate is an extensive one, and would, I hope, be as successful as it would be new. I would now request you would do me the kindness to think of the project, and tell me whether there are any gentlemen connected with your School of Arts whom you might recommend as likely to furnish articles.

"I shall most likely announce the work as in progress one of these days, but the plan will not be made public till all the arrangements necessary may be further advanced; I therefore take the liberty of adding that you will consider the present as a confidential communication; and I am with regard, my dear Sir, yours sincerely,

"ARCH. CONSTABLE."

The editorship of this work my father desired to commit to Mr. Leslie, and it would appear that under certain conditions he was willing to have undertaken the task.

MR. LESLIE to MR. CONSTABLE.

"*Saturday.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have been expecting the pleasure of seeing you in town, but should be sorry if you came out in this unsettled weather before you are quite stout.

"If I engage in the Mechanics' Encyclopædia, you may

be assured that it will be in a very efficient manner. But the terms which you mentioned at our last meeting fall very much below what I had been led to expect. If you desire to obtain my vigorous aid therefore you must come forward with a liberal offer worthy of yourself.

"In the meantime I would suggest as a scheme favourable to your great plan, and likely to prove lucrative, the publication of a Mechanics' Magazine. It might come out once a fortnight, price one sixpence. If you do not soon take up this idea, I have reason to believe that some other bookseller in Edinburgh will start the magazine.—I ever am, my dear Sir, truly yours,

"JOHN LESLIE."

MR. CONSTABLE to MR. LESLIE.

"POLTON, *8th Dec.* 1824.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I regretted I could not have the pleasure of your company here on Saturday last. We might then have had some further conversation regarding the Mechanics' Encyclopædia in a way more satisfactory to both than a casual meeting in town.

"From the note I received about a fortnight ago in which you suggest a Magazine for Mechanics, and what passed on Monday in Princes Street, I am very sorry to find I cannot induce you to give the powerful aid of your assistance to the Mechanics' Encyclopædia on any terms that the undertaking could reasonably afford. My idea, you are aware, is to produce a work on a scale of expense as moderate as possible, the leading object being an extensive circulation to working mechanics at a cheap rate,

and this one I must endeavour to accomplish through the best means I can.

"Your unqualified approbation of this project afforded me peculiar pleasure. I had a plan of publishing a Mechanics' Magazine more than twelve months ago. The subject has often occurred to me since, and I should be happy to give it still further consideration, though the ground I fear is already too much occupied; but still much might be done by enterprise and execution.

"I am always with great regard, my dear Sir, your faithful and obliged servant, ARCH. CONSTABLE.

"*P.S.*—You are the only friend with whom I have as yet communicated with a view to the conductorship of my project; but I am afraid I must now consider our communing as closed with regard to it."

Mr. Leslie does not seem, however, to have utterly negatived my father's proposition:—

MR. LESLIE to MR. CONSTABLE.

"EDINBURGH, 18*th March* 1825.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I told you that I had some intention of spending the whole of the summer vacation in visiting the manufacturing establishments both at home and in France, Holland, and Germany. I should allot about 4½ months to the Continent, and six weeks to England, which might be sufficient for examining the principal districts.

"Though the mechanical arts have not in general on the Continent arrived at the same perfection as in England, yet it would be most desirable to obtain accurate

accounts of their real progress. In many things, however, there is a real superiority. France excels in woollen fabrics, in silks and velvets, in jewellery, in cabinet-making, in the preparation of paper and vellum, in bronze, and some articles of cutlery. The chemical products, and the extraction of sugar from beet, etc., deserve attention. Holland excels in bricks, preparation of colours, clarification of sugar, distilleries, fabric of linen, etc. Germany has extensive woollen manufactures, and likewise some of cotton; those of iron and copper, of fine steel, etc.

"It would be requisite to traverse the greater part of Germany, and to make several lateral excursions; to visit the north, the east, and south of France, and pass through Holland and Flanders.

"I am confident that I could perform those journeys with peculiar advantages, having always received the most flattering attention abroad. The information which I should procure would be of the most definite and accurate kind. It could not be paid by the number of sheets, but by an indemnification for the trouble and expense incurred. I should expect an allowance of £125 for the Continental tour, and two guineas a day for every day I spent among manufacturers—not meaning to extend that claim to any short stay that I might be tempted to make in passing a university.

"I should likewise expect to be paid the expense of drawings, and have a small allowance to give the workmen on visiting each establishment.

"For my travelling over different parts of England, I should look for £25, besides the daily allowance of two guineas when I visited manufactories.

"These are the very lowest terms that I could accept for performing so delicate and laborious a task. Your generosity should prompt you to offer more, but I could not consent to any deduction whatever.

"The elaboration of these materials would be the subject of a subsequent arrangement.—I ever am, my dear Sir, in great haste, yours truly, JOHN LESLIE."

MR. LESLIE to MR. CONSTABLE.

"HOUSE OF COMMONS, 25*th April* 1825.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have been expecting every day to hear from you. Pray make up your mind, and write to me without delay.

"Rees pointed out to me an impertinent paragraph in a weekly journal; in which it is stated that you had two dictionaries in progress, that Dr. Hooker was to be editor of the one, and myself of the other, and that I was to spend six months in visiting France and Germany. Now, you may perhaps be able to explain how this tale got abroad; I am sure that I never gave to any person the smallest hint of this. The publication of the project puts me in a most awkward situation. If generally known, I might find it difficult to have access to various manufactures, both at home and abroad. However, let me have your final proposition as soon as you can, to enable me to decide what plan I should pursue.

"With regard to the Juvenile Encyclopædia, I might undertake several interesting departments; but I should expressly require not to have my name joined in the list of contributors with that of a certain obnoxious individual

—that I should furnish my articles without any control whatever from the editor or publisher, and that they should be printed exactly as I give them.

"I am writing a very dull and desultory letter; and no wonder! The wrangling here of the lawyers really exceeds all conception, and my ears are stunned with nonsense. These fellows are getting fifteen guineas for talking bavardage for three hours. If I knew any young, impudent, half-ignorant man, I should recommend him to become an English lawyer. I shall be glad to emerge from this den and breathe a purer air.—I ever am, my dear Sir, most sincerely yours, JOHN LESLIE."

Although essentially a good-natured man, Mr. Leslie had some antipathies so strong that no regard for his own interest could induce him to suppress them. Such was his feeling towards an eminent scientific contemporary, referred to in the following correspondence :—

THE SAME to THE SAME.

"LONDON, 23*d May* 1825.

"MY DEAR SIR,—You do yourself incredible mischief by sticking to the obnoxious person, as it betrays to the world so much inconsistency and want of principle, while it tends in no degree to advance your interests. His name, I assure you, sinks every day in reputation, as it becomes better known. Only consult your best and tried friend, Mr. T. Thomson, for instance. If you will not allow that name to defile your list, I shall pledge myself to give you efficient assistance in your minor Encyclo-

pædia, not only in the section promised, but in a number of other interesting and important articles.

"With regard to the indefiniteness of the proposals I made for the other work, you should observe that the details were left for discussion, and that you repeatedly put this off. I am surprised that you should object to the charge of two guineas per day while among the manufacturers; it was, in fact, lower than the charge of a common surveyor or drainer.

"However, I shall for the present release you altogether from any engagement. You will be so good as contradict publicly my having any concern as editor, etc.

"I mean to make a shorter tour abroad, and afterwards a tour at home, pursuing the objects of my own gratification. We may afterwards come to some agreement with respect to the value of the materials which may be worked up for your work.—Ever, my dear Sir, truly yours, JOHN LESLIE."

"TREMATON CASTLE, NEAR PLYMOUTH, 12*th June* 1825.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I write now from one of the most beautiful romantic spots in England, once the seat of royalty. I might seem transported to another climate—everything so warm, rich, and luxuriant. In short, I have spent part of yesterday and this morning at the residence of Mr. Tucker of the Plymouth Docks. I have now visited with every advantage the works at Portsmouth and Plymouth, and had once intended to proceed to view the mines in Cornwall, but the date reminds me that it is time to face about and return to London, in order to be able to accomplish the main objects of my projected tour.

"I hold myself, therefore, bound to give you the article Meteorology (branched under the several heads) for which you are to pay 100 guineas and 5 guineas for the requisite drawings—all literary labour being paid in guineas and not in pounds. 'My name, however, is to be withheld if ——'s should appear in your list. And if this obnoxious name be retained, I will promise you no more aid—otherwise I would furnish you articles on a variety of miscellaneous topics which I may afterwards enumerate. You will endeavour to make up your mind finally on all those subjects and write to me in London, where your letter will still find me, if not deferred too long. I must give a decided answer soon to Napier's application.

"By the bye, Longman's house have projected a series of Encyclopædias on a variety of subjects after the plan of Loudon's Gardening,—Natural History, Natural Philosophy, the Mechanical Arts, Commerce, etc. They wished me to engage with Natural Philosophy, and offered the most liberal terms, but I absolutely declined. It is amusing to see the plans and subdivisions laid down by Loudon on subjects in which he betrays complete ignorance. But Longman admires him, although his compilations seem to be formed by the shears.—Ever, my dear Sir, faithfully yours, JOHN LESLIE.

"The sky is not stained by a single cloud. I shall send you a more entertaining letter from Paris."

The following letter relates to The Miscellany, which had just then been projected:—

"RAITH, *Monday.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—Having read over with some attention the Prospectus of your Miscellany, I think the articles are generally interesting and well chosen; but it strikes me that a curious article could be made of Political Arithmetic (the true basis of Political Economy). I conceive you could easily enrich your Miscellany by selecting some entertaining articles of a more permanent nature from the Edinburgh Review. There are even some of my own, which, by certain alterations and additions, might suit very well. For instance, the article on Humboldt's Travels, and the History of the Barometer, and the Account of the Arctic Seas. The names of the authors should be given when they extend their own articles. Think of this proposition. It would conduce to greater variety.

"You have never answered my last letter from London, relative to the conditions on which I should supply the articles on Meteorology for your Popular Encyclopædia, or do anything more for that work. I must now make all my arrangements in order to turn my time to the best advantage.—I ever am, my dear Sir, truly yours,

"JOHN LESLIE."

My father had sanguine expectations of success for the Encyclopædia for Mechanics, and other cognate speculations of the period, which, but for the disasters that overtook him in January 1826, he might have lived to realize. On the 23d March 1825, I find him writing as follows to Mr. Cadell:—"I had a long conversation with Mr. Jeffrey about the Encyclopædia for Mechanics for the first time

two days ago. He entirely approves of the plan in every particular. If we make it short enough—matter of fact, and not dissertation—the sale must be immense, and would not interfere with the larger work, about which also we had some talk. He is delighted at the idea of writing for the Encyclopædia for Youth."

Mr. Leslie was of a genial nature, and loved congenial society. He never married, but within my own knowledge he was at least on one occasion disposed for matrimony, had the lady smiled upon his suit, and he at all times received with infinite good-humour the matrimonial suggestions which intimate friends were wont to offer. I find him writing to my father, who was at the time a widower—"You will of course pass by the Cumberland Lakes, and if you do not bring home the widow yourself, you may speak a kind word for *me*." In another letter he writes, "You will smile at my impatience, now that you are immersed in business, when I remind you again of your promise during our journey, to introduce me to some of your fair friends, and particularly to a Miss B——, whom you celebrated." Such allusions are very frequent in Mr. Leslie's correspondence, especially in later years, but his aspirations never received the sanction of the Church.

The honour of knighthood was conferred on Mr. Leslie in the year 1832. On the 3d of November in the same year, he died at Coates, in Fife, of erysipelas. I believe with Mr. Napier, that "his infirmities were far more than compensated by his many good qualities, by his equanimity, his cheerfulness, his simplicity of character,

his straightforwardness, his perfect freedom from affectation, and his unconquerable good-nature."

The death of Professor JOHN PLAYFAIR, to whom Mr. Leslie twice became successor, was felt as a national calamity by the public at large, and as a severe domestic bereavement by those within the privileged circle of his acquaintance. He is described by one who knew him well, as "one of the most amiable and estimable of men; delightful in his manners, inflexible in his principles, and generous in his affections, he had all that could charm in society, or attach in private, . . . and it was equally impossible that, under any circumstances, he should ever perform a mean, a selfish, or a questionable action, as that his body should cease to gravitate, or his soul to live."

MR. WILLIAM WALLACE, who at the time of Mr. Playfair's death was Professor of Mathematics and Instructor in Astronomy in the Royal Military College at Great Marlowe, wrote as follows to my father on hearing of the sad event:—"It is with infinite concern that I have just heard of the death of my earliest and best, our inestimable friend, Mr. Playfair. This event makes a breach in the circle of my friends that will never be repaired.

"It is a painful thing to have any advantage connected with what we must consider as one of the greatest evils; but such is often the unavoidable lot of man. As there can be no doubt that Mr. Leslie will succeed to the Natural Philosophy Professorship, I propose to become a candidate

for that of Mathematics, and I earnestly request the assistance of your good offices and friendly aid."

It speaks volumes for the popularity of my father, that in those days of "close corporations" of which he was not a member, and to whose principles he was opposed, his influence was so strong that it seems to have been always in request when a vacancy was proclaimed in any of the Chairs of our University, and that it was almost always exerted on the winning side. The success of his candidate on the present occasion was the subject of great rejoicing, for the excellent Mr. Wallace was one of his oldest and dearest friends.

At the Military College Mr. Wallace was highly appreciated, and he writes on September 30th, 1819 :—"You will, I know, be glad to hear that as soon as it was known that I was elected Professor of Mathematics at Edinburgh, the Lieutenant-Governor intimated to my friends that it was intended to recommend me to His Majesty's Government as worthy of receiving half-pay during the remainder of my life; this freewill-offering is in the highest degree gratifying."

With this recommendation the Government did not at once comply, alleging that the improved status and increased emolument in Edinburgh rendered it unnecessary; but on the retirement of Professor Wallace from the Edinburgh Chair in 1838, a pension was conferred by Government, to which the University of Edinburgh added the distinction of Doctor of Laws. Dr. Wallace died on the 28th of April 1843.

CHAPTER XVI.

Maria Edgeworth.

For introduction to Maria Edgeworth, one of the chief educators of youth in the last generation and in that now passing away, my father was indebted to their common friend, Sir Walter Scott. To Miss Edgeworth Sir Walter attributes the credit, and the world therefore may ascribe the honour, of having suggested to him an idea he so happily realized, of writing novels in which Scottish character should find expression on its native soil, and in its own vernacular. James Ballantyne,[1] in replying to a letter in which Miss Edgeworth thanks the unknown author of Waverley for a presentation copy, tells that lady of the desire her Irish stories had inspired in Scott to endeavour to do for his own country what she had done for Ireland.

This was in the year 1814, and it was not until nine years later, in the summer of 1823, that the two great novelists met, when each appears to have found that the half had scarce been told of the attractive qualities of the other. In 1825 these impressions were deepened by a return visit which Sir Walter paid, which is admirably described by Mr. Lockhart, and also by Miss Edgeworth

[1] See Life of Scott, vol. iii. pp. 303, 304.

in the memoir given to her friends—but not yet, alas! to the world outside—by her sister, Mrs. Richard Butler.

During the visit to Abbotsford in 1823, commemorated in a pictorial group[1] in which he is included, my father had the honour of meeting Miss Edgeworth, and the impression he made on her must have been favourable, for she begged him to communicate with her London publisher regarding plans he had suggested for promoting the sale of her works. Miss Edgeworth writes as follows while on her homeward route :—

MISS EDGEWORTH to MR. CONSTABLE.

"GLASGOW, *August* 13, 1823.

"DEAR SIR,—You have gratified me much by your polite attention to my sisters. The present of the proof-engraving you have sent me is invaluable, the very thing for which I had wished, and had despaired of obtaining.

"You talked of sending me a prospectus of your new Encyclopædia. I wish you could send it to me while I am in Glasgow. I shall be here till Monday or Tuesday next. If you have not been able to procure the review of books for young people, do not trouble yourself more about it, because I can get it from Hunter, to whom I am going to write. I wish you would write to him the note of advice you proposed. Send it to me and I will enclose it in my own letter.

"I rejoice that we had the pleasure of meeting you at Abbotsford, and am glad to owe this among the numberless other obligations I have to the *Great Known*.

[1] By Mr. William Stewart Watson.

"Many may be, or may seem, *great* while unknown, but few like him appear greater the more they are known.—I am, dear Sir, your obliged,

"MARIA EDGEWORTH."

MR. CONSTABLE to MISS EDGEWORTH.

"EDINBURGH, 19*th Aug.* 1823.

"DEAR MADAM,—I have received your obliging note, and am gratified to find that the print which I had the pleasure of sending you proved so acceptable. There are not many impressions in circulation, and it is the only good portrait that has yet been executed of Sir Walter Scott. The picture was done in the year 1807—immediately after the publication of Marmion, and was then esteemed one of the most successful efforts of Sir Henry Raeburn. I wish I had any better memorial of our having met at Abbotsford to offer you, an occurrence which I also have to number among the many kindnesses which I owe to our unrivalled host, but you well appreciate the character to which I allude, and will not in any communication like the present expect uncalled-for offerings of gratitude to the greatest and best man living, and I will add the most liberal, whether the great unknown or not.

"I am preparing a prospectus of the Elementary Encyclopædia for Youth, and shall very soon take an opportunity of making a full communication to you of all my plans regarding it. Your kind suggestions have already proved serviceable, and they certainly gave me no small encouragement in proceeding with the plan, which I am

ambitious should be executed in the most useful manner, and it will, I trust, prove acceptable to the numerous class for whose instruction it is intended. I cannot avoid adding that whatever benefits may arise from such an undertaking the whole had its origin from your previous labours in the important sphere of education, and the opportunity which your visit to Scotland afforded me of your advice, at the same time that it favoured the hope, which I fear I have been wrong in indulging, that you might have been induced to accept a considerable share in the editorship.

"I have ordered from London a complete set of the last editions of your works, and shall very soon follow up the plan of writing my views to Mr. Hunter regarding them. I shall take the liberty of transmitting the letter to you, and it will give me peculiar satisfaction if any suggestion of mine can aid their circulation; indeed, I trust you will believe that in this or anything else interesting to your feelings, I should at all times be happy to devote any professional influence which circumstances may enable me to command.—And I am with the utmost respect, dear Madam, your obliged and faithful servant,

"ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE."

Of the tenor or the issue of my father's correspondence with Mr. Hunter I possess no record. The following note appears to have been occasioned by an imperfect copy of Mr. Lockhart's novel of Reginald Dalton, which had probably had some sheets of a work by the Author of Waverley bound up in it:—

MISS EDGEWORTH to MR. CONSTABLE.

"EDGEWORTHSTOWN, *Nov.* 18*th*, 1824.

"DEAR SIR,—I have received from some unknown friend a perfect copy of Reginald Dalton, for which I suspect that I am obliged to you. If so, accept my thanks. I assure you that when I asked for a few pages I did not mean to beg a book. The copy which I first possessed I shall keep as a curiosity, on which future commentators in future ages may write ingeniously on the inexhaustible subject of the Scotch novels.

"Matthew Wald has great power. I am sorry his story came to such a horrid, and unnecessarily and unconscionably horrid a conclusion.

"I am delighted with Redgauntlet. The author has made more of rebellion and more of the *Pre—Che*—than any man alive or dead ever did.

"I, in common with thousands and tens of thousands, am impatient for the next production of that exhaustless genius. Christmas, I hope, will find us all happily at the Crusades.

"I am, dear Sir, with many thanks for your obliging attentions,—Yours sincerely, MARIA EDGEWORTH."

MR. CONSTABLE to MISS EDGEWORTH.

"EDINBURGH, 30*th Nov.* 1824.

"DEAR MADAM,—It gave me peculiar pleasure to receive your obliging note of the 18th, handed to me by Mr. Butler a few days ago. I am glad the perfect copy of Reginald Dalton reached you. I was very unwell at

the time it was despatched, and during six months of the winter and spring. This must be my apology for not having written to you ere now concerning a collected edition of your works, which I am gratified to find is about to appear in the form which I took the liberty of offering my opinion was the most appropriate. I am sure it will be most acceptable, and cannot fail to prove an excellent concern to the booksellers.

"I was in London in August, and wished then to have seen Mr. Hunter, the publisher, but he had gone to the country, and consequently I had no opportunity of expressing to him my sentiments on the subject.

"Redgauntlet has been generally admired. The Crusaders I fear will not be out till spring. 'The Inconnu' is in excellent health. I mention this, being quite certain that you can only hear of him through a well-instructed correspondent like myself.

"Of our friend Sir Walter Scott you must be constantly receiving intelligence, direct, and by many channels. There is a song, absurd enough certainly, in circulation here, of which I have the pleasure of sending you a copy. It purports to be a record of all 'his doings,' which are undoubtedly not diminishing in public usefulness. The new apartments at Abbotsford are now completed. The entrance-hall, drawing-room, and library are fitted up in the best possible taste, and entirely delightful. I doubt they may sometimes prove inconveniently so to their munificent lord, for really Abbotsford is now beset by visitors innumerable.

"The arrangements for the Elementary Encyclopædia

on account of my indisposition were for some months retarded, but are again in progress. I have printed a list of the projected contents, of which I now enclose you a copy. It consists of about 2000 articles, many of which will require to be treated only in a brief manner. The scientific, antiquarian, and classical departments are already in suitable hands. Indeed, all my literary friends here take a great interest in its materials. You would do me a particular kindness by going over the list, and giving me your sentiments regarding the selection of subjects, to which, perhaps, you might still further oblige me by suggesting additions. The plan has been generally considered good. It is my wish to exclude political and religious discussion. Where sects are treated of, it is merely intended to state their tenets, and in politics, to adhere to the principles of the British constitution. Party feeling is not to be admitted. To see all this carried into effect I have devolved the editorship on Dr. Robert Kaye Greville, an English gentleman resident here. He has only hitherto been known in a literary capacity as the author of a *Flora Edinensis*, and other botanical works, a department of science in which he is highly distinguished.

"I have used the freedom to subjoin a list of some articles which I am ambitious of obtaining from you. Their limits shall be entirely with yourself. I will not at present trouble you by stating the extent of obligation which would be conferred on me by your compliance in this matter. I expect the work to be in such forwardness as to go to press about May next, and to have the whole completed within two years from that time.

"The undertaking is intended to consist of four vols. printed in the manner of which I enclose a specimen, with appropriate embellishments.—I am, with the utmost respect, dear Madam, your obliged and faithful servant,

"ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE."

Miss Edgeworth replied as follows :—

"EDGEWORTHSTOWN, *Jan.* 19*th*, 1825.

"DEAR SIR,—I have delayed answering your obliging letter that I might get an opinion from a friend in England upon your plan, which, as he is a man of science and high reputation in the scientific world, must be worth much more to you than mine can be, ignorant as I am of science or of the requisites for such an Encyclopædia as you propose to form. As far as I can judge, I agree completely with my friend's opinion, which I enclose to you.[1]

[1] "I am glad to find that Constable has a concise Encyclopædia on the stocks, because I believe that no other book-engine can have half the power of disseminating useful knowledge, and I have long been wishing to see a well-conducted work of that species. His is apparently on the plan of Brewster's Encyclopædia—a collection of separate treatises on separate subjects. And nothing much short of Brewster's length can contain such a collection with any chance of success. And who are such works for, the proficient or the ignorant? Will the former hunt an Encyclopædia for the principles or the improvements of his art or science? And how will the ignorant be able to search in it for information, the mere classification of which implies three times as much knowledge as nine out of ten purchasers of a popular Encyclopædia possess? Suppose a person meets with the terms *Torus*, *Frieze*, *Ovolo*—he wants them explained; in vain may he search Brewster, unless he knows they are Architectural terms, and wade through the 150 pages of the indexless article of Civil Architecture. A popular encyclopædia should, *à mon gré*, be purely alphabetical—like that of Rees.

"Four volumes indeed might not contain all that would be desirable,

I think for youth you should not give treatises on each subject; indeed, for all people there is in an Encyclopædia too much or too little. Those who want to study deeply must go through the regular means of study, in the complete treatises published in different works on the subjects, but in referring to an encyclopædic dictionary, young people especially want immediate precise information of the meaning of certain terms, or of the means of accomplishing certain purposes. It should be therefore more practical than theoretic. If I were you, in the first place I would weed out all the heads in your present prospectus which would be general treatises, and class the others into what are essential, necessary in the next degree, and so on. When you have thus got rid of what is obviously superfluous for your purpose, compress again and again till you get your design into the smallest compass that will hold the needful; portion this out to the most skilful hands, make it worth their while, and then you secure the solid reputation of your book by their work, and its celebrity by their names. When this is done you may, if you want bulk, add what other articles you please.

nor will it contain that in the shape of treatises. Six or eight would do it admirably, and such a work, more ably and more impartially conducted than Rees's, would be a fortune to the publisher and a blessing to mankind.

"I have been trying to persuade two friends to join me in an article or two—but they are obdurate, and I have not time if I had other requisites. We have been comparing Constable's enumerated articles with those in Brewster. We took G and H, and find many very useful ones omitted—I enclose the list. By the way, what do you think of an article on 'Bible' from Bellamy? I would tie him down from saying anything about his own translation."

If you make, as my friend advises, your arrangement alphabetical, you will have no trouble.

"For mercy's sake make your writers say all they have to say under one good head, and not refer the wretched readers from one letter to another till their patience and desire for information be absolutely worn out:—*Arch*, see Building; *Building*, see Masonry; *Masonry*, see Architecture, Civil, Gothic, etc.; and then a whole treatise on each before you can get the simple meaning of an arch, or how to construct one.

"You told me in your letter that you enclosed some list of articles which you particularly wished from me. No such list came in your letter. No matter, for I have as much on my hands at present as I can possibly do till Easter, therefore I would not undertake *anything* for you till after that time.[1]

"I am highly flattered by the compliment you intended me in putting an engraving of my portrait in this work. But, independently of the reason which could induce me to decline it for your sake as quite unsuited to your work, it is impossible I should give it you, as I have refused my portrait to my nearest relations. I truly think that both the public and I shall be better off in consequence of this my determination.

"I see my father's name in your prospectus. I certainly do not wish *that* to be struck out. I think I see your kind intentions to have justice done to his memory, and

[1] The subjects which my father desired that Miss Edgeworth should contribute, were:—Female Education, Etiquette, Recreations rational and useful, for the female sex.

to his *professional education.* I thank you; you could not gratify me more. Command me in any assistance I am able to give as soon as my having accomplished my present engagements gives me time at my own disposal.

"My friend Mr. Butler was grateful for your attentions to him, and for the fine engraving of Sir Walter Scott which you gave him. If you can, pray send me 'The Crusaders' before they are published. . . .

"If a pretty, elegant lady's memorandum-book, whose title is, I think, 'Friendship's Offering: or Lady's Remembrancer,' should come from London to Edinburgh, pray give it a good puff and a good push forward. The publisher, a man of a strange name, Lupton Relf, is unknown to me, but he besought me to give him a helping hand, and told me he had expended £1500 in getting up this pretty trifle. I sent him a few pages containing an old thermometer, *a mental thermometer,* constructed when I was sixteen. He sent me in return a hundred thousand times more than it was worth,—a beautiful copy of Scott's Poetical Works, your duodecimo edition, with the frontispiece portrait of Sir Walter, and beautiful little vignettes.

"I feel as if I had taken bounty-money and enlisted to serve him, and I really have no power to do so; pray help me, for you can. I sent his pocket-book to Lady Scott, I think by Mr. Butler, but have never heard of her receiving it.—I am, dear Sir, yours sincerely,

"MARIA EDGEWORTH."

The Elementary Encyclopædia, like many others of my father's projects which have since been successfully

realized, was strangled by the disastrous crisis of the following year. The only other communications addressed to him by Miss Edgeworth relate to a series of letters from Canada, in which she desired that he should interest himself—a desire with which he would seem to have heartily complied.

MISS EDGEWORTH to MR. CONSTABLE.

"EDGEWORTHSTOWN, *March 12th*, 1825.

"SIR,—Some very interesting letters from a lady who has been for these last four years resident in Upper Canada have been lately put into my hands; I have advised their publication, and have obtained permission that they should be published. I know the lady by whom they are written. I saw each letter as it came from Canada to her friends here, and can vouch for their authenticity, and for the letters not having been written with any view to publication. On this their merit in a great measure depends. They contain a view never yet laid before the public, of the details and progress of an Irish settler's life in Canada. They have interested everybody who has seen them, by their perfect truth and simplicity, and from their letting us behind the scenes and telling what no one writing a book for the public would think of telling. The lady was bred up in the first circle of society, is highly accomplished, and was when she married apparently successor to a very considerable fortune. The roguery of some of her relatives and the misfortunes of others suddenly reduced her husband from opulence to the necessity of emigrating to America to settle on a grant of Crown land in Canada.

From the moment she followed her husband's fallen fortunes thither, she *made* herself to her changed state; and such has been her fortitude, and such her exertions, as have interested every creature that knows them in her favour. These letters have made them known to many who were strangers to her, and judging by the impression they have made on persons of different tastes, I cannot hesitate about their publication. Her name must not be told. But I will willingly put my name to a preface vouching their authenticity. My object, I plainly tell you, is to assist in making up for her and for her husband and children a sum which may enable them to visit once again in their lives their native country for a few weeks.

"I do not think the letters have body or solidity enough to stand as a separate publication; but I think and am confident that they have spirit and soul enough to interest much in a periodical publication. I have a periodical publication in London open to me, which I know will gladly accept them on my recommendation; but I prefer offering them to you. With as much frankness as I write to you, answer me, whether from this account you are disposed to publish them in your Edinburgh Journal. I have not yet all the letters before me, therefore I cannot tell you how much they will altogether make in print. Tell me the number of letters in your sheet of journal, and I will count them off. Let me also know what you can afford to give per sheet. The fairest way would be, I think, to try one sheet.

"Send your answer to Dr. Brewster's, directed to me,

and he will enclose it in a packet which will come free to me through Lord Rosse's frank.—I am, yours sincerely,

"MARIA EDGEWORTH."

FROM THE SAME.

"EDGEWORTHSTOWN, *April 14th*, 1825.

"DEAR SIR,—I am much obliged by your letter and liberal conduct. I feel obliged to you (independently of all that may be gratifying to myself in this transaction) for giving me the pleasure of seeing such frank and generous dealing. In fact, I am more obliged than if I profited by your offer for my friend or for myself. But the fact is that upon looking over these letters again, I find so much of the interest depends upon *personal narrative* and details which cannot be laid before the public, that after all the garbling and suppression of names and so forth, I apprehend I could not honestly insure to you their success, and without feeling internally convinced at least of their deserving literary success I could not recommend them to you, trusting, as I see you so handsomely do, to my pure and sole recommendation.

"Besides this, another qualm of conscience has seized me;—an inconsistency stares me in the face! A literary friend has just applied to me for some of the letters of a lately deceased celebrated person which were addressed to me. I have (since I wrote to you) refused them, declaring it to be my principle never to give up private letters to publication, expressing my belief that this publishing of letters tends to weaken and destroy private confidence.

"While I was writing this letter, suddenly it flashed

across my mind that I could not afterwards with any consistency put my name to a preface to the Canada letters I was recommending to you, for though the lady and her friends consent to the publication, yet still what becomes of my principle about the tendency to destroy private confidence which I believe would be the result of this practice!

"Let me repeat my thanks to you for your frank and gentlemanlike conduct, and wish you all the success and happiness such conduct deserves.—I am, with due esteem, your obliged, MARIA EDGEWORTH."

CHAPTER XVII.

R. H. Cromek—William Roscoe—Washington Irving—Sir Thomas Dick Lauder—James Sheridan Knowles—Dr. Kitchiner.

R. H. CROMEK, a well-known engraver, and the editor of the "Reliques of Burns,"[1] and "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song,"[2] had done much work for my father, in illustrating Lady Stafford's edition of The Genealogy of the Earls of Sutherland, and other books. He appears

[1] See Edinburgh Review, vol. xiii. p. 249, for notice by Lord Jeffrey of this work.

[2] "You will rejoice with me that my volume of Nithsdale Ballads is on the verge of publication. I wish you had had it, because it ought to have issued from a Scotch house, and because it is a most curious and original book, and will most certainly have a very wide circulation. I have so high an opinion of it myself that I think Mr. Jeffrey will and must say it is the most valuable collection that ever yet appeared. I have now given—what I think was never given—the real History of the Scotish Peasantry; and as far as relates to the twin districts of Nithsdale and Galloway, I have ventured to describe at some length their manners, attachments, games, superstitions, their traditional history of fairies, witchcraft, etc. etc., taken down fresh from the lips of old cottars. One of the most interesting and valuable of these was a Margaret Corson, an old woman aged ninety-seven. The title I send you; the whole 1000 will be printed on India paper. Pray give one, with my kind respects, to Mr. Hunter, to add to his collection, as it is a wonderful group, drawn by Stothard from the peasantry."

Mr. Cromek inserted in this work, as genuine old ballads, some exquisite imitations and lyrics by Allan Cunningham, who also contributed most of the historical notes and illustrations.

to have been highly esteemed by many of the distinguished literary men of his time, and had certainly won my father's warm regard, which he as cordially returned. In 1807, having collected a number of unpublished letters and poems of Robert Burns, he resolved to publish them as a supplementary volume to Dr. Currie's edition of the poet's works, and under the judicious supervision of Mr. Roscoe the volume appeared in 1808.

In the following extract from a letter of Nov. 17th, 1807, Mr. Cromek gives my father some details of the scheme :—

"MY EVER DEAR FRIEND,— . . . . I have as much manuscript as will make a fifth volume to Dr. Currie, even after I have rejected what it would be improper to publish. It will be the most interesting volume you can imagine. One discovery I made, which is particularly interesting, of a MS. that contains observations on Scotish Ballads and Music. I shall print it at the end of the volume as an appendix. It will bear this kind of title :— Robert Burns's Remarks on Scotish Songs and Ballads, ancient and modern : containing Strictures on their Merits as Musical and Poetical Compositions; and a great variety of Anecdotes of their Authors. These remarks are written with great playfulness of fancy, and contain many lively, interesting anecdotes. They exist in the handwriting of Burns, in an interleaved copy, in four vols. octavo, of Johnson's Scots Musical Museum. They were written by the poet for Captain Riddell of Glenriddell, one of the heroes of 'The Whistle,' whose autograph the volumes bear. These valuable volumes were left by

Mrs. Riddell to her niece, by whose kindness I shall be enabled to give to the public transcripts of this amusing and miscellaneous collection. I shall now proceed to inform you of what I have done; and I must beg, as the greatest kindness, you will immediately write me and give me your advice on the subject. In the first place, I read everything to Mr. Roscoe. He was highly delighted, and gave his opinion of the work in a letter to Cadell and Davies: he advised me to sell the work, and edit it myself, as I have a number of valuable notes to add to it; but he cautioned me against fixing a price, and to leave that to the booksellers. I called at Cadell's; they read Mr. Roscoe's letter, and asked me what I meant to sell it for. Of course I said that I could only judge of its *intrinsic* value, that to its commercial value I was quite a stranger. They candidly said that they *must* have it.

"I then proposed that a literary man should be sent to me to judge of the letters. Davies laid his hand on Roscoe's letter, and remarked:—'On the opinion and authority of this letter we would purchase MSS. to any amount, and no person shall be sent to you.' They then proposed that the price should be settled by Mr. Roscoe. To this I objected, as he is our common friend; indeed, I knew he would not much like it. Davies then said, 'We can only say at present that, if you like to leave the price to us, you shall not only receive a proper price, but a liberal one—a price that will satisfy you and your friends.' I told them that in time and money the collecting these materials had cost me near sixty guineas, which

I believe to be not far from the mark. In this way the business rests. Dr. Aikin has been to me, and he is going to write something in the next Athenæum about the discovery; and, of course, Phillips will mention it. It will then be known; and I hope something like a competition will be in the market. Davies told me I might expect a visit from the Sheriff.[1] Now, my good friend, do tell me, for you can, how I am to act, and what value I am to place upon them. Certainly a volume of this interesting sort will be worth 250 guineas, including my expenses in collecting. I await your answer with great anxiety; because this is a work of moment. It is much talked of among the literati here. Walter Scott has a letter; I trust to you to take an exact copy of it, and forward it to me by post. Also, for God's sake, let me have Burns's papers in your possession: if you won't look them out for his sake, will you for mine?"

On the death, in 1809, of Mr. Park, my father's partner in London, Mr. Cromek offered his services as a successor. The offer was declined; and the London firm, as we have seen, almost immediately dissolved. Mr. Cromek was a man with many talents, and he was diligent in the employment of them. His engravings were highly esteemed; but he seems to have lived and died in the midst of pecuniary difficulties, which the following letter, written six days before his death, proves that my father strove, as in many similar instances, to lighten.

[1] Sir Richard Phillips was at this time Sheriff of London.

MR. CROMEK to MR. CONSTABLE.

"LONDON, *March* 9, 1812.

"MY VERY GOOD FRIEND,—Your letter and enclosure of Saturday relieved me from a pressure of anxiety almost insupportable.

"On the generosity of your conduct on this occasion I am too poorly to-day to dwell. The last six days of March have been exceedingly trying; but I doubt not I shall yet weather the storm, in every sense of that emphatic metaphor.

"You promise me a letter. Inform me in it how I can serve you or your house here. My family are tremblingly alive to your goodness. God reward you!

"R. H. CROMEK."

Mr. Cromek died on the 14th March 1812.

At what period my father made the acquaintance of Mr. ROSCOE, the historian of Lorenzo de' Medici and of Leo the Tenth, I do not exactly know. It may have been in the house of Mr. Cromek, for I find that he met the two Roscoes, father and son, at dinner there, in May 1809; but the earliest record I possess in written correspondence is a letter of 1818, in which my father proposes that Mr. Roscoe should write a History of the late War.

MR. CONSTABLE to MR. ROSCOE.

"EDINBURGH, 15*th July* 1818.

"It has for some time occurred to me that, among all the undertakings in the present prosperous state of litera-

ture, there could be none so acceptable, nor reflect higher credit on its author, than a History of the late War; or rather, perhaps I should say, a History of Europe since the commencement of the French Revolution in the year 1789, till the battle of Waterloo.

"I am particularly anxious to publish such a work, provided I could be fortunate enough to meet with any one of talents and established literary fame, suitable to such an undertaking, and willing to embark in it. I am quite aware that the subject is one of considerable magnitude and difficulty; and perhaps the individual into whose hands only I should be desirous to see it placed, may feel but little inclination for a task so laborious—that individual is Mr. Roscoe,—and whatever views you may entertain on the subject, I hope to be forgiven for the suggestion, and for taking the liberty of adding that, in the event of their being favourable, I should consider it an honour to be permitted to make proposals for the property, and in the opportunity it might afford of connecting my house with your distinguished name.

"I have only now to add that perhaps at your leisure you will do me the favour of communicating with me on this important matter.—I am, with great respect, Sir, your most faithful, humble servant, ARCH. CONSTABLE."

MR. ROSCOE to MR. CONSTABLE.

"LIVERPOOL, *24th July* 1818.

"SIR,—At an earlier period of life, and under circumstances of greater leisure, there are few works which I should have undertaken with more willingness than a

History of the state of Europe, and of the causes and effects of the Revolution in France.

"Of these astonishing events I have been an anxious, though a remote observer; and I am of opinion that, if they were properly narrated, combined, and commented upon, they would afford lessons of greater interest and importance to the world than any subject that ever employed the pen of the historian.

"I cannot, however, but be sensible that the utility and success of such a work must depend entirely on the abilities brought to the undertaking, and although, in the warmth of youth, I might have overlooked this consideration, it appears at present with too formidable an aspect to allow me to contemplate a work of such magnitude and difficulty without shrinking from the task. I confess, however, it is not without reluctance that I decline the proposition so liberally adverted to in your letter, and resign the work into other hands. At the same time, if, upon further deliberation, I should think there were a possibility of confining it within a moderate compass, so as to bring it within the limits of my powers, and allow myself a reasonable expectation of accomplishing it, I may perhaps reconsider my present determination; but unless you hear from me again within a very few weeks, you will be pleased to consider that determination as decisive, and to believe me, with sincere respect, Sir, your very faithful and obedient servant, W. ROSCOE."

This work was not undertaken; and a proposal by my father, in 1825, that Mr. Roscoe should contribute to his projected Encyclopædia for Youth, had a similar fate :—

MR. CONSTABLE to MR. ROSCOE.

"*31st January* 1825.

"The objects which induce me to take the liberty of writing to you will, I hope, meet your favourable opinion, and be my excuse.

"It some time ago occurred to me that an Encyclopædia for young people, to include a selection of subjects such as might form objects of inquiry about the period of leaving school, is a desideratum in literature, which I think may be supplied by a concise index to knowledge in every branch of literature and science; such as I have now made arrangements to publish in 4 vols. post 8vo, printed in the manner of the specimen I use the freedom to enclose. Along with this you will receive a list of the articles and subjects of which it is intended to consist. In preparing this list I have been assisted by Dr. Greville, whose name as a botanist must be well known to you, and who has undertaken the duties of editor.

"Our materials will be entirely original, and contributed by many distinguished individuals. Sir Walter Scott, Bart., Mr. Jeffrey, Mr. Alison, Mr. Wallace, Professor of Mathematics, Mr. Jameson, Professor of Natural History, Dr. Hibbert, Dr. Fyfe, Dr. Brewster, Captain B. Hall, Mr. M'Culloch, Mr. H. Murray, Miss Edgeworth, and others, are of the number. To this list I should feel gratified by permission to add your name. From the size to which it is necessary to limit the undertaking, the articles, consisting in all of about 2000, admit only of being treated in a concise way. The intention of the work I need not further

explain, nor is it necessary to enter into details of the plan, which will be seen from the list of contents. It will give me great pleasure to find that both meet your approbation; and should your leisure permit, I most anxiously desire your assistance in contributing such portions of the work as may be agreeable to you.

"In the accompanying list I have put a mark to the subjects to which I beg permission to direct your attention. They amount in all to 152, and the space, allowing them rather more than their proportion of the whole contents, would be 250 pages, or three columns to each article; the relative importance of the subjects however must regulate the extent of each. I expect to commence printing in May next, and to complete the whole within eighteen months from that time, the materials being only required gradually, but acceptable as soon as they can be furnished. The pecuniary remuneration to contributors of the first class has been settled at £1 per printed page, in which I should be proud to include your name. The favour of a few lines from you at your earliest convenience will much oblige me, and I am, with the utmost respect, dear Sir, yours ever, ARCH. CONSTABLE."

MR. ROSCOE to MR. CONSTABLE.

"*March* 1825.

"DEAR SIR,—I esteem myself much honoured by your proposal to include me amongst the contributors to your Encyclopædia for Youth, but the engagements I have already on hand I find at my time of life (having in a few days to enter on my seventy-third year) fully

adequate to my powers, and I dare not venture to undertake what I can scarcely promise myself I should be able satisfactorily to perform.

"I must trust to your indulgence to excuse the delay that has occurred in replying to your obliging letter, and with best wishes for the success of your undertaking, I am, dear Sir, your faithful and obedient servant,

"W. ROSCOE."

It was to Mr. John Miller that my father owed an introduction to WASHINGTON IRVING.

MR. MILLER to MR. CONSTABLE.

"BOW STREET, *August* 26, 1817.

"DEAR SIR,—I am glad to have an opportunity of introducing to your attention the gentleman who will put this into your hands. Mr. Washington Irving is a native of the country which gave birth to Washington and Franklin, and has contributed not a little to her literary stores. From his acquaintance you will receive both pleasure and information; and I know you will also be gratified to be serviceable to your friends, among whom you will, I hope, always think me worthy of a place, however humble that place may be. Mr. Irving is an entire stranger in Scotland, and any civilities you may show him will be the more gratifying to, dear Sir, yours very truly, JOHN MILLER."

Mr. Irving met my father frequently while in Scotland, and appears to have been favourably impressed by him, for, after Mr. Murray had declined to undertake the pub-

lication of the Sketch Book, we are told in the Memoir of his Life that the author applied to Sir Walter Scott to ascertain whether Mr. Constable would do so. He wrote as follows :—"Should Mr. Constable feel inclined to make a bargain for the wares I at present have on hand, he will encourage me to further enterprise; and it will be something like bargaining with a gipsy, who may one time have but a wooden bowl to sell, and at another a silver tankard."[1]

To this Sir Walter replied, on December 4, 1819, that he had no doubt Constable would most willingly be Mr. Irving's publisher, and that he had always found him liberal in his dealings, but that until Mr. Irving had decided on what system he wished to base the transaction—whether to share profits or sell the copyright—he had done "no more than open the trenches."

Mr. Irving, in his Preface, says,—"Before the receipt of this most obliging letter, I had determined to look to no leading bookseller for a launch, but to throw my work before the public at my own risk, and let it sink or swim according to its merits." He committed the Sketch Book to the care of Mr. John Miller, who, on the 5th February 1820, wrote as follows to my father :—

"BURLINGTON ARCADE, *5th Feb.* 1820.

"DEAR SIR,—I am about to publish for Mr. Washington Irving (a gentleman who is known to you) the Sketch Book —a very clever little work lately printed in America, and very popular there. The English edition is very much

[1] See Life of Washington Irving, vol. i. p. 368.

altered and very much improved. It will form a handsome octavo volume of about twenty-four sheets, and I shall be much disappointed if it is not very successful here. The author has, I know, a strong wish that you should be the Edinburgh publisher, and I shall also be much gratified by it. Have you any objection to your name appearing in the title-page? And will you allow me to send you down 25 or 50 copies on sale or return—to be accounted for in six months at the London sale price? I think Mr. Scott has seen and spoken handsomely of the work. As it is just ready for publication, your immediate answer will very much oblige, dear Sir, your obliged friend and servant, JOHN MILLER."

Almost immediately after this Mr. Miller became bankrupt, and Mr. Irving tells us that "through the favourable representations of Mr. Scott, Murray was quickly induced to undertake the future publication of the work, which he had previously declined."[1]

With the exception of a presentation-copy of the Sketch Book, inscribed "From the Author," I find no indication of correspondence between Mr. Irving and my father until July 1825, when we are told,[2] "Mr. Irving, still in Paris, received overtures from Constable for a Life of Washington," to which he wrote the following reply :—

MR. IRVING to MR. CONSTABLE.

"PARIS, *August* 19, 1825.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Your letter having passed through

[1] See Life of Washington Irving, vol. i. p. 378.

[2] *Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 192.

two or three intermediate hands, has been long in reaching me, otherwise you would have received a reply at an earlier date. I feel highly flattered by your thinking me worthy of contributing to your valuable Miscellany so important an article as the Life of Washington.

"After the various works, however, which have appeared on the subject, it would be very difficult to treat it anew in a manner to challenge public attention, or to satisfy public expectation, if much excited. It would require a great deal of reading and research, and that, too, of a troublesome and irksome kind, among public documents and State papers, for Washington's life was more important as a Statesman than even as a General.

"The biographer should also be in America, where he could have access to all kinds of official papers and public records, and where he could have familiar and personal communication with the surviving companions and contemporaries of Washington. From them he might gather particulars of his private life, character, and conduct, which have hitherto been but scantily furnished by his biographers.

"Under the circumstances in which I am placed, I feel myself quite incapable of executing my idea of the task. It is one that I dare not attempt lightly. *I stand in too great awe of it.*

"In declining it, however, let me again express how much I feel flattered and obliged by your applying to me on the subject. Nothing would give me greater pride and delight than to be able to fulfil it in a manner satisfactory to you, the public, and myself, but I shrink from the

attempt.—I am, my dear Sir, very sincerely and faithfully your obliged friend, WASHINGTON IRVING."

It is doubtless to my father's suggestion that we owe the Life of Washington, which appeared thirty years later simultaneously in England and America. The English edition was published by Henry G. Bohn of York Street, Covent Garden.

SIR THOMAS DICK LAUDER of Fountainhall and Grange became my father's correspondent in 1822. The first work in which Sir Thomas was interested, published by the firm of Constable and Company, was Chronological Notes of Scotish Affairs, chiefly from the Diary of Lord Fountainhall, edited, with a preface and explanatory notes, by Sir Walter Scott.

In the Preface to the Historical Notices of Scotish Affairs, issued in 1848 by the Bannatyne Club, it is stated that the first sixty-seven pages of this volume are merely abridged notes from the Historical Observes, and that the remainder consists of similar notes, extracted from Fountainhall's Decisions, with interpolations and satirical remarks by the Jacobite editor, Robert Mylne. These interpolations are all printed in the appendix to the Preface of the Bannatyne Club publication, pp. xxv to xxxii. It is further stated in the Preface above alluded to, that "with the view of presenting a more faithful and copious selection from Lord Fountainhall's existing manuscripts, the task was most appropriately and zealously undertaken by his lineal representative, the late Sir

Thomas Dick Lauder, and the publication, intended to form two volumes in octavo, under the title of Historical Notices of Scotish Affairs, had actually proceeded at press to page 304, in 1825, when the misfortunes of the publisher put a stop to the enterprise."[1]

The following letter from Sir Thomas Dick Lauder gives some details regarding the projected publication :—

SIR THOMAS DICK LAUDER to MR. CONSTABLE.

"RELUGAS, 16*th July* 1823.

"DEAR SIR,—By a letter which I have had from Sir Walter Scott, of the 10th inst., he informs me that having had a conversation with you about the publication of Lord Fountainhall's Historical and Miscellaneous MSS., he 'found you well disposed to the undertaking.' He also says, 'I think Mr. Constable will be disposed to incur the expense of publishing at his own risk, allowing you one half of the free profits.' And he goes on—'I think you had better correspond with Mr. Constable, assuring him of my willingness to help in anything that can get the book out, and I am sure Mr. Thomson will feel the same interest.' 'I have only to add that the manuscript is with Mr. Thomson for the purpose of collation, and that I am sure Mr. Constable will be glad to treat with you on the subject of the publication, and that I will, as I always have been, be most ready to give any notes or illustrations in my power,—the only way, I suppose, in which I can be useful to the publication.'

"Having been particularly occupied for some days, I

[1] See Preface, p. xi.

have been prevented from sooner availing myself of Sir Walter's friendly introduction of the matter. But I now hasten to assure you that I am perfectly ready to subscribe to the terms arranged between you. I feel perfectly disposed also to agree to that style and extent of publication which Sir Walter, Mr. Thomson, and you may consider best. I am extremely glad to learn that the work is in such excellent hands as those of Mr. Thomson, a gentleman for whom I have the highest respect. I am fully aware of the necessity of keeping out all such notices as are strictly legal,—that is to say, those which have in them nothing particularly curious either of historical or miscellaneous remark. The bulk of my MS. arises from the desire I felt to possess myself of a rather full copy of the, to me, interesting memoranda of my ancestor, which induced me to take in many articles not generally interesting. Mr. Thomson's judgment in such matters will enable him at a single glance to mark off as not to be printed anything which he conceives may be calculated to swell the size, without adding to the interest, of the proposed publication. And it is not unlikely that his great research may be able to supply some curious illustrations, which, added to those which Sir Walter Scott has been so kind as to promise, will make the book really valuable.

"I am sorry to say that little is known of the incidents of Lord Fountainhall's life. But I shall willingly undertake to throw together the few materials I possess into the form of a biographical sketch, which I shall submit to Sir Walter and Mr. Thomson previous to publication,

for any additions, retrenchments, or alterations they may think necessary.

"Hoping to hear from you soon on the subject, I remain, dear Sir, yours very faithfully,

"THOS. DICK LAUDER."[1]

Lochandhu, a Tale of the Eighteenth Century, appeared in 1825. From passages in the correspondence between author and publisher, it would appear that the title of this book had for a time been in suspense, and was ultimately left to the decision of the latter, while the subject as well as the title of The Wolfe of Badenoch, was suggested by my father. I find Sir Thomas writing—"Have you determined whether you are to keep the present title, or to change it to Loch-an-Eilan? I am eager to attack the *Wolf;*" and a week later, "I perfectly approve of the title, and think nothing can be better. . . . Your patronage of Lochandhu has stimulated me so much that I have

[1] The Preface to the Bannatyne publication of 1848 further states (p. xi) that "after an interval of several years the greater portion of Sir Thomas's transcripts was placed at the disposal of the Bannatyne Club. The Committee having, in 1836, resolved upon their publication, it was deemed advisable to change the original plan, by making the selections more extensive, with a closer adherence to the author's manuscripts; and likewise, instead of incorporating passages from his Historical Observations with extracts from his Law Manuscripts, to publish the former as a distinct work. This was accordingly printed for the members of the Club in 1840, under this title, 'Historical Observes of Memorable Occurrents in Church and State, from October 1680 to April 1686.' . . . It was further expected that these selections would have been accompanied by a detailed Memoir of the author's Life and Writings, but the recent death of Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, a gentleman distinguished by his literary attainments, has disappointed this expectation."

already sketched the plan of The Wolfe, that is, the general outline of the story, and have written the first chapter, which I think tolerable, though it is not for me to judge." Later, "The more I think of it, the more I am pleased with your selecting such a name and subject, and I hope that my endeavours to depict the ferocious son of Robert II. may not prove altogether unsuccessful. I wish much I had had an opportunity of consulting you occasionally as I went on with the work, but I may yet reap the benefit of your opinion during the printing. . . . I want very much some book that would put me up to the heraldic devices of families of note in England and Scotland—I don't mean engravings of them, but mere *heraldic descriptions*, in words. If you could send me anything of this kind—particularly a work that may treat of names in being at that early period of history (1390),—and if you can also send me some work descriptive of tournaments and deeds and matters of chivalry, you will do me a particular favour,—nay, indeed then *tu eris mihi magnus Apollo*. I want them instanter."

On the 5th of January 1826, after alluding to the completion of "The Wolfe," Sir Thomas wrote as follows with reference to Constable's Miscellany:—

"I have observed with the greatest satisfaction that you have followed out the noble plan of which you showed me the sketch when I last saw you—I mean that of your Miscellany. It is a design worthy of your well-known sagacity and activity, and calculated to be eminently useful. You must not be surprised if it should excite the

envy and malignity of rivals—those whom our German friend called the *Bookhookstaires,*—men who never travel beyond the dirty narrow lanes of a profession which your enlarged views have enabled you to convert into one of the most liberal existing,—nay, one by which you have secured to yourself an absolute control and dominion over the minds of men. That you employ your time and treasure in pouring out information for the general instruction of the lower orders of mankind, shows that you well merit the highly enviable sway you have acquired. I trust you will be rewarded by a solid return, as you certainly will be by the praises and thanks of every right-thinking mind. I beg you will let me know what is doing about this great work, which I have no doubt will be to you the *monumentum ære perennius.*"

Sir Thomas Dick Lauder was himself an eminently liberal man, and often obeyed the impulses of humanity without due reference to maxims of political economy, or perhaps to the dictates of common prudence. I well remember, on more than one occasion, after breakfasting at Grange House—that home of love and happiness, when leaving it along with him to return to town, the *tribe* of suitors—chiefly female—that beset him in the Lovers' Lane, and to each of whom he seemed to give a daily and expected dole from the heavy pocket which he was not long in lightening. On my venturing to remonstrate, he said, "I only give them *pence;* if they walk so far for so small a sum, they *must* be needy."

Another practice of Sir Thomas's may, however, be

earnestly recommended for imitation. He had cut out for himself, and pasted together in sequence, all the recorded utterances of our Lord, and kept them open in his dressing-room, that he might read a portion every morning as he dressed. I remember his recommendation of this habit to myself, saying, "For a busy man like me, occupied all day in worldly matters, I find it very valuable."

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES possessed a joyous human nature and a pure and lofty mind. He is described by a writer in the *Athenæum* as the king of uneducated dramatists. A great dramatist he certainly was, and not perhaps so highly educated as some others of the fraternity, but his educational advantages were surely as ample as those of Shakespeare, who sits enthroned above them all. His father was a lecturer on the English language, and the editor of an English dictionary, as was also his uncle Mr. Sheridan, whose son, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, may fairly contest the palm as a dramatist with his gifted cousin.

Sheridan Knowles, as he is always called, was a voluminous and successful writer, though we are told that he had never earned £200 in one year by his pen. He was perhaps too rich in deeds of kindness to acquire more vulgar wealth, and the following letter shows that he was quick to observe and to appreciate a spirit kindred with his own. My father's name had stood upon the title-page of Caius Gracchus, and Mr. Knowles's letter of the 9th March 1825 suggests an offer to him of the copyright of The Elocutionist, a Collection in Prose and Verse, published a few years earlier:—

MR. KNOWLES to MR. CONSTABLE.

"GLASGOW.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Since I had the honour of speaking with you I have received a proposal for my book. I stated to you that £150 had been offered me before, and you approved of my declining to accept that sum, as below its value. Will you advise me as to the sum that I ought to take? The price of the book is 3s. 6d., and 4100 have been sold in three years and two months. If you can favour me with your answer by return, I shall esteem it a great kindness.

"And now, my dear Sir, let me tell you that my last visit to Edinburgh was the happier on account of the few minutes I spent in your company, for, few as they were, they afforded me ample evidence that I had chanced to light upon a man who would do me a kindness if he could.

"My book you did not care about; it did not lie in your way; but I verily believe you would have become its purchaser, because you saw I was urgent to dispose of it, and I would stake my life against a pound that you mentioned Sir Walter Scott with the view of effecting an introduction to him in my favour, could it have been practicable. I left your shop, sir, with a glow of the heart with which I have not often left another man's table, and yet I have met with many a kind and worthy man.

"I state this by way of thanking you, which is all the poor return I can make for your most cordial reception of

me, without the hand of a patron or a friend to lead me to your door. If you think there is any flattery in this, remember the advice you gave me, and you will change your mind. God bless you.—Faithfully yours,

"J. S. KNOWLES."

Hazlitt tells us that Mr. Knowles remained "unspoiled by success, unconscious of the wreath he had earned, and talked of his plays just as if they had been written by any one else." In later years religion was an all-pervading principle with him, and the inculcation of Christian truth the main object of his life. He became a preacher, and the writer of his obituary notice in the *Athenæum*, Dec. 6, 1862, says:—"Knowles was an earnest man in his last as in his earlier vocation, but in his seriousness he lost none of his old cheerfulness of spirit. He was still a good man of this world, while busiest in showing the way to the next."

The motto and creed, and probably—in his devouter moments—the prayer of DR. WILLIAM KITCHINER was ever *Dum vivimus vivamus;* and were man's body capable of immortality, the *peptic precepts* of this disciple of Epicurus, with his treatises on the art of invigorating, prolonging, and enjoying life, might have proved a veritable gospel to all who do not indorse the sentiment of Job, "I would not live alway."

Dr. Kitchiner's published utterances were frequent during the last ten years of his life, and for the most part *oracular.* His ex-cathedral injunctions and ex-

hortations on every theme that can affect the health and worldly happiness of men were uttered with a dogmatic vigour that declare him to have been an incarnation of Gratiano's hitherto imaginary personage, who exclaims, "I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my lips, let no dog bark." Witness The Cook's Oracle, The Housekeeper's Oracle, The Traveller's Oracle, The Horse and Carriage Oracle. He wrote also on Telescopes, on the Economy of the Eyes in the use of Spectacles, published a volume of Observations on Vocal Music, edited a series of Loyal and National Songs, composed some really good melodies for others, and, judging from his correspondence with my father, seemed ready on the shortest notice to undertake a manual on any non-medical subject, though as an M.D. of some repute in his day, one would have expected medicine to be his favourite science.

The kitchen, however, rather than the sick-room, was by preference his scene of action, and there he was thoroughly at home. This may account for and justify the success of his *chef-d'œuvre*, The Cook's Oracle, which at once took rank, and has since kept its place for more than half-a-century, as one of the principal culinary authorities.[1] Sir Walter Scott writes to my father:—"I

[1] With reference to a favourable bulletin from his publisher, Dr. Kitchiner writes in May 1822:—"Your news about *The Oracle* is very flattering. When I first declared my intention of writing that book, all my old friends told me plainly that I was mad, and that the fame I had deservedly got for the book on Telescopes would all be soon evaporated by the Cookery. I persevered, however, as I am doing with The Bachelor's Oracle, which I think may be as good a hit as the Cook's; but you are the commander of its destiny, and it will not pay a visit to friend Moyes (the printer) till you say 'Volo.'" I

have heard of the fame of Dr. Kitchiner. . . . What a singular correspondence the Doctor's name bears to the subject he has rendered so interesting! Somebody told me there was to be an edition in which all the fun was to be omitted; I hope in that case that the Doctor will do as Mr. Hardcastle is asked to do in 'She Stoops to Conquer'—knock out the brains and serve them up by themselves."

The work is a quaint and amusing one, as well as practically useful, and the section of the Introduction that treats of Culinary Curiosities, including a leaf from the Devil's Cookery-Book,—which tells, among other things, 'how to persuade a goose to roast *himselfe*' when you have not time to attend to him,—is really diverting reading. His advices to 'Mrs. Cookey' and her mistress, or *lectures*, as he calls them in a letter to my father, are pithy and to the point.

Dr. Kitchiner was a severe student, and his kitchen was his 'study,' where he kept what he called his "Culinary Library, and grand Magazine of *Taste* of an hundred and fifty sauces!" and where every one of his receipts, as he tells us, was carefully proved before being submitted to that "enlightened and indefatigable COMMITTEE OF TASTE, composed of thoroughbred *grands gourmands* of the first magnitude, whose cordial co-operation I cannot too highly praise; and here do I most gratefully record the unremitting zeal they manifested

suppose that 'Veto' must have been my father's utterance; and that in consequence the Bachelor's may have merged in the Traveller's Oracle, published by Mr. Colburn in 2 vols. 12mo, in 1827.

during the arduous process of proving the respective Recipes;—they were so truly, philosophically, and disinterestedly regardless of the wear and tear of teeth and stomach, that their labour—appeared a pleasure to them. Their laudable perseverance has hardly been exceeded by those determined spirits who lately in the Polar expedition braved the other extreme of temperature, etc., in spite of whales, bears, icebergs, and starvation."

My father had an unhappy tendency, whenever he felt unwell, to credit himself with all the ills that flesh is heir to, and was wont on such occasions to fly to Buchan's Domestic Medicine for general corroboration, or the compliance of his temporary symptoms with some malady therein described. Hence it was probably that when Dr. Kitchiner proposed to publish what he called "A Pandect of the Practice of twenty-one celebrated Physicians and Surgeons" *in one or two special diseases*, while strongly dissuading him from the undertaking on prudential grounds, he suggested a more comprehensive work, where these, among others, might naturally find a place, and a volume be produced that should rival his favourite, Dr. Buchan.

Kitchiner, though a doctor, had no faith in medicine, and while manifestly unwilling to decline the task proposed to him, he delayed its execution on various pleas,—alleging at one time inability for any work whatever, at another that his head was too full of crotchets and quavers to attend to anything but music,—and finally abandoned the idea altogether. He had no inadequate estimate of his own powers, and his faculties were as versatile as those

of most men; pecuniary motives had also a strong influence, but conscientious scruples probably combined with the fear of failure to prevent his compilation of an Oracle of Medicine.

He wrote as follows in February 1823:—"DEAR SIR,—I love money; he must be a fool who does not. I love fame, so does every wise man; but it must be that sterling, real claim to it which I have from the books Mr. Constable and yourselves have published for me.

"I have felt very uncomfortable ever since Mr. Constable mentioned the medical work, as I should be much hurt if he thought that I had not the highest respect for his universally acknowledged sound judgment on the subject of what will please the public; but the mistake he has made is in extremely overrating my powers of authorship.

"I can only write on subjects on which I have a certain feeling, and a conviction that I can fearlessly enter the field with an absolute certainty of eclipsing all who have previously written on the subject. If Mr. Constable will give me a job in the musical way, he shall have no reason to complain of my want of diligence, and I hope not of my want of ability."[1]

[1] Dr. Kitchiner here alludes to a project he appears to have had much at heart—the publication, with appropriate musical accompaniment, of the Songs in the Novels and Tales of the Author of Waverley, with reference to which my father wrote, on January 24, 1822:—"I think such a publication, if properly executed, would sell, but I cannot venture to say more on this subject. The author (*if he can be found*) must be consulted, and his plans followed, whatever they may be."

So far as I know, this scheme was never carried out. Dr. Kitchiner was very desirous that the words of the first Song in the Collection of "The Loyal and National Songs of England"—"God save great George the Fourth"—should be written by Sir Walter Scott, who, in

To my father Dr. Kitchiner wrote on the 13th March 1822 :—"I grieve not to be able to begin the *medical work.* I am afraid I can never do it. If I did, I must compromise that ——; in fact, my highly respected friend, Physic is nonsense,—'throw it to the dogs,' as William Shakespeare says.. I could write honestly, and I think popularly, on the Eye and Optics,—if I do, will you take me under your wing?"

With further reference to the Domestic Medicine, my father writes :—"After all, this plan of mine may be worth little, and of more difficulty in carrying into effect than I may be aware of. *Your* callings, if I may so speak, are unquestionably various; but a bookseller, who must have his finger in every pie, has subjects without number to engage his attention, and must consequently be often wrong, as I have been to an extent greater than I shall at present acknowledge. Still, I have done better by following my own plans than by adopting those of other people."

The variety of Dr. Kitchiner's "callings" was certainly

a letter to my father, replies as follows to the invitation :—"I am afraid I am not equal to do what Dr. Kitchiner requires of me, and what I should have pride and pleasure in performing, could I do it well. But the simplicity of the *old* anthem, like the old Psalter, will always carry it over better poetry. The terminating on the *th* would be rather, I fear, harsh, both in rhyme and music. Here is a stanza, however. Short as it is there is a false rhyme in it, and I am not sure I could find a true one, unless I could bring in Craig Geoth :[1]—

'Winds, bear the accents forth,
East and west, and south and north,
Long live King George the Fourth,
God save the King!'"

[1] This name (Craig Geoth) must be a mistake, but not possessing the original letter, it is not in my power to correct it.

great. In the month of December 1822 he makes the following announcement:—"I am busy about a new work, —'Writing made Elegant and Easy to all.' Although I write badly enough now, writing was the hobby of my boyhood. . . . I wish you and I could meet, as we did when you were here. I think I could build books tolerably well, with you for my architect." On 10th March 1823 he announces that he is just commencing "The Invalid's Almanac, or Valetudinarian's Vade Mecum," and that he is also publishing "Dibdin's Sea-Songs, 100 for a guinea, with a Memoir of his Life and Writings."

Dr. Kitchiner never missed an opportunity of warning my father against his tendency to tamper medicinally with his system, and always gave him cheerful views of his natural constitution. In March 1822 he writes:—"I assure you I am quite uncomfortable that you still persist in tampering with us doctors! What does a man want with medicine who can ride ten miles without fatigue, eat plain food with an excellent appetite, has every domestic comfort to render the evenings delightful, and can sleep soundly from ten o'clock at night till four in the morning—ay, and all this in spite of the pains he takes to annoy his good and well-behaving stomach with *squills*, etc. etc.? . . . You have a fulness in your head—and in your heart, forsooth,—well, nobody can deny that: the former is as full of good sense, and the latter of good nature, as any man's in Christendom. . . . You are enjoying actually better health than almost any man of forty-five can boast, and will long continue to do so—if you do not undermine your excellent constitution by everlast-

ingly bothering it with physic. I am ready to swear this before my Lord Mayor and the Court of Aldermen."

Again,—"I am sure intense exertion of mind has been the sole cause of your bodily complaints. Pray now, just consider Life as a plaything (!), and don't consume it uncomfortably in anxiety, that it does not deserve. . . . At our age we cannot expect to be long in this world, and as we wish to be here as long as we can, we must above all things avoid *anxiety*, as the great enemy of *age*, because *Hope*, the counteracting power which defeats it in youth, gets weaker as we get wiser, and every little care wears and worries us." "I have been hoping to have the pleasure of seeing you in London again; the excursion always appears to be of great service to your health and spirits,—as indeed it must be, to meet so many who are heartily attached to you. Whenever you find the Blue Devils coming down upon you very fiercely, my prescription is,—Come to London!"

Dr. Kitchiner died on 26th February 1827, five months before his correspondent.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Rev. Dr. Morehead—Dr. Robert Chambers.

THE REV. ROBERT MOREHEAD.—In the Preface to the posthumous publication of a work by this admirable man[1] he is described as "one whose whole life was devoted to the exposition of Christian doctrine in its purest and most captivating form, and whose own character was an attractive display of all the graces that peculiarly belong to the Christian faith,—'a living epistle, read and seen of all men.'" Such indeed Dr. Morehead appears to have been; and even when merely intellectually regarded—whether as a scholar, a preacher, a poet, or a metaphysician,—the works he has left behind him vindicate his title to the high estimation in which he was held by the most enlightened of his contemporaries.

To my father Dr. Morehead proved a steady and useful friend. He was a frequent contributor to the Scots Magazine, and edited it for several years. Dr. Morehead's estimate of his own capacity was very modest, and far below that entertained by others. He had a clear perception of the moral and intellectual requirements of the age, and in the following letter written to my father after

[1] Explanation of some passages in the Epistles of St. Paul, chiefly by means of an amended punctuation. Edinburgh, 1843.

hearing of the plan of The Miscellany, he suggests an additional project which, but for the disastrous crisis that occurred in 1826, would certainly have been carried out, and had it been so would have anticipated all the "Penny Magazines" and other cheap periodicals that followed in the wake of that undertaking. Dr. Morehead had been requested and had agreed to contribute to the Encyclopædia for Youth, and the letter I have alluded to is as follows:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have made out, in a very rude manner, the two first articles in the list you gave me, and before I go on I wish your editor and yourself would judge how far what I have written will do. I am quite ignorant of the kind of writing for an encyclopædia, and shall be happy to take any advice. If the present articles will do I must see them in the proof-sheets, in which I shall be able to improve and correct them. In the one on Custom and Habit I have been led into a train of thought from an idea which occurred to me in one of my walks from Corstorphine, and which you, who are a great speculator on literary undertakings, may turn in your mind.

"The idea rose from your plan of republishing the best of your publications in a cheap form for the lower orders, and from the fact of the great love of knowledge and reading which has now spread among that description of the people. What still seems to be wanted for them is something of guidance and direction—religious and moral instruction suited to their present circumstances—and the best uses to be made of knowledge after

they acquire it. It then occurred to me that the lower orders at present are somewhat in the same situation in which the higher and middling ranks were at the time when Mr. Addison and the other authors of the Spectator, etc., took them in hand, and contributed so much to their improvement by dealing out to them constant doses of religious, moral, philosophical, critical, literary sentiment and information, and may be said almost to have formed the minds of the better orders of the people for successive generations.

"What do you think would be the effect, at this moment, of a periodical paper designed to meet the peculiar circumstances of the lower orders—which should address them in a tone of perfect confidence and equality—should encourage them in every liberal and enlightened study—should show them how differences in rank have arisen in the world, and in what way alone men can rise advantageously from a lower rank to a higher—should open to them the highest views of the government of the Universe, and show their coincidence with the discoveries of Divine Revelation—should give them sketches of the history of their country, and inflame their ambition to emulate all that was virtuous, and pious, and glorious in the character of their forefathers—should extend their views to other nations, and bring before them the fine qualities that are to be found in all, abolishing national prejudices, and showing them what is excellent in human nature wherever it exists—should call to them therefore, with a voice of authority, to abandon low and brutal vices, and to go on in the grand course of industry, vir-

tuous contentment, and the ambition of knowledge and improvement?

"Suppose you were to publish a Number every week of such a work—at the price of a penny or twopence—would it not be read, especially as you could unite all the genius and virtue and intelligence of the age in its support? Would not Sir Walter Scott, Jeffrey, Miss Edgeworth—every person—find some corner in it for their peculiar talent, directed as it would be to the greatest possible object, and having an opening for every variety in the midst of one great uniform design? I do not know any person of information or power of writing of any kind, who might not here find an useful vehicle for it—M'Culloch, Leslie, every person who could give a plain and popular view of anything which it would be for the good of the people to be informed of; while at the same time a pervading spirit of religious, moral, and patriotic feeling would render all uniform and consistent.

"Consider this, my dear Sir, among your other grand projects, and if you set it agoing I shall only claim the honour from you of having first suggested it.[1]—Believe me, very faithfully yours, ROB. MOREHEAD."

Shortly afterwards, on the 15th August in the same year, Dr. Morehead proposed, in the following letter, to write a work for which, save perhaps in the scientific

[1] On July 28th, 1825, there occurs the following entry in Dr. Morehead's private journal:—"A magnificent plan has opened upon me for the instruction of the lower orders, which I have stated to Constable;—we shall see what will come of it."

details, he was eminently qualified—a Memoir of his distinguished relative, James Watt:—

"CORSTORPHINE, *Augt.* 15, 1825.

"MY DEAR SIR,—When a man becomes a projector there is no end to his plans. A new idea has struck me, which I am inclined to impart to you, if you have not anticipated it. I do not give up my former scheme as hopeless, but I think it will rise best and most naturally out of yours, if you do not confine your Weekly Miscellany entirely to the republication of works already in print. If you admit into it original communications, you will collect around it a class of writers whose talents may be turned afterwards in many ways to the instruction of the people.

"The lives of men who have risen from an inferior station to become the ornaments of their country must of all kinds of reading be the most interesting and instructive to those who have themselves their way to make, and among these I think a prominent place is due to our illustrious countryman James Watt. I do not think the slightest memoir of that great man has anywhere appeared, yet if materials can be found, the history of his rise and progress must be a fine subject, and no less interesting to the humble mechanic than to the enlightened philosopher. It happens that I have it more in my power perhaps than most people to be put in possession of such materials. I have the honour to be a very near relative of Mr. Watt (his mother was a Muirhead, and my father's aunt), and am intimate with some of his early friends, who must have many recollections of him, but who will very soon

die out. Although I am not well qualified to make a detail of his mechanical improvements, yet I could get help for these as far as was necessary—they are given, too, in all books and lectures on Mechanics,—and by far the most useful part of the subject would be the history of his mind and character. It would be the finest encouragement to every man of real merit, whatever might be his circumstances, and it would be at the same time a lesson against rashness or presumption, for Mr. Watt never made a step which was not well weighed, nor gained any honours which the whole world did not feel to be most justly his due.

"If I could execute this noble work it would give me infinite pleasure, and if it is at all in my power, I should feel it almost as a debt of gratitude, for I always met with the greatest kindness and attention from this excellent man. At the same time, I fear it is above my powers, and should be loath to treat it in an inferior way. If you thought I might make the attempt, I would immediately write to the present Mr. Watt, asking if he approved of the attempt, and if he would give me materials and assistance. I would then collect, among his early friends in Scotland, all the particulars that could be got of his first appearance in the world, and the light in which he was considered at that period. Be so good as write me a few lines to let me know whether you think this might be ventured, and I will walk into Edinburgh and converse with you further. . . .—Believe me ever, my dear Sir, very faithfully yours, ROB. MOREHEAD."

On receiving my father's approval of his projected Memoir, Dr. Morehead at once communicated with the son of Mr. Watt, to request his concurrence and his aid, and on 5th September I find him writing as follows to my father:—"I am impatient to have an answer from Mr. Watt, but have not yet heard. I should not like to proceed without his concurrence, both from my connexion with him, and as he would be able to supply me with the chief materials. I will let you know whenever I hear from him, which I think I must soon, if he is not abroad, which I have no reason to think."

Mr. Watt's reply must have been unfavourable to the project of Dr. Morehead, which Mr. James Patrick Muirhead, another kinsman of the great inventor, has been privileged to execute.

The fatal crisis in my father's affairs which occurred in the beginning of 1826, severely tried the sincerity of those of his friends with whom he had at the time business transactions, and many of them nobly stood the test; among these Dr. Morehead was conspicuous. He wrote as follows shortly after the event:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—Although I cannot do anything very effectual for you, like Captain Hall,[1] either from my talents or from my circumstances, yet I wish to imitate the friendly conduct of that gentleman in as far as I can, and to show you both the sense which I have always

[1] The noble liberality of Captain Basil Hall deserves a chapter for its description, and will be commemorated in connexion with some account of Constable's Miscellany.

entertained of your liberal dealings towards me personally, and of what I think the literature of Scotland owes to you. I see you have put out the book which I had undertaken for the Miscellany from the list of the articles, and very likely it is not a kind of book that would do, but I only wish to say that if hereafter you should wish me to go on with it, or with any other work that would not take up too much of my time, I shall be very happy to be employed by you, and I should entirely leave it to yourself to make me any remuneration, according as the sale of the work enabled you so to do or no. Do not suppose that I wish to push myself upon you as one of the writers for the Miscellany, or that I imagine anything of mine would be of any considerable service to it, but that if you should at any time think I could be of use to you, you may know the footing on which you may apply to me. . . . In the meantime do not let your health suffer from too much effort or anxiety, and believe me, my dear Sir, very faithfully yours, ROB. MOREHEAD."

DR. ROBERT CHAMBERS.—Of all who apprehended the full value of the keynote struck by Constable's Miscellany, and which is expanded in the plan proposed by Dr. Morehead in the letter I have lately quoted, the most intelligent, and perhaps the most successful, were Messrs. Chambers, since become so eminent as publishers. In connexion with his brother, who still survives, Mr. Robert Chambers established in 1832 a journal of popular instruction and amusement,[1] and they have since that

[1] Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

period issued numerous important works, whose influence has been incalculable in the intellectual elevation and education of their countrymen.

It was my father's privilege to be substantially helpful to Mr. Robert Chambers in the beginning of his commercial and literary career, and also to satisfy one object of his ambition, by introducing him to personal acquaintance with Sir Walter Scott.

In the citations I shall now give from his correspondence, it will perhaps be thought that Mr. Chambers over-estimated the service my father had it in his power to render him, but the good opinion of such a man is too valuable to be omitted here; and although I do not find in the lately published Memoir of his life any record of the high regard he has so eloquently expressed, I have reason to believe, from personal communications to myself and other members of my father's family, that it continued unshaken till the close of life.

Early in 1821 Mr. Chambers had made a transcript—he says, "in a style of peculiar caligraphy"—of the songs in the Lady of the Lake, which was presented to the author by my father's hand.

In the following enthusiastic letter Mr. Chambers tells of his reception some days later by the Great Unknown :—

MR. CHAMBERS to MR. CONSTABLE.

"LEITH WALK, *25th February* 1821.

"SIR,—After the great and perhaps unmerited patronage which your kindness has extended to me, and the singular gratification you have procured for my ambition, in intro-

ducing me to the favourable notice of Sir Walter Scott, I would be the most unworthy of men, if I did not both feel and endeavour to express a gratitude to you as nearly commensurate with the magnitude of these favours as my overwhelming sense of them, and the natural weakness of my pen, might permit. How it should have happened that one so high in reputation and in fortune should have stooped to notice the insignificant ability and interests of such a person as myself must, I fear, ever remain to me an insolvable mystery, unless I endeavour to account for it as one of those rare generosities which it is said Providence sometimes orders among men, as if to prove that the human nature is not so utterly iron-hearted and selfish as it is apt to be suspected by the children of temporary misfortune. I pray, sir, you will believe me when I declare that your kindness and generosity have only been equalled in my experience by the overflowing goodness of heart, which is not one of the least noble qualities of the glorious person under whose favour you have placed me. This, sir, is not the mere cant of artificial gratitude, but the enthusiastic thanks of one who feels himself obliged to such a degree that he scarcely knows in what terms to express them, so far does the favour transcend in his estimation the compass of common occurrence.

"I took the letter of introduction, which you so kindly transmitted by Mr. Reid, to Sir Walter Scott on Tuesday last, and was received by that gentleman in a manner so flattering, so condescending, so truly polite (and his politeness is the very essence of benevolence), that I could scarcely believe that I was the real object of so much atten-

tion, but rather that I was only acting some imaginary part in the pageant of a dream! He praised my penmanship so highly that I almost grew ashamed to hear one who is himself so far removed above all minute ingenuities, become the flatterer of a merely tasteful curiosity. He had also shown it to Lady Scott and to several of his friends, who all honoured it with the same commendation. I am now somewhat afraid that I stayed too long, for he rose first, as a signal for breaking up the interview, though I was not with him more than a quarter of an hour. I hope, however, if I have been really guilty there, that my excuse will readily be found in my only having endeavoured to take as long a draught as possible of the rich and bewitching bowl of his presence. In this interview the enthusiastic wish of several years has been gratified—I have seen and spoken to Sir Walter Scott, and like the comet who travels to the sun once in a thousand years, and lays in such a stock of heat and blazing glories as serves him in all his wanderings through the coldest bounds of his orbit, I have received so much reflected greatness from my own near approach to this centre of the literary system, that the experience of a century of mere common prose life could scarcely expend it.

"I hope, sir, that you will give me willing credit for my feelings when I declare that all the gratification of pride and ambition of distinction as an artist, and all the gracious circumstance of being noticed by the kindness of Sir Walter Scott, scarcely brought me half so satisfying and sincere a pleasure as the way in which my

mother was elated by my honours and participated in my feelings on the occasion. The first was a pleasure peculiarly of the soul, but this was a pleasure of the heart. Of all friends a mother is the most sympathizing, whether in adversity or prosperity; there is nothing could make her so happy as the honourable distinction of her son, and nothing so miserable as his debasement.

"Hoping, sir, that you will receive favourably this sincere though imperfect testimony of my gratitude, and that you will again forgive the enthusiastic style of expression which I now find to be inseparable from occasions like the present, I remain, Sir, your most obliged and obedient, humble servant, ROBERT CHAMBERS."

About fifteen months later Mr. Chambers in the following letter requested my father's advice and assistance in launching what his brother tells us was his first literary production—the Illustrations of the Author of Waverley:—

"LEITH WALK, 13*th May* 1822.

"SIR,—After the happy termination of our late correspondence, the advantages of which were so entirely on my side and the trouble on yours, you may perhaps think it looks something like persecution that I should again address you on the subject of my interests. Nevertheless, although the fortunate issue of my present occasion of writing to you might be no less a favour, I flatter myself that you will rather consider it as a proposal than a petition.

"Since I concluded the long task of writing the Songs

in the Lady of the Lake, which, through your kind means, I am proud to acknowledge has turned out so happily for me, I have again resumed the literary pursuits which had been then, and frequently before, interrupted by the less favourite practice of ornamental penmanship; and have now nearly finished a work which, it is my opinion, would excite a pretty high interest in the world, if ushered forth in the proper manner, which it would require either your interfering attention to assist or your name to render respectable.

"I have myself employed much labour of research, and have engaged in the same cause many friends in the country, who have better opportunities in discovering the *originals* of characters supposed to be fictitiously described in the works of the Author of Waverley; and I have already prepared a considerable number of notices and anecdotes of such as I have been so fortunate as to find, which are certainly of a very amusing and humorous nature. I include in the design descriptions of real scenes, manners, and incidents, introduced into these glorious productions, and historical sketches of remarkable personages, upon whose actions some of them have been so interestingly founded.

"The performance of this work I will execute with such an absolute abstraction from all catchpenny or invidious intents, that none of its informations can ever at all tend to deteriorate the fame or character of our national novelist in regard to his being an author of *purely original* conceptions, but will rather appear as a series of entertaining stories and anecdotes, which derive their

chief and most immediate interest from their reference to these works, and are otherwise wholly abstract, independent, and relying on their own deserts.

"It is needless for me to mention that several detached productions to the same purport have been already published, some of them in your own house,—such as Criminal Trials illustrative of the Heart of Midlothian, Life of Rob Roy, Trials of his Sons, Life and Anecdotes of the Black Dwarf, besides various notices in Magazines, etc. But none of these, however meritorious, could ever possess half the interest or claims to notice of the work I now propose, which at the same time that it condensed the best of the information afforded by them altogether, would likewise contain a very considerable quantity of original matter, formerly unknown and of super-eminent interest, and, after all, could be published at the same price and in the same size with any of the former of the above mentioned.

"I had proposed the printing of this work to my brother, who has lately, with an ingenuity that does him honour, taken up that trade at his own hand; and he so far encouraged my design as to agree to throw off a thousand copies for the consideration of a third part of the impression. But upon second, or rather I should say sixtieth, thoughts, I found out that to print it at such an obscure place as Leith Walk, and to publish it at the shop of such an unheard-of bookseller as your humble servant, would be at once to stamp it with ignominy, or, what is precisely the same thing, obscurity. Wherefore I have now, by the advice of my mother,—who wonders, good woman,

what can have set me upon such high designs against the world,—to go at once to the fountain-head of respectability, and proffer the fruits of my industry to you.

"I do not myself entertain the slightest doubt that you could bring my intentions to a profitable issue; but objections may perhaps occur to you which I am too nearly interested to observe. You may perhaps, however, be able to favour me with your advice in the affair at all events, if with that alone I am to be content.

"You will do me infinite happiness by writing to me or for me as soon as convenient. Should you be so kind as desire it, I can hand you a specimen of my manuscript immediately; and I could have the whole work ready for the press in two or at farthest three months from this date.—In the meanwhile I remain, Sir, your most humble servant, ROBERT CHAMBERS."

"The Illustrations of the Author of Waverley" was reprinted in 1824, and published. It would appear by the following extract from a letter dated December 16, 1823, that Mr. Chambers had thought of extending this work, and of altering its title:—

"We have now sold all the first edition of the work upon the Author of Waverley which we published last year, and as there is now an increasing demand for it, on account of some favourable reviews with which it has been lately honoured, we thought that a second edition might meet with a good reception. Towards a second edition I have collected a great deal of additional materials, and have made such corrections upon the original as would

make it really a respectable publication. At the same time, we would make a great amendment, if thought advisable, in the name of the work, altering it from 'Illustrations of the Author of Waverley,' etc., to 'The Note-Book of the Author of Waverley,' etc., which would be a more striking title. This, if put into the hands of a respectable publisher, might come a second time into the world under favourable circumstances, and meet with great success. Your thoughts upon the subject would be of the greatest service, as from your great experience and discernment you are qualified to predict the fate of almost any literary undertaking.

"The other side of the question is this: A great part of the materials of the Note-Book would answer finely for our new work, the Traditionary History of Edinburgh, and though there is no portion of the latter work published, we might safely say that it will meet with such success as would make it worth while to condemn the Note-Book altogether, and adapt as much of its materials as possible to the service of the other. It would of course be impossible to use the same materials in both. Now, whether to offer the Illustrations of the Author of Waverley separately to a publisher, and let the Traditions of Edinburgh go on as was first proposed, or to dissect the former, and put Mr. Crosbie, his clerk, Bowed Joseph, and all these curious Edinburgh characters, into their perhaps more proper element—the latter—is what I cannot determine. One great advantage would probably attend the first method: I might perhaps get a publisher that would purchase the copyright of the Note-Book, on the ground

of its success hitherto, and its increasing character; and if I were to get say £20 for it, which I am sure would be but small compensation for the trouble of collecting its varied materials, the sum would be of great service to me in business, though certainly not of such service as to warrant any sacrifice. By the other plan one work would be entirely lost just at the time when it was coming to that reputation which would make it pay, and the success of the whole would depend upon another new work, for which the hard battle had again to be fought of establishing a distinct character,—a matter which, in the hands of such obscure fellows as my brother and me, requires the anxious exertion of at least a twelvemonth. If you would be so kind as give me your thoughts upon the matter, which I hope and pray your health will permit, it would be extremely obliging, and if you could point out any person to whom I might dispose of the Note-Book of the Author of Waverley in its improved form, supposing your fiat permits it to go on, I would consider it as a favour of the highest kind."

The next quotation I shall make is from a letter dated August 11, 1823, as showing the humble expectation of success entertained by the author for the Traditions of Edinburgh, a work for which posterity will indorse the gratitude of his contemporaries :—

"I have called several times within the last fortnight, in order to beg your further advice respecting the new work I mentioned, but have never been fortunate in finding you at home, so I have just printed the Prospectus

as you will find enclosed. I hope the title adopted will not be found objectionable, as it is the nearest to what you proposed, being at the same time expressive of the real intended nature of the work that I could pitch upon. The Traditionary History of Edinburgh has been admired by all my friends as a most admirable name, and nothing could have given me so much pleasure as to obey the judgment that dictated it; but it would have confined the work to only one department of what it may now comprise. Besides, I was extremely apprehensive of giving the book a more dignified name than it might be found to deserve; and indeed the title which I have adopted is the one that you proposed, only avoiding this objection.

"I have to request that you will permit one of these Prospectuses to lie beside you on your own table, and I have no doubt many of your friends will put down their names. It will not go to press till we get 100 subscribers, for the work entirely relating to Auld Reekie, and of course possessing a very limited interest, cannot expect anything like a general sale, and we wish to be certain of the expenses at least."

My father's expectation had been far more sanguine, and it was amply realized. The first number of the Traditions was published in March 1824, and on July 15th Mr. Chambers writes, "In fulfilment of your sanguine predictions, the work has *taken* in a most astonishing manner," and on March 28th, 1825, he sends my father a statement, estimating the profit on the *completed* work at £456, 10s.

This profit, however, though certain, was still prospective, and on April 6th Mr. Chambers writes again—"I want your advice: the vastness of the edition is too much for my slender and ill-formed capital, and I begin to feel the distresses of premature and ill-judged speculation. No doubt, the thing will ultimately pay, and *well*, but then, how am I to keep afloat till I reach the shore? Come weal, come woe, I have therefore made up my mind to extricate myself from the miseries of publication, so that I can only get anything like a fair remuneration for the literary part of the property. I shall try to see you to-morrow, and hope your goodness will unite with your sense and experience in pointing out the path I should choose."

It is evident that Mr. Chambers felt he had *carte blanche* to apply to my father in all literary emergencies, for on the 23d June I find him writing again as follows with reference to his next publication:—

"My dear and respected Sir,—I send the Popular Rhymes, which are now as complete as I can make them at present. I shall briefly express what I wish to be done with them. I would like to have the two volumes sent with your recommendation to any London publisher whom you may pitch upon as most likely to do such a book justice; and let him know that if he would agree to give me £100, I would write the book all over again in a correct and well-arranged manner, and put it to press, and superintend its progress through the same, and in short produce to him a handsome book in two volumes, like the Poetry of the Author of Waverley's

works, only perhaps a little thinner. My brother would print it, as that would be most convenient for me, and he and the publisher could settle about the expense, which would be moderate. Give the person whom you send it to a fortnight to think of it, and then let him send me back the volumes, whether this offer be accepted or rejected. You may perhaps think I should wait a little longer, but I assure you the harvest is *in*, and when the husbandman, you know, has achieved that, need he mind the gleanings he has left thinly scattered in the fields? I am persuaded I shall never add other ten rhymes of any value to those already collected.

"Press upon the publisher's mind that the composition of these notes has been hasty, and shall be improved in many respects, also that I intend to diminish the numbers of the Nursery Rhymes, and omit those which are at once purely childish and totally unmeaning.

"If bowls *row richt* with this speculation, it will be a good stimulus to other exertions. Without something of the kind it is absolutely impossible I can go on as I ought to do; for I am one of those whose natural *incrtia* can only be overcome by a near prospect of success or by the goadings of necessity. I pray you have some pity and consideration of my case.—Believe me most gratefully, most respectfully, and most devotedly yours,

"ROBERT CHAMBERS."

Twelve days later,—"Everybody is believing that the Author of Waverley is actually going to write a Life of Napoleon Buonaparte; and, though nothing seems to me

so much out of his way, I too am obliged to give in to the belief. I know that if he were to write a life of David Haggart, or a description of the second-last new moon, the books would be good books, and would sell; and I suppose he is just going to try his strength upon an odd unlikely subject, in order to see if his muscles will pick up sixpences as well as rend trees. Whatever be his intentions, a desire of obliging so great a man has prompted me to write out the enclosed paper, which contains some notices that happened to come into my hands among other things which I had collected for the Traditions of Edinburgh, and which I conceive must be of some value in his eyes, as, besides containing one interesting particular of N. B.'s life which I never saw in print, they serve to show in some measure how much and how powerfully that singular man agitated and interested the mind of the British public during the period of his ascendency in the political horizon. The question referred to in the paper is rather curious, and I believe was much spoken of at a particular period in this city. Perhaps, however, the Author of Waverley, who appears to me to know everything, may be better acquainted than myself with this story. Nevertheless, I shall at least have shown my willingness to serve him, and if the notice can be made any use of, I am sure it will furnish a strange exemplification of the king's errand coming in the cadger's gait. Of course, I understand that you can and will oblige me by transmitting the paper to the Great Unknown."[1]

[1] See "Chambers's Journal," July 19, 1873, Art. "John Oswald."

Dr. William Chambers, in his interesting Memoir of his brother, writes that "Archibald Constable, in his attempts to revive a publishing business after the catastrophe of 1825, happily struck out the idea of a series of cheap popular works, by which employment was found for a number of persons with literary tastes and of tried ability. Robert was one of the earliest so pressed into the service of Constable's Miscellany." The project was, however, conceived and initiated before the catastrophe thus referred to; and it will be seen from the following letter, that the proposal that Mr. Robert Chambers should contribute to it came from himself and not from its projector :—

"India Place, *April* 19, 1827.

"Sir,—Observing in your Prospectus that you intend to publish an account of the Rebellion of 1745, I beg to state that I have made considerable collections for such a work, and would be glad to get it a place among the 'troops of the Miscellany.' My design is simply to give a popular narrative, with all the characteristic anecdotes, and I think the whole might go into one of your volumes. An Edinburgh bookseller, with whom I have already had some literary transactions, is inclined to think that my work might succeed in the extended and independent form of two volumes 8vo; but, with deference to his opinion, which I feel to be highly flattering, I think the subject, interesting as it is, would scarcely warrant so massive a publication, nor could I give it a value sufficient to insure even the chance of success. I am, however, pretty certain that, with the materials I possess and

can command, I could produce such a work as—*Teucro duce et auspice Teucro*—I mean under sanction of Mr. Constable's name, and with the assurance of sale which the nature of his publication affords, would be decidedly successful. My work would be a good warrior, but one who could act to advantage only when forming an individual in a regular army and under the command of an able leader.

"I should be glad to wait upon you some day in person, if not to prosecute the design I thus announce to you, at least to thank you for the protracted loan I have of your copy of Jamieson's Dictionary, and to assure you with what sincerity I continue to be, Sir, your obliged and grateful humble servant, R. CHAMBERS.

"To ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE, Esq., Park Place."

Besides this work, which was gladly accepted, Mr. Chambers contributed to Constable's Miscellany a History of the Rebellions in Scotland from 1638 to 1660; a History of those under Viscount Dundee and the Earl of Mar in 1689 and 1715, and a Life of James I.,—in all seven volumes, and those among the most interesting of the series.

CHAPTER XIX.

Captain Basil Hall.

THERE are some persons whose immediate business is so important and exacting, that if the working hours of life were doubled they might still seem insufficient for the discharge of duty—imminent from day to day, and who therefore hold themselves excusable for leaving what concerns their neighbours out of view. Some, again, whose spheres are more limited, and whose interests do not appear to need great personal attention, are yet so entirely engrossed by selfish aims that they find no time even to look upon the things of others. Besides these, there are idlers not a few, who yet may be called busybodies, and who, though conceiving the world to be entirely out of joint, are far from blaming as "cursed spite" the ordinance that seems to prompt at every turn that they were "born to set it right." These are ready to become directors-general to all mankind.

To neither of those classes did Captain Basil Hall belong. Sir Walter Scott, who, in his latest years, owed much to the Captain's active friendship, describes him as "that curious fellow, who takes charge of every one's business without neglecting his own." Of acute and wakeful intellect, of wide and varied experience and culture,

the interest of Basil Hall was intense in all that concerned Humanity, and it is sad that the sun of such a man should have set for others before his days on earth had ended. Ten years before his death, in 1834, he writes of himself:—"I have enjoyed to the full each successive period of my life, as it has rolled over me. . . . As a middy, I was happy—as a lieutenant, happier—as a captain, happiest."

His earliest correspondence with my father that was of any importance, had reference to a second edition, in octavo, of his account of Corea and Loo-Choo, which had been published originally in a quarto form. He writes, on 16th November 1819, as follows:—"Mr. Murray is very keen about it, and I confess that I myself am somewhat sanguine too. . . . I hope to have your valuable aid in setting it about, and indeed, between ourselves, it has a *claim* on you, for without your counsel I do not believe it would ever have seen the light! Will it be consistent with your plans and practice to let it be advertised on the envelopes of your wide-spreading books,—the Edinburgh Review, the Magazine, the new Journal, and so on? If so, I need not say how much obliged I shall feel for such an act of personal kindness to me."

This request must have been cordially granted, for I find Captain Hall writing some months later:—"I have not forgot the *princely* manner in which you advertised my little book, and indeed I am disposed to ascribe much of its sale (I won't say *success*) to that act of kindness on your part. . . . I don't know well how to thank you enough for your most obliging and friendly frankness with me on matters of business."

Shortly after this my father received from Captain Hall a special token of friendship and confidence, in being permitted to read a narrative that deeply interested all who were privileged to see it, but which, from feelings of delicacy, has hitherto been confined within a very narrow circle. After the lapse of more than half a century, it may be hoped that every motive for restriction may have been removed, and that a wider circulation may be given to what might still be interesting and profitable.

With reference to this Captain Hall writes:—

"I have a thing to show you, which is shown to very few people, but which I feel assured you will have pleasure in perusing. It is the narrative of my sister Lady Delancey (now Mrs. Harvey), at Waterloo, from the time her husband was wounded till his death.

"I venture to offer you a sight of it, not only because I know that you are of a disposition to enter with full spirit into what comes fresh and warm from the heart, but from an idea that perhaps you might deem it worth your while to show your rising family so fine an example of the advantages which, at moments of severe trial, arise out of right principles and a well-regulated mind. I must make one condition: that you do not allow it to go beyond your own fireside."

This narrative, as had been anticipated, deeply interested my father—so deeply indeed that he proposed at a later period that it should be included in an edition of Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk, and, had the decision rested with Captain Hall, permission would certainly have been granted, for he writes,—"I am equally desirous with you

that it *should* be;" but in spite of this, and of the following solicitation from Sir Walter Scott, it was withheld. Sir Walter wrote from Abbotsford to Captain Hall on 13th October 1825 :—

"... Constable proposed a thing to me which was of so much delicacy that I scarce know how to set about it, and thought of reserving it till you and I meet. It relates to that most interesting and affecting Journal kept by my regretted and amiable friend Mrs. Harvey during poor Delancey's illness. He thought, with great truth, that it would add very great interest to the letters which I wrote from Paris soon after Waterloo, and certainly I should consider it as one of the most valuable and important documents which could be published as illustrative of the woes of war.

"Whether this could be done without injury to the feelings of survivors is a question not for me to decide, and indeed I feel unaffected pain in even submitting it to your friendly ear, who, I know, will put no harsh construction upon my motive, which can be no other than such as would do honour to the amiable and lamented authoress. I never read anything which affected my own feelings more strongly, or which, I am sure, would have a deeper interest on those of the public. Still the work is of a domestic nature, and its publication, however honourable to all concerned, might perhaps give pain where, God knows, I should be sorry any proposal of mine should awaken the distresses which time may have in some degree abated. You are the only person who can judge of this with any certainty, or who at least can easily gain

the means of ascertaining it; and as Constable seemed to think there was a possibility that, after the lapse of so much time, it might be regarded as a matter of history, and as a record of the amiable character of your accomplished sister, and seemed to suppose there was some possibility of such a favour being granted, you will consider me as putting the question on his suggestion. It could be printed as the journal of a lady during the last illness of a general officer of distinction, during her attendance upon his last illness, or something to that purpose. Perhaps it may be my own high estimation of the contents of the heartrending diary which makes me suppose a possibility that, after such a lapse of years, the publication may possibly (as that which cannot but do the highest honour to the memory of the amiable authoress) not be judged altogether unadvisable. You may and will, of course, act in this matter with your natural feelings of propriety, and as certain whether that which cannot but do honour to the memory of those who are gone can be made public with the sacred regard due to the feelings of survivors."

On December 6th, 1825, Captain Hall makes a final allusion to the subject in a letter to my father:—"I am extremely sorry to tell you, that after using every proper argument with the person chiefly concerned, I have totally failed in obtaining leave to print the Narrative which you were so anxious to obtain, and which I was equally anxious should see the light. I regret much that it is totally out of the question. There can be no more done or said on that point, and I have only to assure you that I did all I could."

Ever mindful of his friends, Captain Hall, before leaving England for South America, in 1820, suggests several distinguished persons as contributors to periodicals published by Archibald Constable and Co., among others the Brahmin, Ram Mohun Roy, with whom he offers to use his influence to procure original articles on Hindoo manners and customs. In 1823, on returning from his long cruise, he offered my father the record of its incidents and results, which, as may be believed, was cordially accepted,[1] but while the MS. was under preparation, Captain Hall wrote as follows :—" I have taken a fit of alarm about publishing, which perhaps you will think idle. I have an apprehension that it may do me professional harm, and get me the title of a book-maker, because I publish on an occasion when it is not customary for officers so to do. I myself do not join in this fear much, but friends, whose opinion I respect, have given me the caution. I would therefore do nothing hastily. . . . I think I have got abundance of material from a virgin soil, or one at least very little wrought, and that you know is something in these times."

Preliminary scruples having been removed by the cordial approval of Captain Bowles, a brother officer, difficulties arose with reference to the size and outward style of the publication, which my father desired should be handsome, while the author perseveringly contended that it must be humble and unpretending, saying, with allusion to his earlier work, which had made its first appearance in a quarto form—that he was " entirely resolved not to

[1] Extracts from a Journal written on the Coasts of Chili, Peru, and Mexico, in the years 1820, 1821, and 1822.

humbug the public purse a second time, and feeling incompetent to do justice to anything more than one small volume," was "well-nigh resolved to drop the whole transaction." "In any case," he adds, "I am very truly grateful to you, not only for your attention to my business, but for your good opinion of my unwritten work. How do *you* know that some hungry scribe of Mr. Murray's did not dress up Loo Choo for me!"

In the following letter from my father on the subject of two Encyclopædias projected at the time, he alludes to the success of the South American Journal:—

MR. CONSTABLE to CAPTAIN HALL.

"LONDON, 12*th August* 1824.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Since I cannot at the present time have the pleasure of seeing you personally, I must be permitted the gratification of offering due congratulations on the success of your recent interesting work, which has been read by every member of my family with peculiar delight. I was, as you know, too unwell, on its first coming out, to do so myself. The sale has been altogether to a wish, and as I am once more attending a little to business, 'The Extracts from a Journal of a Voyage,' etc., shall, as I hope you will believe, have a share of my attention. At present it would occur to me to mention that the title might have been somewhat different—*Extracts* from, etc., ought to have been subordinate to *Journal*. You will excuse this little criticism, which you know falls within a publisher's province. The third edition is doing well. I came here a week ago, and on the journey up, by

way of Manchester, Derby, Birmingham, etc., almost nothing else, I assure you, was talked about. I return again in a few days; my object in London being more the pursuit of health than business, and in this I am sure it will please you to learn I make progress daily. I am indeed better at present than I have been at any time during the last four years.

"I have heard nothing lately of the sale of Loo-Choo. Is it still your own property? I should very much like by and bye to see both books uniformly and handsomely printed in three volumes of a small size; but in this event a few vignettes would be desirable—all which I beg merely to suggest for your consideration at a future time. Although I was for some months during winter so very unwell as to be able to do little in literary matters, yet I did not lose sight of certain projects, respecting which I consulted you last year. One of them, 'The Encyclopædia for Youth,' is now in preparation. I have printed an index of the proposed contents, of which, with your leave, I am anxious to send you a copy; and perhaps, if your leisure permitted, you would favour me not only with suggestions, but by the communication of some articles.

"I have, I am persuaded, been fortunate in an editor—Dr. R. Kaye Greville, with whom you may have met in the literary circles in London. He is a man of learning, and though only known hitherto as a botanist, will prove, I am confident, well qualified for the task he has kindly undertaken. Mrs. Greville is sister of the Countess of Athlone, who married Sir William Johnston Hope. I

mention this last particular merely to inform you of the society to which Dr. Greville has access. Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Jeffrey, and our other literary friends, support the undertaking, to which Miss Edgeworth, as you know, is also to be a considerable contributor. So much for *one* favourite undertaking.

"I have another project, not quite so far advanced, which I now desire to mention to you: it also is an Encyclopædia, under some such title as this—'Encyclopædia for Mechanics, or General Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Practical Science,' in six or eight volumes royal 12mo, printed in double columns, about 800 pages each, and with engravings and cuts in wood, to be published in monthly Parts at half-a-crown. The title, I think, will nearly explain what is intended. I already possess a considerable portion of the materials of which, in the view I take of the subject, such a work may be composed. I would extract from the Encyclopædia Britannica and Supplement the articles applicable, and by means of correspondence with all the manufacturing districts, obtain information of the present state of everything falling within the scope of the work. My plan embraces biographical accounts of the great discoverers and improvers in the arts and manufactures, also statistical histories of the different manufacturing districts, state of population, past and present, etc. I only recently thought of all this, and have not yet been able to fix on an editor.[1] I wish you would favour me with your opinion

[1] It was in this work that Professor Leslie was expected editorially to take part. See *ante*, p. 392.

and advice as to the whole affair. A person of name would be important, but then I wish to bring out the work at as cheap a rate as possible, and will not have it in my power, in the first instance at all events, to offer a high remuneration. Are you acquainted with Mr. John Robison (the late Prof. R.'s son)? His name, rank, and influence would be just what is wanted, and I know he takes considerable interest in the establishment of the School of Arts at Edinburgh. There will be two volumes published annually, and I could give an editor somewhere about £250 a year. If I could meet with some young man, such as Professor Leslie or our friend Wallace was thirty years ago, I think I could give him a profitable appointment. Such a task, suitably executed, could not fail to lay a foundation of future fortune and fame to any man. Can you help me to such?

"I hope you will excuse the freedom I use in troubling you with the present letter, and I am, with the utmost respect, my dear Sir, ever sincerely yours,

"A. CONSTABLE."

CAPTAIN HALL to MR. CONSTABLE.

"PORTSMOUTH, 16*th Aug.* 1824.

"MY DEAR SIR,—It rejoices me exceedingly to see your handwriting once more, I assure you, and I am much delighted by your account of your improving health. Pray go on in the same track, and sacrifice everything to health, without which every other thing is worse than nothing.

"I knew you would be pleased with the success of my

book, which, as you know, was eventually made exactly of the size and price and appearance which you originally proposed. You will also be pleased by knowing that, in every respect, I have had reason to be pleased with Mr. Cadell, whose activity, knowledge of business, and personal attentions to myself have been all that I could possibly wish, and have left on my mind a feeling of respect and gratitude which I can never forget. I was often anxious to say a word or two to you, merely to show you that I had not forgot your many kind attentions, but I was always restrained by an apprehension of interfering with your cure, which I knew depended so much upon mental quiet. I had however no difficulty for you to remove, for I do not think any two people ever transacted business more cheerfully than Mr. Cadell and I.

"I am greatly rejoiced by what you say of my book. I have been accustomed to hear a good deal about it lately, but still what you say comes fresh and grateful to my ear. I know you would not say it, were it not the case; and I also know that such being the estimation in which the book is held, you will have pleasure in using your immense influence in helping it to circulate, so that I am not only flattered by your valuable criticism and hearty approbation, but thoroughly satisfied that whatever is possible will be done to give it a fair chance. I imagine, however, that it cannot go on long selling, and that a stop will now be put to it. This at least is the fate of similar books. At all events, I shall be glad to have your honest opinion on the subject, as a matter of curiosity. Is it at all likely that the interest of the work,

independent of the momentary interest of the subject, will carry it on for some time to come, or must it have the fate of all Voyages—except Anson's and one or two others, —and soon run to neglect? I fancy, however, that none but the old gentleman with the scythe can venture to anticipate what shall become a standard work. We may venture to predict what shall *not*, but the affirmative is, I suspect, beyond our reach.

"Loo-Choo is mine still. Mr. Murray and I have closed accounts for the second edition, and the copyright is mine. I am rather pleased with your idea of a junction in three small volumes, and shall be very glad to talk it over with you in Edinburgh. I am all for cheap books, and if such a little work could be made neat and very reasonable, it would, I am convinced, have great circulation, and might become a little gift-book, a sort of present for young people. I have no ambition higher than this, I must own; and I shall feel very grateful to you if you can bring your skill and experience to bear so as to effect it. Did you ever read my MS. interview with Bonaparte? How would that come in, as a little episode between the two Voyages? You know it relates almost entirely to one of them, and would serve as a sort of break to the transition from the quiet Loo-Choo to the stormy South America. Consider this. . . .

"I shall be glad to see your index and list [for the Encyclopædia for Youth]. I have often thought of this work, and conceive it must succeed if you go on in the same spirit. I am not aware that I have any new suggestion to offer you; if any occur you shall have them. The

articles 'Navigation' and 'Seamanship' I think I could touch you off in a popular way if I have leisure, but if I get the command of a ship, which is possible, I am afraid I should not be able to do it at once. I say it is possible, but not, I think, at all probable. I shall know positively by the time I reach Edinburgh in October. May I beg to know if you have yet thought of your terms? Do you pay for *all* you get, or do you pay some writers and not others? I think this essential to be known; how far it might influence me I hardly know. If you pay all your contributors, and insist upon that, I should have no difficulty in being paid too, but if it is partly one and partly the other, it would give me great pleasure to write as well as I could for you, gratis. I am doubtful, you understand, if I can do it at all; and still more doubtful if what I write would be considered acceptable, but I should like to hear from you when we meet what is the principle you go on. Your editor I do not know, but shall make acquaintance with. Have you engaged Mrs. Marcet, or will you go deeper? Would she not give you a more popular though less profound article on Political Economy than M'Culloch? and yet he is a pleasing writer; but she is more engaging.

"Your other work cannot fail [Encyclopædia for Mechanics], but you ought to keep it devilish snug, otherwise it might interfere with the Supplement. But I am not up to giving you any advice as to an editor. I certainly know Mr. Robison, but merely as one of the Royal Society. What his general knowledge and powers may be, I know not. I shall have my eyes

open, however, and inquire about such a person, in terms which can lead to no discovery. I wish I had known your wishes sooner, for London is the only place for such researches. It is crowded with talents and knowledge in a wonderful degree.

"Pray, make no apologies for long letters. I only hope you may forgive mine. It will give me great pleasure indeed to hear from you, and you may depend upon my punctuality in answering.

"Pray, remember me most kindly to your family when you write, and believe me, ever yours, with the truest regard, BASIL HALL."

Captain Hall writes again from

"CHRISTCHURCH, 23*d August* 1824.

"MY DEAR SIR,—It has occurred to me to write to you again, as I have the offer of a frank, on the subject of your Encyclopædia for Youth. I wish extremely to be of use to you in the matter, and beg, when you come to any decision about it, you will let me have some copies of the Prospectus sent to 27 St. James's Street, that I may distribute them in good quarters. I cannot tell you how much I should like to be engaged in doing you personal service in it; but I cannot answer for myself—I mean as to time, and as to power. I may be called away, or may be too much occupied, and I am not at all certain how far I could do justice to the topics I have offered to handle: I should be unwilling to do you disservice instead of service by bungling any such matters. I should like, therefore, to have a notion of the limits you would wish

placed to the articles Seamanship and Navigation, and an idea how far you would wish them treated popularly or scientifically, and at what date you would require them. In my last letter I spoke to you about terms, but I regret that I did so, for that has a mercenary look, and I feel persuaded that I should execute the task much better as a civility to you than as a 'regular built author.' When I happen to have a work cut and dry, like a Voyage, it is another matter, and it is all fair to make a bargain, but for unwritten works it is nonsense to talk thus. My habit is to see my way always when I can, and therefore I asked the question I put, but it would have been better not.

"It gives me great pleasure to be in communication with you on literary, or indeed on any other subject.—Believe me yours, with great truth, B. HALL."

In Constable's Miscellany Captain Hall took an interest scarcely second to that of its projector. On learning that it was proposed to place Loo-Choo and South America in the forefront of the undertaking, he wrote the following disinterested letter:—

"BALLOCH, ON LOCH LOMOND,
22*d June* 1825.

"MY DEAR SIR,—My brother James writes me, saying that you told him it was your intention to begin with my Loo-Choo and Bonaparte as soon as you got them from me. Now upon this I have two or three words to say, which I shall not apologize for, since you have encouraged me to speak freely to you upon this matter of the Miscellany.

"In the first place, I think you will not do well, in a literary point of view, to put these works so near the beginning of such a magnificent undertaking. Loo-Choo is an amusing, unassuming production, exceedingly well adapted to catch public interest at the time, and to get the author many a good dinner, but it has not, as I think, by any means calibre enough to go in the van of such an enterprise as you are about to undertake. It will come very well by and bye, about twentieth or fiftieth, but at the beginning it will do you more harm than good, I am certain. Very nearly the same may be said for the Appendix of Bonaparte. The conversation I had with him was interesting chiefly because it could be depended upon, at a moment when ten thousand lies were afloat about him. At the present hour, I really must say that there is nothing in it so peculiarly characteristic as to entitle it to the prominent place you propose for it. At some future stage of the work it will come in with effect. Both Loo-Choo and it will *then* look just as one item in your great store of materials, but, if published early, would, I sincerely think, rather indicate poverty of matter than riches.

"I confess that my opinion is quite different with respect to South America, a work which (although on another occasion *I* would certainly *not* say it) I consider well adapted to the grand objects which you have in view. I conceive it calculated to instruct, on very essential points, and to amuse rationally and permanently, that vast class of individuals which you intend shall swallow up your Miscellany. It is the great topic of the present hour; its interest is at the highest; and now or never (at least never

so well) is the moment to strike the chord which vibrates with the same note over the whole kingdom. It becomes the greatness of the enterprise—it becomes due to the public interest—and lastly, though not leastly (to coin a word), it becomes *yourself* to have something on South America near the top of this undertaking, which, although it may, and doubtless will, enrich you in a pecuniary point of view, has for its object still higher aims—the public good, and the extension and perpetuity of your fame as the first literary publisher of this publishing age.

"These are my opinions, as honestly given, I am quite sure, as if I had not one farthing's interest on the occasion; and to convince you of this, should you doubt it, which I confidently trust you will not, I beg to say that I waive any such interest, if it stands in the way of what I recommend. . . . More you would not wish me to do, and any less would render me unworthy of the confidence and kindness I have met with at your hands. Nevertheless, it is very possible that I may overrate the value of my subject, and still more likely that I may miscalculate the value of my book. Ever since the world began authors have done so, and, God knows, I am not setting up for infallibility in book-making! . . . Place my works, therefore, in any order you please; they are now yours, to make a kirk and a mill of; and though I am interested certainly, both pecuniarily and as a matter of literary fame, I am well content to leave both considerations to your judgment."

In a letter of the 26th June Captain Hall writes:—"I lately read an admirable and interesting document about Bonaparte—Captain Maitland's Narrative of his Reception

on board the Bellerophon;" and a few days later:—"It is well to strike while the iron is hot, and therefore it will be well if you can give yourself an extra twist in bed, in order to pen a line, however short, to Captain Frederick Lewis Maitland, on the subject of his Journal.

"I met him yesterday at our dinner to Lord Melville, and made it my business to sit next him, that I might talk over matters. I was glad to find that he did not fly quite off when I asked him about publication, and at a fit moment I came in with your forty-two pounder, which made a deep impression. He said he would consider of it, and I changed the discourse accordingly. I took occasion to say that I thought it due to the subject, to the country, and to himself, to publish this account; and that I had no doubt the Government, if properly applied to, would sanction it.

"I think you should not lose a post in following up my attack. The Great Unknown would, I think, look over the proofs, and write a preface, which would do Maitland service, and put the credit of the country in a strong light—but all this is like teaching one's granny to suck eggs!"

On the 28th September Captain Hall writes on the same subject:—"I have lately got Captain Maitland's Narrative, and I wish very much that you had time to read it before it goes to the Great Unknown. It exceeds in interest anything I ever read in my life, and would make an admirable separate article for the Miscellany. It would be a pity it should be sunk in any other work. If therefore you have time, read it before you go, or in the carriage. I am

convinced you would be disposed to come down with some substantial consideration for it.

"I have no reason to think Captain Maitland disposed to publish—quite the contrary: but you have ways and means, as I well know, to induce people to become authors who never dreamed of it."[1]

The next literary object of Captain Hall's kindly interest was a cookery-book, compiled by Mrs. Dalgairns,[2] a friend whose husband had fallen into troubled circumstances. It was probably fortunate that, owing to the existence of The Cook's Oracle, and perhaps to Meg Dods, to whose work Sir Walter Scott himself stood godfather, looming in the not far distance, Mrs. Dalgairns's work was not accepted, as it might otherwise, in the commercial crisis now approaching, have passed into the hands of the creditors of Constable and Company.[3]

[1] "I wish you joy of having got hold of Maitland's Journal. I mean to write to him my advice and opinion upon it, but at the same time to recommend him not to send it to me. You can easily get what is wanted done in Edinburgh, more especially as it is to go through Sir Walter Scott. A few touches from his pen will be all that is requisite. Were I on the spot, and could consult with the author, I would have less scruple; but in fact I am over head and ears in business as it is. What with my own works and those of others I have enough to do, and shall be cautious in future how I undertake editorship. If Maitland really wishes me to look at his work I will certainly do so, but I feel confident that he will be able to do it very well himself. At all events, as I said I would look at it, I will write fully to him."

[2] The Practice of Cookery; adapted to the Business of Every-day Life. Edinburgh: R. Cadell, 1829.

[3] "You judge quite rightly in supposing that I shall be disappointed by what you say of the Cookery-Book, and I only regret that you had not told me of it before giving me other hopes. The destruction of no

The only cloud that ever intervened between Captain Hall and my father was a very small one, and passed speedily away. He had been seized with a momentary apprehension that a proposed contribution to the Miscellany might not be adequately remunerated unless it were paid for in proportion to the success of the undertaking, about which he was most sanguine; but a letter from his publisher dispelled this delusion, and on the following day he wrote:—"An attentive perusal of your letter has satisfied me that I was quite unreasonable in what I wrote to you the day before. I have now relapsed into my wonted diffidence and distrust of my own literary value, and the extravagant notions which you very properly take notice of are all gone. . . . I have as much confidence that you will do, out and out, what is right and liberal, as if I were jingling the coins in my pocket—so no more of that for the present.

"You hope all this is not to lessen our good harmony! —God forbid! On my part, certainly not. I may, as you say, have formed extravagant notions as to the profits of books generally, and of the value of my own literary

literary project of my own—the total demolition of the three first volumes of the Miscellany, as far as I am concerned, would not have been nearly so mortifying to me. But mind, I am not in the smallest degree reproaching you. You are of course most completely at liberty to do as you like in this matter, and I feel conscious, and with some degree of remorse and humiliation, that I pressed this matter too far upon you. It has been my fault throughout life to do so. I am only glad that I got your letter in time to stop my speaking to Virtue, which you authorized me to do, on the subject, and I shall now cast about for myself in this forlorn hope of mine. The title you ask my opinion of is capital [? Meg Dods], and I have no doubt will beat all competitors, mine included, out of the field."

labours in particular—nothing more likely: but I have not formed extravagant notions of the value of good friends, and I am not in a hurry to lose them, I can tell you. This is not the first time, I dare swear, that you have had an unreasonable author to deal with. But there must be a mutual dependence between us; you could not do without us, and we could do mighty little without *you*. Mr. M'Corkindale, who has to handle the obedient types, has a far easier task to perform. If you could cast authors like stereotype plates it would be a great invention,—but until you can, I fear you must learn to discover them a very pig-headed race—Affectionately yours,

"BASIL HALL."

The work which had led to the above misunderstanding was a projected Life of Captain Cook, which Captain Hall was eminently fitted to write, and for which the price my father had proposed to pay—£40 per sheet—was certainly no trifling remuneration.

Another literary project had occurred to Captain Hall about this time, which he disclosed to my father in a letter of 24th October 1825, from which the following is an extract:—

"On looking over my old journals and papers lately, I find I have about twenty volumes of narratives and observations made in all parts of the world; it has occurred to me that I could combine these, together with what is floating about in my head, into a volume of Miscellany. I would do it anonymously, by which means I should reserve to myself the power of cooking up some sort of a story, and introducing anecdotes, conversations, and reflec-

tions, incompatible with the stern gravity of a regular voyage with my name to it. The author would of course be known, but not be named in the title-page, and I think I could in this way turn you out from time to time a volume. It was my brother, who is familiar with these musty stores, and with my conversation, who suggested the idea. If this new notion of mine comes to anything, and pleases myself on trial, I should prefer it to Cook, or perhaps I might manage both; only that I write with so much labour, and correct so fastidiously, that I feel always doubtful about whatever I undertake, especially if hurried. Pray do not trouble yourself to write in answer to these fancies; but think them over, and we can discuss them when we meet. I am very easily discouraged, and a single word from you will knock all idea of this out of my head for ever; on the other hand, your encouragement will stimulate me perhaps to useful purpose."

The "Fragments of Voyages and Travels" in due time made their appearance, though not until my father had left the scene; but the Life and Discoveries of Captain Cook, which he had declared to be an indispensable article in his Miscellany, was never written. In the general success of that undertaking, however, or indeed of anything that concerned my father, Captain Hall's interest never flagged, and he exerted himself actively to promote its prospects. From London on the 2d January 1826 he writes:—"Mr. Murray expressed himself most decidedly in favour of your project, and quite scouted the idea of its hurting literary property. He said that you had come forward just at the moment when such a thing was wanted, and

that your success was certain. He did not altogether approve, I thought, of your selection, and if I am not mistaken said that such things as Histories of Greece, and so on, would not do, but that all standard popular works would infallibly circulate. The thirst for information is so vehement that it cannot be quenched, and the more you feed it the more you will have to feed it. I do long to see you in full action, and am very glad to hear that you mean to come to town to launch your first-rate. . . . . God knows that I would consult you with thorough confidence, were I like you on the edge of a great scheme, and I trust that you will rely upon me, on this occasion, as if I were your son."

Good cause had my father for reliance on this true friend, but if he had ever had misgiving on the subject, the occasion was at hand that must remove it. The crisis came, and Archibald Constable, whom Captain Hall had considered so secure, was declared a bankrupt. Most men, in his circumstances, even with the most kindly feelings, would have been thinking of the derangement to their own plans, and the darkening of their prospects for the future, —*his* sorrow and anxiety were entirely for his friend, and his thoughts were exercised in devising schemes for the alleviation of his all but desperate condition. The following letter was written the day after hearing of the disastrous event.

CAPTAIN HALL to MR. CONSTABLE.

"29 WELBECK STREET, *Tuesday morning.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—Mr, Henderson called last evening, but

I did not see him. He left word that you meant to call. Pray do not think of such a thing; your time and thoughts must surely be better employed than in calling on idle people. If you wish to see me, however, I will come to you instantly, and my only reason for not doing so at once is the fear of plaguing you. If I can be of any use to you or to Mr. Robinson, you may command my time and best services. Be so good as to say so to him. I took the liberty of offering any exertions in my power yesterday to Mr. Hurst, and I trust you will believe me sincere. I propose going to the country to-morrow, till Friday, but if I can be of any use to you or to Messrs. H. and R. in these difficulties I will give up all other objects.

"I need not say, my dear sir, how deeply grieved I am to hear of your being perplexed in this way. I trust you will weather the gale handsomely.

"I have no heart to speak of the dear little Miscellany! Nothing can be more beautiful than it is. If you have any copies to spare me, I should be glad of them, as I could give away some dozen or so with great advantage.

"If you wish to see me you can send word by the bearer, but I entreat you not to consider me at all, except in so far as I can be useful to you. I have no idea, indeed, that I can be so, but my whole time and thoughts are at your service.—I remain ever most truly yours,

"BASIL HALL."

Two months later, when the worst was known, and all except true friends were standing behind scenes, Captain Hall again addressed my father thus:—

"LONDON, 9*th March* 1826.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I sent you a message through my brother, Mr. James Hall, the other day, which I hope will have satisfied you that I am ready to do everything I can on this occasion in the way of business. But I have been restrained from writing to you, in the way of friendship, solely because I had nothing to offer but commonplaces, and was unwilling to intrude upon you with such empty sounds at such a moment. The same reason may be said to prevail still; but this note can do no harm, if it does no good, and will at all events serve to assure you of the heartfelt interest I take in these transactions—infinitely more as they affect you, than on account of any petty interests of my own. I trust also that your vigorous mind will rouse itself upon this trying occasion, letting us see the difference between great powers and insignificant ones; and I need not repeat that, as far as depends upon me, you may calculate upon my agreeing to any plan which has your re-establishment or your peace of mind for its object.—I remain, my dear Sir, yours most sincerely, BASIL HALL.

"*P.S.*—My wife, who was confined twelve or thirteen days ago, bids me send her kindest remembrance to Mrs. Constable, and I beg you will unite mine most cordially. —Yours, B. H."

This noble man, when the sun was shining on his friend, was contented to be just and liberal, but now, when he saw him under the dark cloud of adversity, his generous nature led him to make such a sacrifice of personal

emolument as I believe has been seldom equalled and never surpassed. He wrote as follows to my father:—

"*Sunday morning, 28th May* 1826.

"MY DEAR SIR,—It has only now occurred to me that possibly your determination as to arrangements with the trustees with respect to the Miscellany might be modified by the nature of those subsequently to be made with me. In order therefore to relieve you from all doubts on this head, I think it as well to mention to you now, that if you will do me the kindness to accept the copyright of my three volumes, Loo-Choo and South America, you are most heartily welcome to them, and I wish you all success in your future management of the great undertaking of which they form the commencement.

"You are aware that £100 were advanced to me last year on the security of this literary property—from this debt I should expect to be relieved; and I hope you might find it convenient to allow me besides a hundred copies of the three first volumes of the Miscellany, and one copy of every succeeding volume of that work.

"Should these proposals not be suitable to your views, I beg you will let me hear what others would be more agreeable, as my sole wish is to do what shall be most useful to you.—I remain, most truly yours,

"BASIL HALL.

"*P.S.*—It has been my intention all along to have made this offer, provided the Miscellany were separated from the estate, and placed entirely in your hands. I merely waited till I could see it completely detached, in

order that my arrangements should be exclusively with you. Were the trustees to take up the Miscellany, my views would be different of course, and therefore, should you relinquish the ideas you expressed to me the other day, I beg you will inform me without delay, that I may take my measures accordingly.—Truly yours,

"B. HALL."

MR. CONSTABLE to CAPTAIN HALL.

"PARK PLACE, *Monday morning, May* 29, 1826.

"MY DEAR SIR,—It has fallen to my lot, in the course of a life of some enterprise, to experience, like other men, a considerable mixture of enjoyment and annoyance. In my case there have been two or three extreme points in both; I have experienced affliction, in almost every way in which it could reach the human heart, and I have experienced gratification from the kindness of friends, of the most distinguished kind. I cannot however say that any circumstance ever occurred to me more truly gratifying than that which was conveyed to me in your most kind letter of yesterday.[1] I do not feel myself entitled to the bounty which your uncommon consideration and liberality would assign to me, unless upon the ground that you have thought me worthy of both. Words on such an occasion may be of little avail, but I beg to assure you that the circumstance of which I now speak will be

[1] To his eldest son my father writes:—"I have just received a most kind letter from Captain Hall, making me a present of the copyright of the three volumes of his Voyages! It is the most handsome thing *I have ever experienced.*"

a consolation to me throughout the remainder of my days, and its impression can only be extinguished with my last breath.

"With regard to the Miscellany, I made a proposition respecting it to Mr. Cowan on Saturday, and hope within a week to be able to say that the matter has been arranged. When it is so, a mutual discharge can take place between the late concern and you.

"My present view is not to bring out any portion of the work until about the 1st of October, when it is to be hoped the country will have seen a good harvest, and matters in other respects improved. In the meantime I will have the third volume printed off, and I shall be feeling my way for the next month or two, by corresponding with London and the country as to chances of sales and success, and perhaps I shall resort to the expedient of publishing only once a fortnight, instead of weekly. The awful change which has taken place in the spirit of the country since my project was arranged originally, is so great that I daresay you will think these considerations prudent and necessary. One hundred copies of the three volumes, or any other number you might wish, shall be got ready as soon as possible, and placed at your disposal, and you shall have copies of all the future volumes of the work as they appear. For the £100 paid in November last on account of the Miscellany, you will of course get a release in due form.

"I cannot positively say that the arrangement for the Miscellany with my trustees will be completed within a week, though I hope it may be so; but of this you shall

have early notice.—I am, with the utmost respect and gratitude, my dear Sir, your obliged and faithful servant,

"ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE."

"Words are easy as the wind,
Faithful friends are hard to find.
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend,
Every man will be thy friend;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
. . . . . .
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need;
If thou sorrow, he will weep,
If thou wake, he cannot sleep,
And of every grief of heart
He with thee doth bear a part;—
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe."

Of all my father's many friends, none was steadier in adversity, or more devoted, than Captain Hall. The crowning instance of his liberality, just related, brings his generous nature into high relief, and places him undeniably among those of whom the old poet writes.

CHAPTER XX.

Literary Correspondents and Personal Friends—Alexander Cowan.

In default of access to the books and papers of my father's firm, it is not in my power to give a complete list —which had otherwise been desirable—of the works he published; and though I possess letters from many other distinguished literary persons besides those from whose correspondence I have quoted, I am warned by the necessities of time and space to draw the present record to a close, and prepare to enter on the most interesting and important division of my work—that which will give details of his connexion with Sir Walter Scott.

It were, however, unjust to his reputation as a publisher did I omit to mention that he numbered among his clients —Sir Henry Wellwood Moncreiff,[1] Bishop Sandford[2] and Sir Daniel,[3] his distinguished son; the Rev. Archibald

[1] Account of the Life and Writings of John Erskine, D.D., late one of the Ministers of Edinburgh. By the Rev. Sir Henry Wellwood Moncreiff, Bart., D.D. 8vo. 1818.

[2] Sermons preached in St. John's Chapel, Edinburgh, by Daniel Sandford, D.D., one of the Bishops of the Scottish Episcopal Church. 8vo. 1819.

[3] Introduction to the Writing of Greek, for the use of the Junior Greek Class in the University of Glasgow. In Four Parts. By D. K. Sandford, Esq., A.M. Oxon., Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow. 12mo. 1825.

Alison,[1] the Rev. Dr. Brunton,[2] the Venerable Archdeacon Wrangham,[3] and the Rev. C. R. Maturin;[4] Sir George Stewart Mackenzie of Coull,[5] Richard Bright,[6] Joseph John Gurney, and Mrs. Fry;[7] Dr. Andrew Duncan, junior,[8] George Joseph Bell,[9] and Professor Jameson;[10] Francis Hamilton of Leny,[11] W. H. Curran,[12]

[1] Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste. By the Rev. Archibald Alison. 2 vols. 8vo. 1811. Also, Sermons, chiefly on Particular Occasions. 2 vols. 8vo. 1814-15.

[2] Sermons and Lectures. By the Rev. Alexander Brunton, D.D. 8vo. 1818.

[3] The Pleiad, a Series of Abridgements of Seven distinguished Writers, in opposition to the pernicious doctrines of Deism. By the Venerable Francis Wrangham, Archdeacon of Cleveland.

[4] Sermons (1819). By the Rev. C. R. Maturin. Also, Women, or Pour et contre (3 vols. 12mo); and Melmoth, the Wanderer. 4 vols. 12mo. 1820.

[5] Travels in the Island of Iceland in the Summer of 1810. By Sir George Stewart Mackenzie, Bart. 1 vol. 4to. 1811. Also, Illustrations of Phrenology. 8vo. 1820.

[6] Travels from Vienna through Lower Hungary, with some Remarks on the State of Vienna during the Congress in the year 1814. By Richard Bright, M.D. 1 vol. 4to. 1818.

[7] Notes on a Visit made to some of the Prisons in Scotland and the North of England in company with Elizabeth Fry. By J. J. Gurney.

[8] Dr. Andrew Duncan, junior, was the accomplished editor of the *Edinburgh Medical and Surgical*, and one of the chief contributors to that periodical, which, indeed, he may be said to have originated.

[9] Commentaries on the Laws of Scotland, and on the Principles of Mercantile Jurisprudence. By George Joseph Bell, advocate. 2 vols. 4to. 1816.

[10] A System of Mineralogy, etc. By Robert Jameson, Professor of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh. Various editions. 3 vols. 8vo.

[11] Account of the Kingdom of Nepal. By Francis Hamilton (formerly Buchanan), M.D., etc. 4to. 1819.

[12] The Life of the Right Hon. John Philpot Curran, late Master of the Rolls, Ireland. By his Son, William Henry Curran, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. 2 vols. 8vo. 1819.

Dr. Scoresby,[1] and Professor John Wilson.[2] By most of these he was admitted to the privilege of friendship. Professor Finn Magnussen of Copenhagen was also a valued correspondent and friend.[3]

Few men, I believe, have had less difficulty than my father in obeying Solomon's maxim, that "he that hath friends must show himself friendly," and of friends proper he had a goodly number, all of whom probably possessed more or less a taste for literature, though the bond that united them to him was social, rather of the spirit than of Letters. Among these were Sir James Gibson Craig of Riccarton, the Rev. Henry White of Lichfield, the Very Rev. Principal Lee, the Rev. John Fleming of Craigs, minister of the parish of Colinton, the Rev. William Forfar of Saline,[4] Mr. John Rennie, the celebrated engineer, Mr. John Thomson, Forth Street, Edinburgh, Mr. Peter

[1] An Account of the Arctic Regions, with a History and Description of the Northern Whale Fishery. By Dr. William Scoresby, Junior. 2 vols. 8vo. 1820.

[2] The City of the Plague, and other Poems. By John Wilson, Esq. 8vo. 1816.

[3] This distinguished scholar was born at Skalholt in Iceland, in the year 1783, and died at Copenhagen on the 24th December 1847. He was elected, in 1815, Professor of Northern Literature in the University of Copenhagen, and in 1829 made Keeper of the State Archives. His chief work is "The Theory of the Edda, and its Origin," but as President of the Icelandic Literary Society, and Vice-President of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, he edited many works highly esteemed in Northern Literature.

[4] The Rev. William Forfar had been schoolmaster at Carnbee before he was appointed to the pastoral charge of the parish of Saline. There existed a strong attachment between him and my father, who had been a favourite pupil. Their correspondence was always affectionate, and the last letter of Mr. Forfar, written six months after my father's bankruptcy, does him much honour.

Hill (who initiated my father in the craft of bookselling), Mr. Robert Cameron, paper-maker at Glenesk, Mr. Alexander M'Gregor of Glasgow, and Dr. Mackenzie, minister of the parish of Lasswade, who alone of all the number happily survives.

To this list I must add one whose correspondence began in 1796, and only ended in 1827, on the day before my father died.

ALEXANDER COWAN of Valleyfield, Penicuik, will be had in lasting remembrance by those who knew him, for all that is great and good, generous and loving; he well deserves his name, prophetically given, for if there ever lived among us "a helper of men,"[1] such certainly was he. His tender sympathy with my father in the arrangements consequent on bankruptcy, to which his office as trustee made him a necessary witness, was brotherly; and I have been told by members of my family who were present on the occasion, that they never saw our parent so deeply moved, as when Mr. Cowan, on hearing that my elder brother and I, who had been sent to Germany for education, were to be at once recalled, insisted that my father should alter that decision, and allow him to undertake the pecuniary responsibility therein involved, adding in his own simple yet commanding way,—"Let it be repaid by our children's children." The debt remains uncancelled; and the generous donor crowned the obligation ten years later, by the gift of a daughter as my wife, so that their children's children now owe each other nought but love.

[1] Ἀλεξητὴρ ἀνδρῶν.

Alexander Cowan, who was born on the 17th of June 1775, died on the 13th of February 1859. The following memorial, printed for private circulation shortly after his death, although inadequate to the subject, gives at least an idea of the excellence of a man of whom some permanent record is desirable, and may be profitable to those who read it:—

In these days of corporate zeal and wide alliance for the promoting of Christian and philanthropic ends, it may be encouraging to many, whose mental constitution forbids their taking public part in any scheme however useful, to be assured that, while pursuing their own quiet course, they may do much for the advancement of God's glory and the welfare of their fellow-men; it may be, indeed, with less risk of losing singleness of heart, and tarnishing purity of motive, than many of their associated brethren; even as the stream which flows without a tributary till it joins the sea, may as surely bring refreshment and fertility to the trees and flowers upon its banks, and yield its tribute to the ocean that unites the world, as the mighty river with its hundred feeding currents, that launches on its mission of enlightenment many a vessel that is destined to bring glad tidings of good things to distant lands.

ALEXANDER COWAN, who left us lately, after a long life of love and cheerful labour, may well be taken as a type of the class above alluded to. Though never seen upon a public platform, or in any place of concourse save the house of God, he was always ready to lend a helping hand to every worthy object. His voice was

not heard in the streets, yet he went about continually doing good. His life was a long and happy one; and the secret of his happiness was this, that he desired to be "one with God in all the conclusions of his mind and understanding, and one with Him in all the affections and desires of his heart." It was his rare lot to enjoy, for upwards of fifty-seven years, the companionship of two loving partners, and to see their families grown up as one around him; but he was not unvisited by sorrow, for he was called to watch over the wife of his youth through years of failing health, and to see sons and daughters of the fairest promise drop into their graves. Yet he was happy; for it was his heart's desire to be "at one" with God; and his experience gave a signal testimony to the truth of that assurance, that he who shall do God's will shall be brought to the knowledge of His doctrine. In every relation of life his conduct was most exemplary, winning the respect and affection of all who came in contact with him, while he was as the apple of their eye to all within his home.

One of his daughters writes of him :—

"I always felt him to be the embodiment of what God means when he says, 'I will be a Father to you.' I do not know whether our feelings of love or reverence preponderated. They were both boundless—the reverence quite unmixed with fear, and united to a *delight* in doing anything for him.

"The chief characteristic of our home from my earliest recollection was its happiness—everybody was happy in it—a full unchecked happiness, reaching even to the

stranger within the gates.' I never remember one of us thinking for a moment of disobeying our father. His commands were few, and we were never troubled about trifles. In thinking over his life, I admire him at no point more than when, by my mother's illness, she was no longer the companion to him that she once had been, how he kept up the unity of the family circle, supplying a mother's place to us, and devoting himself to our education; our readings with him from six to eight every winter morning, with blazing fire and drawn curtains; how he made everything so charming—arithmetic, geometry, history, and mechanics (with the experiments from Joyce's Dialogues); how he superintended everything, and knew at least what we *ought* to be doing at every hour of the day. Then his coming in so punctually at three o'clock, to take us out for a walk, with 'I'll give you two minutes and a half to get ready,' and this in all weathers;—none of us take longer to this day, I believe. Then the evening reading aloud, when we all worked, none of us daring to move or say a word; we knew the book would instantly be laid down with 'Well! tell me when you have done talking.' Then the finishing with a rubber at whist to amuse mamma and grandmamma. Every hour had its occupation, its regularity, and pleasant variety; and so the house was kept in a constant serenity. I believe this power of diffusing happiness is the greatest and divinest of talents, and just what our Christianity still wants.

"Many lectures we all had on the meanness and wretchedness of display, and the preference for a full and kind hospitality. Well do I remember his love for the

weak, the helpless, the poor, and miserable; his delight in seeking them out; his tinge of romance united to his love of simplicity; his advices to us, 'I hope, my dears, none of you will do anything so miserable as marry rich men.'"

Although Mr. Cowan may be said to have retained his mental faculties unimpaired till the last illness overtook him, he himself thought otherwise, and, some years before his death, he wrote as follows:—"I feel that my memory and my other powers are fast leaving me; but this does not distress me. I am thankful for my many mercies, and especially that I have, in some degree, repented of my sins. My prayer, morning and evening, is that my repentance may be complete, and that my weakened powers may be better employed than my former abilities were. . . . If I had borrowed a large sum from a kind friend to enable me to carry on my business, it was my duty to employ it for my own purpose with security to him, and to pay proper interest for it; but it would have been a relief to my mind to have been enabled to pay it back, with thanks for the loan. I have some such feeling about my powers of mind and body. Now that they are withdrawn, the demands on me are lessened in amount, and I may so far rest from my labours; but I have still to thank God that they were lent to me for a season, and to repent that I did not employ them more for His glory.

"I have no anxiety about my length of life, but pray that God may choose for me in that as in all other matters. I am surrounded by an affectionate family and friends, and I am delighted when they all live as it is their duty to do.

. . . If I live another year, I hope I may see my younger sons well fitted and disposed to be useful members of society: and if I die sooner, I believe it will be because our Heavenly Father sees that that will be best for us all, and that we shall be satisfied of this before another century elapses."

"I recommend to you, and to all my children and connexions, not to amass too much money, nor to be desirous of any worldly distinction; but to live in a simple, humble manner, and to try to make all your workpeople, and all your fellow-creatures so far as possible, five or ten per cent. better than they would have been without such exertions on your part." "Happiness is not to be found in the possession of great abilities, or of the wealth and distinction of this world, but in loving God and our fellow-creatures, and making the best use of any talents we possess, whether these talents be great or small." "Now that I have paid all my accounts, I have time to call on old friends and old servants, and I feel more comfortable at night, when I have endeavoured to do even a little good, or have shown kindness to any one. . . . Suggest to me anything I can do. I wish to lay out £500 or £600 this year in doing good beyond my usual extraordinaries."

On being told some years ago of the death of a rich man whose charity was extolled because he had left £50,000 to religious and philanthropic institutions, Mr. Cowan asked what the testator had done for God and man during his life. The answer being, that he had brought and kept together this large sum to be let loose in their

service at his death, he replied that it was doubtful whether God accepts such gifts, and even whether men have the right to make any such testamentary disposition of their property. "We are only stewards during life," he said, "of all that God intrusts to us, for the maintenance of our families and the good of our fellow-creatures; and if our hearts are not sufficiently enlarged to act as the dispensers of His bounty while we live, we are not entitled to direct its destination after He has called us to the last account."

February 23, 1858.—"I thank you for your work,[1] which is really a comfort to me, as I like to know my circumstances of a worldly kind now and then; but I am in no way anxious to grow richer, but rather to leave good bairns and not too much money."

August 12.—"I know nothing more productive of happiness, than a disposition to do all that is in our power to make worthy servants comfortable in their old age,—it must have a blessed effect in tending to make their latter days full of love to God and all around them.

"I have during many years been too intent on acquiring worldly wealth and worldly distinction; but these feelings are over, and I thank God they are. I have been singularly blessed in many ways, the happiest part of my life being the latter part; and feeling how little I can now do for others, it is rather my wish and prayer that I may leave this world before I become a constant trouble. I mention this that you may look into all my matters, and tell me

[1] Mr. Cowan here alludes to a periodical balancing of his private accounts by one of his sons.

what duties I have to perform before I go away from among you. I think I shall die with pleasure, if I feel that I have truly repented of my sins, and loved my God and Saviour, and done my duty to my brethren of mankind. I rather think that the time of my departure is not distant; but that and all other things I pray may be at the time the Almighty sees to be best. Amidst my mercies, I feel that having been permitted to pass twenty-eight years and upwards with my first admirable wife, and twenty-eight years with the present one, are singular calls for thankfulness." On being surprised by a friend one morning not long before his last illness, with his Bible open before him, he said, "I have a great admiration for David, and I like to follow his example by giving praise and thanks to God three times a day."

His liberality was really unbounded. It is believed that for many years he spent quite as much in works of love and kindness as in all other expenses of a personal or family nature, and this altogether independently of the £16,000 which he presented in two donations to five Charitable Institutions in Edinburgh, and of the many thousands expended in establishing persons in business, and in aiding those who had been unfortunate. That he had no prejudices, no sectarian views, his gifts so kindly bestowed on churches and schools of many denominations bear evidence; while in his own communion—the Established Church of Scotland—he was ever ready to respond to every call, and zealous in devising schemes of usefulness.

When giving instructions for the payment of his last

large donation to the Infirmary, etc., he begged that it might be delayed till July or August, as a considerable portion of the population would then be out of town. Nothing pleased him more than to hear of good being done, but he could not bear to hear of evil. If a person had acted badly, his most severe remark was, "Well, you must try to improve him; he is a weak creature, and has not had so many advantages as we; do him all the good you can." And if any one sought to injure him in any way, or to misrepresent his motives, he would say, "Bear with him, and be kind to him. If my character be misrepresented, I do not care, so long as I have the love of my wife and children and a dozen friends."

As an example of the charity that suffereth long and is kind, the following instance may be cited:—By the failure of an individual whom he had assisted, Mr. Cowan lost a large sum of money, and had considerable cause for annoyance in regard to circumstances connected with the failure; but on hearing some years later, that the party had again met with a similar reverse, he wrote as follows to a friend who took an interest in the bankrupt, "You and I are as Christians bound to do all the good we can to our fellow-creatures, and to forgive their blunders. I know you feel an interest in our old friend ——. I send with this, by our missionary Mr. Hay, £20, which you yourself or Mr. Hay may apply for his benefit, at the time and in the way you think most for his advantage."[1]

[1] For many years Mr. Cowan had employed a Christian agent to visit his workpeople at their homes, and generally to superintend his schemes of usefulness, in the Canongate and elsewhere.

Mr. Cowan attached a high importance to honour in the conduct of business, and to the setting an example of duty before all young men. Of this, many fruits may still be seen in those who were trained in the offices with which he was connected.

It was a maxim with him that every transaction should be profitable alike to the buyer and the seller, and that no advantage could honestly be taken of a man's necessities. He sought earnestly to reform every practice in trade which had even the appearance of evil, and he greatly rejoiced to believe that he saw in his native country a more liberal spirit, and a more upright and honourable system of trade, than had prevailed when he was young.

It was at all times painful to him to be made the object of public notice, even by those in his employment, or by his family, who were accustomed, when it was practicable, to meet together on his birthday. In the year 1855, he had expressed a desire that they should choose another day for their assembly, which led to a great gathering at Auchindarroch, where he was residing, on the 23d of August, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his second marriage—the silver wedding-day. He was gratified by the selection, feeling that his dear wife was equally with himself the object of attention. On this occasion, an address, composed by a beloved member of his family, who died early in the following year, was presented to him, with the signatures of sixty-three descendants, and gave him much pleasure.

None who enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. Cowan in town

or country need to be reminded of the cordial morning greeting, the kindly plans for each day's occupation in sight-seeing or otherwise, the perfect ease that prevailed throughout the whole establishment, and made the most casual guest feel for the time like a member of the family. The house, however large, was almost always filled; and by the ingenious kindness of its mistress, seemed capable of indefinite expansion, so that all who came found room and welcome. Wherever he went, the neighbourhood was always the better for his coming. The poor were kindly cared for, and the rich had an example of courtesy and unostentatious beneficence set before them, which many of them highly valued and have not forgotten. Where Mr. Cowan once had been a tenant, proprietors were sure to ascertain that he did not wish to return, before they let their mansion to another.

The interest he took in all his workpeople was heartfelt; it embraced their moral, temporal, and spiritual welfare, and that of their wives and children. Until within a week of his death, he continued his regular visits to their houses, and he presided regularly at the payment of their wages, saying a kindly word, or asking a friendly question as he found occasion.

In the year 1810, when the mills at Valleyfield had been purchased by Government for the accommodation of prisoners of war, great difficulty was felt as to the occupation of the workmen who were thus thrown out of employment; and Mr. Cowan's kindly nature was much interested in their behalf. He hurriedly called his foreman to him, told him to get his hat, and in the course of

a four-miles' walk, gave such instructions as enabled him to provide for *every one.* His generalship, or faculty of commanding men judiciously, and keeping his people usefully employed, was quite remarkable, and it is interesting to record, that Mr. Steell, who had modelled both the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Cowan, has stated that their cranial measurements were identical.

Before a lasting peace was finally proclaimed in 1815, three hundred and nine prisoners of war had died within the mills at Valleyfield, and been buried without mound or stone to mark their resting-place. Years afterwards, Mr. Cowan raised a handsome monument, with the following inscriptions in French and English, the French inscription being composed by his son,[1] and the Latin motto selected by Sir Walter Scott:—

The mortal remains of
309 prisoners of war,
Who died in this neighbourhood
Between 21st March 1811, and 26th July 1814,
Are interred near this spot.

Grata quies patriæ, sed et omnis terra sepulchrum.

Certain Inhabitants of this Parish, desiring to remember
that all Men are Brethren, caused this Monument
to be erected in the Year 1830.

Près de ce lieu reposent les cendres de
309 prisonniers de guerre,
Morts dans ce voisinage
entre le 21 Mars 1811, et le 26 Juillet 1814.

---

[1] Alexander Cowan, born November 9, 1804; died at Bonn, December 11, 1831.

Nés pour bénir les vœux de vieillissantes mères,
Par le sort appelés
À devenir amants, aimés, époux, et pères,
Ils sont morts exilés.

Plusieurs habitans de cette Paroisse, aimant à croire
que tous les hommes sont frères, firent élever
ce Monument l'an 1830.

On the erection of this monument being made known many years after to the pensioners of the Hôtel des Invalides in Paris, some of whom had been of the number confined at Valleyfield, they were so touched by the *fraternité* that led to such a commemoration of their brethren, exiled even in death, that they addressed to the supposed philanthropists[1] the following letter, which, in spite of its faulty diction, is well worthy of citation :—

MESSIEURS ET DAMES,

Je réponds à votre lettre que vous avez daigné m'honorer sous la date du 21 Novembre dernier. J'ai l'honneur de vous dire d'abord, que je regrette vivement que ma position sociale ne me point donné la faculté de l'éducation pour vous rendre tout l'effet qu'a produit sur moi le contenu de votre chère lettre.

Ce même effet de surprise et de satisfaction c'est reproduit chez toutes les personnes mes amis dont je me suis plû de la communiquer, et après avoir sérieusement remarqué dans son ensemble toute l'importance, nous nous demandions comment deux nations opposées et sur le pied de guerre (1811-1814) à cette époque, le vainqueur receuillissait les restes mortelles du vaincu, en attendant une circonstance favorable pour leur élever un beau et vaste monument funèbre, revêtu des attributions et inscriptions, et après nous nous demandant de nouveau, s'il était à la connaissance de quelqu'un de nous, qu'un tel exemple à la

---

[1] The monument was erected at the sole expense of Mr. Cowan, with the exception of a subscription of 5s. exacted from a neighbour, that he might be enabled to use the plural number in the inscription.

fois de sympathie, de piété et de fraternité, eut précédé ou succédé à celui que nous avions sous les yeux; chaque réponse était négative.

En conséquence, sachez-le-bien vous tous qui avez contribué à cette bonne œuvre! la France, de quelque part que vienne une bonne action, un digne exemple, n'a jamais fait défaut de saluer et d'applaudir!

Sachez-le-bien de nouveau! placés sous l'influence de la reconnaissance pour un fait aussi méritoire, si nous n'eussions été retenus par la crainte de blesser vos pieuses modesties nous avions arrêté de donner à cette bonne et belle œuvre la publicité la plus étendue, par la voix des journaux de la capitale.

Dumoins à défaut de cette démonstration bien méritée, nous vous prions de recevoir nos plus sincères remerciments et nos désirs les plus ardents que le ciel répande sur vous tous ses plus salutaires bénédictions, et exoce nos vœux à seul fin que nous puissions dans un temps le plus rapproché possible voir toutes les nations devenir sœurs, et tous les hommes frères, ne formant qu'une seule famille, enfin, la famille de Dieu!

Recevez, Messieurs et Dames, l'assurance de notre plus haute considération avec laquelle nous nous disons,

MARCHER et ses amis,
4me Division, Hôtel des Invalides.

PARIS, *ce* 6 *Decembre* 1846.

The following letter from the poet Lamartine shows that in higher quarters also the all-embracing charity of Mr. Cowan was warmly appreciated:—

"BAINS D'AIX EN SAVOIE,
22 *Août* 1830.

"SIR, . . . The interest shown by you to the remains of my unfortunate countrymen is highly gratifying to my feelings, and I wish I could have better expressed them than in the attempt which I now submit to you. I also send you some lines composed by Mons. de Ste. Beuve for the same purpose at my request.

"However imperfect these attempts may be, they will I trust prove my sincere desire to contribute my feeble

efforts to your generous undertaking.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

"AL. DE LAMARTINE."

Ici dorment, jetés par le flot de la guerre,
D'intrépides soldats nés sous un ciel plus beau;
Vivants ils ont porté les fers de l'Angleterre,
Morts, ce noble pays leur offrit dans sa terre
L'hospitalité du tombeau.

Là, toute inimitié s'efface sous la pierre,
Le dernier souffle éteint la haine dans les cœurs,
Tout rentre dans la paix de la maison dernière,
Et le vent des vaincus y mêle la poussière
À la poussière des vainqueurs.

Écoutez! de ce tertre une voix qui s'élève
Vous dit—Pourquoi combattre et pourquoi conquérir?
La terre est un Sépulchre et la gloire est un rêve—
Patience! O mortels! et remettez le glaive
Un jour encore! tout va mourir!

LINES BY M. DE STE. BEUVE.

Dormez sous ces gazons, nobles guerriers de France,
Vous qu'ici la tempête et la guerre ont jetés,
Pour qui trop tard d'un jour sonna la délivrance,
Morts sans avoir revu des cieux tant regrettés.

Morts sans les doux regards des femmes et des mères,
Sans les pieux sanglots des fils qu'on veut bénir!
O maudits les tyrans! O maudites les guerres!
Seigneur, qui donc ainsi divise au lieu d'unir?

Mais au moins dans le ciel hospitalier, immense,
La tendre charité renaît aux cœurs flétris;
Là ce n'est que pardon, oubli, grâce et clémence,
Guerriers, dormez en paix sous ces gazons fleuris.

During the terrible visitation of cholera in 1831, Mr. Cowan visited the patients in the hospital each successive day for months, endeavouring to cheer and comfort them,

and encouraging the doctors and the nurses; and after the disease had retired, he raised money for the purchase of an annuity for a poor widow, who had volunteered to nurse and tend the children that had been bereaved, and whose own family after their mother's death he took under his own protection.

He felt peculiar tenderness for the imbecile, either in body or in mind, and in summer, when in the country, used to search every nook and corner in his neighbourhood for persons thus afflicted, that he might endeavour to ameliorate their condition, by advising their friends as to the best means of treating their cases, and perhaps removing them at his own expense to some institution, where they had a chance of recovering their faculties.

The claim of humanity was at all times enough to command Mr. Cowan's attention, and he was ever ready to show kindness even to the poorest or the most degraded. On one occasion, when walking with his wife through the Canongate on an intensely hot day, he perceived a poor woman—not improbably a drunkard—lying asleep at the foot of a stair, with the sun beating upon her head, and flies buzzing about her face: he was seen to leave his companion, and approaching the poor woman, to lift her apron and lay it gently over her head.

He was a man, not only of great intellectual power, but of highly cultivated mind. He was a good chemist and mathematician, had much historical and statistical information, read French, German, Italian, and Spanish, besides Latin and Greek, and until he was taken ill a week before his death, had been accustomed to read the Greek Testament daily.

His enjoyment of the grander objects in nature was unsurpassed; and he has been heard to say that no scene more elevated his mind, or more excited his admiration—for which we may perhaps read *adoration*—than a barren moor, which the hand of man had never touched. But his appreciation of all natural beauty was intense. The sun, the moon, the stars, the clouds, moors and mountains, trees and rivers, were among his delights. He never missed a sunset when within his reach; and on the evening of the last day he left his house, when walking homewards from the west, he turned many times to admire the setting sun. On the return of consciousness after the earliest of those attacks that ended in his death, his first question was, "Has the moon risen?" His family used to say that he "herded the moon."

At the close of one of his later letters he writes—"We have had another glorious day; I now admire scenery, fine skies, and all God's glorious works more than ever; and can scarcely help wishing, that divested of this sinful body, I could admire and love without ceasing; but the sinful body becomes low and sleepy, and warns me to cease writing."

The only faculty in which he seemed to be deficient was the *comparative*, by which is meant the *critical* as applied to works of art or of man's devising, and the *controversial* as applied to man's theology, and what may be called minor morals or conventionalities. He was cast in too grand a mould, was too much occupied in contemplating the perfections of his Creator, and in the doing of his Master's will, to perceive the duty, or to feel the

inclination to examine the various and varying lights and shadows that man contrives to throw upon the revelations of his Maker. Even as regards human beauty, he seemed to want the power of comparison, at least beyond the days of infancy or early childhood. While he could tell to an ounce the weight of a newly-born baby, he might have failed to determine aright the comparative loveliness of the Queen of Beauty and an ordinary mortal.

After a life of evident devotion to the service of God and of his fellow-creatures, and though not one of his many descendants can recall an occasion of his saying or doing anything that they thought would have been better left unsaid or undone, he felt himself to have been an unprofitable servant, and while he rejoiced in the assurance that his sins had been forgiven, he lamented that his talents had not been more faithfully employed. During the summer of 1858, when a friend observed to him that he must have great satisfaction in reflecting on his well-spent life, and all the happiness he had been the means of bestowing, his answer was, "Ah! when I enter the next world, I believe the first question addressed to me will be, 'What have you done for Me in the world that you have left?'"

APPENDIX No. I.

1.—DAVID CONSTABLE to SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

"1 *St. Vincent Street, Edinburgh, June* 28, 1825.

"DEAR SIR JAMES,—During the last eighteen months, many circumstances have concurred to retard the fulfilment of my promise, to send you from time to time the series of extracts from the Tweeddale MSS. In November 1823 I sent you an abstract of that portion which comprehended the last months of the year 1688 to the month of August 1689, embracing the period of the Revolution. At intervals since that time I have resumed this agreeable occupation, but instead of abridging each succeeding letter, I have in the portion now sent confined myself entirely to the affair of Glencoe; and I hope you will find materials in these extracts and copies from original letters and papers sufficient to enable you to form a correct opinion on the true history of that event, and the degree of blame which ought properly to attach to the different individuals concerned in it.

"In compliance with your desire, I shall venture to submit to you the views, or rather the impression made upon my mind, by all that I have been able to read on the subject.

"It will be admitted on all hands that this instance of military execution was an exception to the general lenity which marked the reign of King William, whose great object, after the reduction of Ireland, was to put an end to that petty war in the Highlands, which created great expense to the Government, and drew off a portion of the army from assisting the Confederates against France; while it held out the strongest inducement to foreign invasion. In these circumstances it was the general opinion and advice of William's ministers in Scotland, rather to reduce the Highlands by arms than to put an end to the campaign by negotiation. Secretary Stair, however, who was of a different opinion, and ardently preferred, in the first instance, to attempt the milder mode, of procuring their submission to

the new Government by treaty, appears to have obtained his master's authority for employing the Earl of Breadalbane in the accomplishment of that object, by purchasing the submission of the clans.

"On the failure of this attempt, owing to the distrust and insincerity of both parties, the Earl suggested his *mauling* scheme to the Secretary, who certainly adopted it not so much from a sanguinary or vindictive disposition, as has been frequently attributed to him, but rather from motives of general policy, by striking terror into the chieftains who still held out. In common with the King's other advisers in England and Scotland, Stair now entertained the conviction that conciliation or lenity towards men who were distinctly in arms against liberty and the establishment of a free Government would only tend to prolong the evils of civil war, by giving them too high an opinion of their strength, and by encouraging the Jacobites in new intrigues with the Court of St. Germains.

"After the refusal of the indemnity offered to all who took the oaths to the Government, before the 1st January 1692, the Macdonalds of Glencoe were more readily selected as an example because they had been constantly in rebellion, for which they stood forfeited in the Parliament 1690, and were like many of the other clans reputed and known as a nest of thieves and robbers. Such are the avowed reasons for selecting them; but it is not improbable that Breadalbane, who was subtle and unprincipled both in his public and private conduct, was actuated by more sordid and unworthy motives in recommending their extirpation. According to some (Burnet, as quoted by Ralph, vol. ii. p. 332), he wished to be revenged on the chief of that clan on account of his activity in defeating the scheme of pacification by the opposition he excited among the other chiefs; according to others, because of a personal quarrel respecting some cattle which had been plundered from him by the Macdonalds (Ralph, p. 335; Report of the Commission, p. 602—State Tracts). There are also some passages in Secretary Stair's letters to Breadalbane, published by Sir John Dalrymple, which favour this notion, that the Earl supported the scheme from feelings of revenge (Dalrymple, vol. ii. p. 218).

"The cruel and perfidious execution of the Massacre which followed was still more atrocious than its conception. The manner in which it was accomplished partakes so much of treachery and savage vengeance inflicted indiscriminately on helpless infancy and old age, that it is impossible to consider it as the steady and firm vindication of public justice for the public safety, and still less as the soldier-like execution of orders, according to the rules of civilized warfare.

"It is very satisfactory to find that King William's sentiments on

this subject were in accordance with the general humanity of his character; this is evident from Secretary Johnston's account of the conference which took place in the King's presence, between his principal Ministers for Scotland, on the 3d December 1695. On the subject of the Massacre, he expressed in their presence 'his horror at the Glencoe business, which,' he said, 'had lain very near his heart, and brought reproach upon him, not only over Scotland and England, but over all the world.'

"The King's part in the matter was altogether passive, although he certainly consented that an example of severity should be made, since his clemency had been rejected; and he had been advised by his Scottish Ministers, that the order he had signed to that effect was legal according to the law of Scotland as it then stood, so far as regarded commissioning of fire and sword. In signing such an order, by the advice of several of his Privy Council both of England and Scotland, besides most of the officers of the Scots forces that were in England at the time, King William cannot be justly answerable for the manner of the execution.

"But it may be asked why, after his Parliament in Scotland had found the fact to be a murder, and that the officers had exceeded the King's orders, he did not express his disapprobation in a more marked and public manner, by the punishment of those who were immediately concerned? From such a proceeding he was probably deterred by sound views of military discipline, for he could hardly punish men for acting unwillingly under orders which they saw emanated from himself, and their dismissal under such circumstances would have lost him the confidence of every officer in the army.

"Should there be anything stated in the course of these observations which you think requires the support of good historical evidence, I think it can easily be produced."

2.—Sir James Mackintosh to David Constable.

"*Harrogate, 28th July* 1825.

"My dear Sir,—You would do me the greatest favour by giving me some account of the general object and contents of the MSS. relating to Scotch History from 1685 to 1702, which are at present accessible to you, such as the Queensberry, Melville, Tweeddale, etc. I am confirmed in my opinion that a new edition of Burnet's Reformation, contrasted with the Catholic Narration of Dod and Lingard corrected by Neale, and illustrated abundantly from Strype, would be a very valuable book. A late inspection of Strype's unreadable collections has strengthened my former opinion on this subject.

"I should be happy to give you any advice in my power.—With best regards to your father, I am, my dear Sir, yours very truly,

"J. MACKINTOSH."

3.—DAVID CONSTABLE to SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

"*North Berwick, August* 2, 1825.

"DEAR SIR JAMES,—I have just received your letter. . . . The correspondence which is at present in my custody is that of the Tweeddale family, and it will give me great pleasure to make out an abstract or breviate of their contents, in a historical point of view, with reference to Scotland. There are many very interesting letters during the years you mention, particularly those addressed by the Earl of Tweeddale from Edinburgh to Lord Yester at London, with Lord Yester's answers, for the years 1688 and 1689.

"During the six years which followed the Revolution, there are many valuable letters addressed to Tweeddale while Chancellor, from the Secretaries Johnston, the Master of Stair, Ogilvie, Pringle, and Murray; also from Sir Alexander Bruce of Broomhall, Queensberry, Annandale, Sir Patrick Murray, and others. There are also a few from Shrewsbury, Portland, and Carstairs; but they are not the most important. In general, however, they have a direct reference to the history of these years. If there are any points you would wish me to keep in view in the course of perusal, I shall be happy to do so.

"An edition of Burnet's History of the Reformation on the plan you suggest, would certainly be a very valuable work, and were I finished with the Life and Miscellaneous Writings of the Bishop, which will extend to fourteen or fifteen volumes in octavo, I should be much inclined to attempt it. In a copy of the History of his Own Time, I have made some references to MSS. and printed authorities, when I met with any thing which served to illustrate or correct his statements, or to support him when unfairly attacked."

4.—SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH to DAVID CONSTABLE.

"*Harrogate, 25th September* 1825.

"MY DEAR SIR,— . . . I cannot say how much I was delighted by your kind offer to employ a part of your leisure hours at North Berwick in an abridgment of the Tweeddale letters for me.

"The letters between Tweeddale and Yester in 1688, 1689, and those addressed to Tweeddale, especially by Scotch politicians in the six years after the Revolution, promise much. I am anxious to trace

correspondence between Scotland and the Prince of Orange, or any trace of communication of Scotchmen of note with Barillon and Bonrepaux in London. I wish thoroughly to understand Glencoe. What were the motives of the Dalrymples for their cruel activity? Breadalbane's, I think, arose from the animosity of neighbouring clans. Who is the Dalrymple whose second vol. is quoted by Lingard for documents relating to Scotland in the times of the Covenant, 1637-1640? I suppose it to be Lord Hailes's Memorials, but I have him not here. You will, I hope, soon see new evidence in my narrative of Burnet's political importance during his exile in James II.'s reign.

"You know too well what will be of use to me to require any direction posts. Whenever you have made any progress in your breviate I shall be happy to receive what you have done.

"I am now waiting to see whether there be a dissolution, as I am so near Knaresborough. In any case I hope to be in London in four weeks, with a better appearance of health than I have had for years. Let me hear from you about that time.—I am, my dear Sir, yours very truly, J. MACKINTOSH."

5.—SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH to DAVID CONSTABLE.

"*Maer Hall, near Newcastle-under-Lyne,* 6 *Nov.* 1825.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I wrote to you about a month ago in consequence of your most obliging offers of historical assistance, stating generally the objects of examination which I should wish to pursue in the papers of Scotch statesmen from 1685 to 1702. I also explained my reason for wishing to keep your copy of Harris's King William for a few months, unless you should want it.

"May I now ask a little exact information respecting the Seceders, of whom my knowledge is only general?

"1. Where are the original grounds of the Secession to be found if in print? and what are they if not?

"2. What was the precise ground of separation between the Burghers and Antiburghers? If it was an oath, what are the terms of it?

"3. What were the conditions of the late Reunion of these parties?

"4. What are the grounds on which a certain number of Seceders (among whom is Dr. M'Crie) have refused to accede to the Union?

"5. What are the dates of the Secession, the separation into two parties, and their Reunion?

"6. What was the number of congregations of Burghers and Antiburghers, and of those who dissent from the Reunion—by a rough estimate?

"7. How many congregations of Cameronians are there in Scotland —rough estimate?

"I have told you already that when you came to the life of Burnet I have information for you.—I am, my dear Sir, very faithfully yours,

J. MACKINTOSH.

"I am just going to London."

6.—DAVID CONSTABLE to SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

"1 *St. Vincent Street, Edinburgh, Nov.* 19, 1825.

"DEAR SIR JAMES,—When I look at the dates of your letters of the 25th of September and the 6th instant, I am ashamed to have allowed them to remain so long without acknowledgment; but am sure that it will be more agreeable to you to receive answers to them than to read a long apology, or hear the reasons of my delay.

"I have now the pleasure to send you the first portion of the very abridged view which I have been able to give, of the contents of the Tweeddale MSS., from the latter part of the year 1688 to the month of August 1689. It is difficult in an abridgment of this nature to give many of the slight touches which often communicate so much of the actual feeling and motives of action at the moment, without becoming so lengthy as almost to make a book instead of an Index; but I have ventured, considering the importance of the period now sent you, rather to incur the imputation of being tedious, and to betray my own ignorance, than to run the risk of omitting anything on which you might set a value for reasons unknown to me. Still, however, there is much behind on almost every point, and should you require greater distinctness or further explanation of any of the statements, as taken from other letters in the series of the Correspondence, I shall be happy to do so. You will perceive one important passage in these extracts, in Lord Yester's letter to E. Tweeddale, of April 9th, 1689, where it is stated that King William declared himself in Council as to the sense in which he was to take the Coronation Oath—that the sense he took it in was as to his executive capacity to maintain the Church as by law established, reserving liberty as to his Legislature to make what alterations might be thought fit hereafter. I do not remember to have seen this so distinctly stated anywhere else; and certainly it is satisfactory to know that King William took the oath in that sense, should it ever be attempted in later times to make it a serious objection to the further reform of the Church of England. I have not observed any trace of correspondence in these letters between Scotland

and the Prince of Orange, although it is probable from a passage in d'Avaux, that such a correspondence had been carried on through the medium of Burnet during his residence with the Prince of Orange. On the 24th April 1687 d'Avaux writes to his Court :—'Le Marquis d'Albeville découvrit des intrigues entre le Docteur Burnet my lord Halifax et le Duc de Zuimbourg (Queensberry) en Ecosse.' But the Melville and Queensberry Papers would probably afford more particular information on this point. I shall take care to keep in view the other topics and inquiries you mention.

"The work quoted by Dr. Lingard is Lord Hailes's Memorials, which was published at Glasgow in 1766 in two small volumes. I have lately been fortunate enough to meet with another copy of Harris's Life of King William, so that there is not the slightest occasion for your returning the one sent till you cease to require it.

"With this opportunity I hoped to have sent you very full and satisfactory answers from a Seceding clergyman to the queries contained in your last. In the meantime I shall endeavour to answer them as well as I can.

"1*st*, The original grounds of the Secession are to be found in print in Ralph Erskine's Reasons of Dissent from the Church of Scotland, printed about 1740 or 1741, and in the Display of Secession Testimony.

"2*d*, The precise ground of separation between the Burghers and Antiburghers was as to the taking the Burgess Oath, or rather the following clause of it, which occurs only in the formula of *some* of the royal boroughs :—'I profess and allow with my heart the true religion presently professed within this realm, and authorized by the laws thereof. I will abide at and defend the same to my life's end, renouncing the Romish religion called Papistry.' Messrs. Ebenezer and Ralph Erskine and others affirmed that this clause was no way contrary to the principles on which they had grounded the Secession, while the other party contended that the swearing this clause was a virtual renunciation of their testimony.

"There is a tract by Dr. M'Crie on the Unity of the Church, which contains his reasons for holding out against the late Union, and there is also a small tract entitled A Summary of the Principles agreed upon by the United Associate Synod of the Secession Church, September 13, 1820. Edinburgh, 1825. 12mo."

APPENDIX No. II.

LORD GLENBERVIE to MR. CONSTABLE.

"12 *August* 1809.

"DEAR SIR,—I wish you would try among your numerous literary friends who are conversant in Scotch history, biography, and genealogy, if you could procure any information concerning the history of, or branches of the family of Douglas, to which the following persons belonged :—

"1. A Captain Douglas, who died in a remarkably heroic manner, on whom there is a poem among Andrew Marvel's works, and which is also published in the collection called *State Poems*.

"2. The same inquiries concerning a Colonel Douglas, whose heroic death is particularly mentioned in the account of the siege of . . . in Holland, in Carleton's Memoirs, and also by Rapin and others.

"3. Particulars concerning a Dr. Douglas, who was a celebrated physician and man-midwife in London, before Dr. William Hunter.

"4. The same concerning Mr. Douglas, a surgeon, who made himself famous by a numerous collection of all the editions of Horace, a catalogue of which collection is printed in the editions of Watson's Horace. *Qy.* If the two last were not one and the same person?

"5. The same inquiries concerning Dr. William Douglass, who wrote A Summary, Historical and Political, of the British Settlements in North America, published for Dodsley in 1760.

"6. The same concerning a Sir Robert Douglas, who was ambassador to Sweden in the century before the last, and who wrote a thin folio on transactions in which he had been concerned, with a head of himself prefixed, which I think I bought of you.

"7. The same concerning the Covenanting clergyman, Robert Douglas, who preached the sermon at the coronation of Charles II. in Scotland, which sermon was printed and circulated all over the country.

"8. The same concerning the late Dr. Douglas, Bishop of Salisbury, who detected Bower, Sandys, etc. I know he was brother to Mrs. Anderson, who long kept the British Coffee-House in Cockspur Street, and that he was said to be of the Tillywhillie family. But you may learn how nearly related, who his father was, where he was educated, etc.—Yours sincerely, GLENBERVIE."

PRINTED BY T. AND A. CONSTABLE, PRINTERS TO HER MAJESTY,
AT THE EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY PRESS.

00023645

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018